

FANTASYNOPTIS

number two

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SPECIAL ZOMBIE ISSUE

DAWN OF THE DEAD,
PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES, +
FORREST J. ACKERMAN,
ROBERT ENGLUND, SHOCK
AROUND THE CLOCK, AFTER
PILKINGTON, STACKS OF
REVIEWS & MORE.....

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AMSTRAD PCW, Mac, LOUISE &
TAHNEE, All the shops that

stocked Issue One, Everybody
who bought Issue One and
anyone I've forgotten to mention!

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FANTASYNOPTIS is published
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FANTASYNOPSIS

EDITORIAL

Well, here it is, AT LAST, the long awaited and much talked about (by me anyway!!) 2nd issue of FANTASYNOPSIS!

Has it really been that long since we were one? I did say it would be very irregular!

Thank you to everyone that bought issue 1 and for all your encouraging "Chowder" letters.

Now, let's move on to this issue; a lot of you may mean about me printing "yet another Freddy interview" - I make no apologies! It was the first press conference that I'd ever been invited to and it was a rewarding experience, very intimate and very friendly. I was able to ask a fair number of questions and received sensible and interesting replies. A lot of other mags and sites have already covered it, but not in it's entirety, so I've tried to print the whole lot as it came.

I am also very proud and deeply honoured to have the great Forrest J. Ackerman as a contributor to my zine - what a gentleman!

Remember my first editorial and my winings about censorship? Well, it happened again when I attended the press screening of A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 4, I thought I was seeing the whole thing.....don't you believe it.....guess what was missing?.....yes, that's right, the NIGHTMARE scene!!!! It seems that I'm destined not to see such things!! I can only hope!

In my DAWN OF THE DEAD review I have stated that the re-release is 95 mins, it is in fact 118 mins. The

reason for this error is that the press sleeve had a misprint on it!! So it's not as bad as I first thought, but it's still out to hell!!

I would also like to apologise to everybody that sent in an article expecting to see it in print this issue - for one reason or another (ie. out of date, not enough room, etc) I couldn't fit it all in, maybe next time.....sorry!

Those of you who are really eagle-eyed may have noticed the price increase! I'm sorry about this but I hope you'll agree that with the use of photos, processed text and the massive increase in pages that it's worth the extra dosh!

As with this issue I have no firm date for the publication of No. 3, but I am hoping that you won't have to as long as you did this time!! (let me know if you like the idea of having a smaller supplement in between the main issues!!).

Don't forget to let me have any comments you wish to make on any aspect of FANTASYNOPSIS c/o 'The Chowder Society'.

Until next time....

Paul

PAUL J. BROWN - EDITOR
October 1985

This issue is dedicated to Louise.



Back Issue Dept.

No. 1 - 52 PAGES FEATURING:
A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, TAXI DRIVER, ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13, SATURN 3, BARBARA SHELLEY, THE SCALA CINEMA, INDIANA JONES III, FICTION, REVIEWS & MORE.

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The Chowder Society



LETTER'S TO THE EDITOR

Dear Paul

I've just finished reading your FANTASYNOPSIS 1 and it's great. I saw Mark Murtos's letter on SAMBAH'S pathetic review of A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, saying he was writing one for FANTA...., so as soon as I found out about it, I bought it. The review is the best I've seen concerning this brilliant and much misunderstood film.

Did you know the old clockwork mechanism camera they used to simulate Alar's attempted suicide was dropped off the building five times before it eventually landed nose-down? Afterwards it was found to be in full working order! They don't make 'em like that anymore. DAVED WASE, BEDRUTH, CORNWALL.

Dear Paul

Recently bought issue one of FANTASYNOPSIS from Forever People in Bristol.

Very enjoyable read, loved the articles on TAXI DRIVER and A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. The standard of printing was excellent. The photo caption of Alar on page two was very amusing. Do you know that when a TV station requested a clip from the movie to illustrate a point about cinematography, Kubrick refused due to it's reception in this country!!

The only minus point was devoting 74 pages to listing the films shown at the SCALA cinema, which was rather pointless.

Well, that's just about it, I'll keep an eye out for issues two in SAMBAH, etc, 'til then, all the best. BOB WILLIAMS, ERYNSHAM, BRISTOL.

I didn't even know 'Forever People' had Oh in stock!! Was this TV programme a recent one? I've had mixed comments about the 'SCALA' article, see next letter. Ed.

Dear Paul

Thanks for issue one of FANTASYNOPSIS, which I'm pleased to see you've finally got off the ground. It reminds me a lot of CHANGELING, which only lasted one issue, hopefully you can do better than that! I'm not sure about using lilos over photos, but it's certainly different and considering all the work it must involve, I'm not sure it's worth it!

Otherwise it all seems fine, the SCALA piece was of particular interest, I look forward to part two. Oh, take some advice, drop the favourite films of....article, this is highly unoriginal and FICKING boring, who cares what some has been actor and actress liked! If you do manage to get hold of an interview subject, then try asking them something a little out of the ordinary.

The in-depth pieces on particular films are good, but I hardly think

that the wretched SATURN 3 deserves seven pages! A decent selection of reviews, which I actually prefer to the in-depth pieces, but each to his own, once again some unusual choices, do we really want another SONGDOG review? Surely nothing new can be said about it? Still, choosing obscure films like MIRANDA and THE LOVE BUTCHER make up for that. And her Paul, you don't like RIGHT OF THE COMET, are you ill? Sorry, it's one of my faves, but I won't dispute your comment about uninteresting characters, if you don't find the gorgeous Catherine Mary Stewart and Eilid Macronny in a charladies outfit interesting, then I suggest a quick trip to the doctors pronto!!!

Summing up, FANTASYNOPSIS is an encouraging addition to the Brit pack of 'sines and I'm sure it will go on to better things. JOHN HILL, BOSTON, LINES.

John, as many of you know, edits the 'sine 'WHIPPLASH SHELL'. As far as I'm concerned, the reason for producing your own 'sine is so you can write about whatever you want to. Ed.

Dear Mr Brown

Thank you for your recent letter - I wish you well with your magazine. I enjoyed making all the films I have appeared in and it's so nice that a new generation should now be seeing them - since the advent of the video!

With kindest wishes to you and all your readers, may God's blessing be with you always. In all sincerity. PETER CUSHING, WHITSTABLE, SEY.

Mr Cushing, many thanks for your very kind words regarding 'FANTASYNOPSIS'. We hope you are well and would like to offer a belated congratulations for your OBE. For more on Peter Cushing, please check out this issue's mini article. Ed.

Dear Mr Brown

I have just purchased issue No. 1 of FANTASYNOPSIS and should like to congratulate you on it's layout, content and success.

You appear to be inviting comment, so something that I wish to add concerns a one of Eric Rinford's reviews. I too have a copy of the SAC Video QUATERMASS AND THE PIT. I am old enough to remember it first time round and consider it superior to the later Hammer feature film version (although that was a commendable effort anyway). What I found puzzling was Mr Rinford's reference to reports that the SAC lack recordings of the first two QUATERMASS serials. I enclose the

relevant page from the catalogue of the National Film Archive's holdings of televised material (SEEKING TELEVISION ALIVE, Paul Madden ed., British Film Institute 1981, p. 56), which shows that all six episodes of QUATERMASS II exist and of adequate quality for viewing (even though, unfortunately, only the first two broadcast episodes of THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT have been preserved in the Archive).

Surely, if the BFI can do this, so can the BBC. Since we know that the transmitted version of QUATERMASS II still exists in viewable form, can the BBC be prevailed upon to loan the whole on video in order to bear successful comparison with the creditable 1957 film starring, again (as in the QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT Hammer 1955) Brian Donlevy?

Good luck with the enterprise. Have a looking forward to issue 2. BILL WHITE, CRESMAN, SOCS.

Many thanks for your astute analysis, Bill. Eric Rinford has a very red face and says he'll try not to let it happen again! Cam on BBC, where is it!! Ed.

Dear Paul

I'm becoming quite disturbed by the quality in fardes of recent - it's too good. FANTASYNOPSIS is very professional and very interesting. No real quains. Well written articles by people in the knowledge, educated contributor's, are lago and almost funny gags. RIGHT OF THE COMET boring!

An odd mix of reviews in the 'Rinford's Studio Reviews' section, like a mainstream version of SNEER FILM's review section. How about a PAGE TO BLACK review? Not a bad film that. (Yes, I agree with you there. Eric).

Derwin Jaston was (I think) also in MOTHER, JUGS AND SPEED or some similar film. Frank Coulebody's most recent film is ROMANS, as I discovered finding the video in the shops, not that he hasn't been busy elsewhere. The black cap, Austin Steiner, made a surprise appearance last year as the customs officer at the end of THE UNINVITED. Perhaps the oddest career is that of Kim Richards, the girl blown away at the ice-cream van. Her filmography is a real horror story. I know of six other films in which she has appeared: ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN (8/77), THE GAK (77), DEVIL DOC - BOARD OF BEL (7/78), RETURN TO WITCH MOUNTAIN (7/8), NEATRAILS PART 2 (84) and TUFFY TUFF (8/85), and she's now the kind of girl you'd swap for both Carol Keating and Beattie Edley. There was an L.P. soundtrack released and it was one of the cheapest available. Ray Berper released it on a 12" or 7" single with a version of KASHERHEAD. 'Blood and Bones' also produced a noisy version which appeared there only L.P. PAUL WIGSON, CHOLEY, LANCS.

Thanks Paul, for that wealth of PEECETT 13 info - much appreciated. Sue Richards as nice as Beattie Edley, I find that very hard to believe!! Ed.

Dear Paul

With several Brit 'sines falling at

the weyside at the moment, it's great to get hold of a fresh, new slice.

It was nice to see an article on SATURN 3. Though I don't rate it highly, it's a good to see it written about, as it's usually forgotten (by me at least). The background info on this pic was interesting and your illustration of 'Sector' was good.

It was a nice touch doing the CLOCKWORK ORANGE synopsis in nested-speak! I saw ORANGE recently and found it disturbingly well done, although I find Kubrick's/Burgess' 'freedom of choice' pleading rather groundless in the case of Alex. He's nasty, cunning, murderer/rapist who doesn't deserve the right to freely decide if he can go off and fuck some woman or kick-in a tramp, or not. "When a man cannot choose he ceases to be a man." Ah, poor old Alex can't go off and mug and assault and be a man, 'cause the nasty people have made him a non-violent character. I like the movie, but the moralising is a bit half-baked.

As with you, I like the good ol' SCALA CINEMA. I recently went to see A CHINESE GHOST STORY and XU MAJIONS OF THE MAGIC MOUNTAINS - great!

"Foetal Attraction" was great, nasty, repellent fun; a sacrosanct, placenta-covered, undead baby: neat! Anyway, keep up the good work. KEN MILLER, HIGH MYCENNE, RUGBY.

I think we could have a never-ending debate on the morals of ORANGE? Ed.

Dear Paul

I'd like to effay a couple of additions to your '20 Things You Never Knew about A CLOCKWORK ORANGE'; as four synopses pointed out the 'Sexual 17' disc on sale in the record emporium, but other delights available for purchase there include works by 'The Sparks' and 'The Legends' (one for SHE readers there!), as well as the 2001 - A SPACE ODYSSEY soundtrack. Is Has anyone noticed the 'handshake' reference in Alex Cox's KEPT MAN? or 'The Ramones' superb 1984 L.P. 'Too Tough To Die' features a 35 seconds-long thrash entitled 'Orange 95', named after the sake of car stolen by the droogs for their joyride in the early part of the novel and movie. Is the late 1960s Andy Warhol bought the rights to Anthony Burgess' novel, filming it the following year as VINYL - the 'Velvet Underground's' dancer/photographer, Gerard Mangan, starred as Alex, renamed Victor in this adaptation.

I especially liked your comments on EROGGOV and was pleasantly surprised by your rave review for HERANNA, of all things! More of these unexpected blasts from the past, please. One point though, what's going to happen when 'Eric' gets round to reviewing FACE TO BLACK.....?

Good luck with the future continuation of FANTASYNOPLIS - I look forward immensely to the zombie issue.

GARRELL SUTTON, DORSET.

Nice letter Garrell, your extra bits for ORANGE are greatly appreciated. Has anyone out there got a copy of the Warhol version? Assistant

Editor, Mark Hurten, has come up with a couple more references: a singer called 'London Wainwright III' released an album in 1979 (re-released in 1987) called 'A Live One', which featured a track called 'A Clockwork Chartreuse' - all about gang violence. ORANGE has recently been mentioned twice in 'The Sun'; on 28/2/89 there was an article on the BBC play THE FIEN, I quote, "I can guarantee that videos of THE FIEN will be for the next generation what A CLOCKWORK ORANGE was fifteen years ago." Then on 26/4/89 they had a report on the 'Wilding' craze in New York (very similar to the London underground's 'steaming'), here's an excerpt, "Police fear that wilding, which bears a chilling resemblance to the aimless violence portrayed in the movie A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, could spread". In the same article they also referred to another film.....THE WILD BUNCH!! Ed.

Dear Paul

Mary thanks for the copy of FANTASYNOPLIS that you sent me, glad to see you managed to get the 'line printed, cost is the main stumbling block in fanzine land, as most editors can tell you.

Well, I must say I was mightily impressed by the quality of the publication, that on it's own will certainly gain you readers. The layout is again in your favour, with all the articles well presented and a good scattering of illustrations penned by yourself no less! The whole thing looks very professional indeed and you must be well pleased with the result.

The contents, I thought, were very

much of an underground appeal. A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13 etc, all seem a change from the usual Italian horror movies that get reviewed, half of which I've never heard of, leaving the genre 'classics' sadly neglected. I found the TAIL DRIVER article very interesting, as this movie is difficult to categorise. De Niro's performance was outstanding, especially in the scene where he slowly kicks the television set from the table, this I think typifies the film's schizophrenic feel of reality for De Niro's character. I also enjoyed the review section, the article on Thomas JACK THE RIPPER was a classic, had me rearing uncontrollably, the series was total crap.

All the very best with 'FS' and if I can be of any help in any way, then don't hesitate to drop me a line. Looking forward to the next issue, until then, take care. GARETH JAMES, BURNWOOD, WALSALL.

Cheers Gareth, yes, TAIL DRIVER is a difficult film to categorise! When I was obtaining research material even RCA/Columbia queried it's inclusion in a fantasy 'zine. To me it's a classic movie that weaves itself into many genres, most notably horror and film noir. Ed.

Dear Paul

I truly enjoyed your debut issue of FANTASYNOPLIS - it's a pleasure to see such in-depth reviews, analysis and anecdotes about classic genre releases.

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DAWN OF THE DEAD

SYNOPSIS

"The shit's really hit the fan" - The opening scene is set in a chaotic TV station, there is hardly any organisation and only a skeleton staff running the show. "Do you believe the dead are coming to life?" asks a doctor to his interviewer.

"Every dead body that is not exterminated, becomes one of them...it gets up and kills, the people it kills get up and kill..."

Staff at the station start to desert their posts as the tension mounts.

"They kill for one reason, they kill for food, they eat their victims. That's what keeps them going."

"A dead body must be exterminated, either by destroying the brain or severing the brain from the rest of the body."

Fran and her pilot boyfriend, Stephen, who both work for the TV station, decide to make a break and steal the company helicopter.

The scene changes to an apartment block that is being stormed by a SWAT team. The Puerto Rican residents refuse to hand over their homes under martial law. One of the SWAT team is a racist and starts blasting away with his gun. There is a lot of shooting and gas canisters are set off to evacuate the building. Once inside the building the racist goes 'ape shit' and shoots at anyone. Roger, another SWAT member, tries to stop the crazy man, but he is beaten to the ground. Peter (another SWAT man) shoots the racist dead and the body falls into a room that is littered with half-eaten limbs and three zombies. A wife is momentarily reunited with her 'dead' husband, who proceeds to

bite chunks out of her flesh. One of the SWAT members commits suicide after seeing all the carnage. Roger feels nauseous and runs downstairs where he unexpectedly meets Peter, whom he tells of his plans to escape with his friends in the helicopter. In the cellar they find dozens of living dead feasting on flesh. They 'kill' them with gunshots to the head.

Fran and Stephen prepare the helicopter and Roger arrives with Peter. After introductions the four take off in search of peace. The situation is getting worse by the minute. Whilst flying over countryside they see soldiers and rednecks 'hunting' zombies, all of them enjoying it.

Looking for fuel, Stephen lands the chopper at a deserted airfield. There are a few close shaves with some zombies, even a couple of 'dead' kids. Stephen shows us what a terrible shot he is and that he is no match for the two SWAT men. They take off again, they realise that they're on their own...."We're thieves and we're bad guys" says Peter.

By next light they happen across a big indoor shopping mall....zombies wander around the car park. They set down on the roof to check out the mall.

Looking through the skylights they see more zombies walking the floors. "Why do they come here?" asks Fran, "Memory, instinct....it's what they used to do" says Stephen.

Peter and Roger break in, followed by the others. They discover a safe area with some supplies and settle down for a meal.

While Stephen grabs some sleep, the two SWAT men decide to go down to the shop levels and get some more supplies, they leave Fran with a gun. They find keys to the security



gates and shops. The zombies are everywhere and wander aimlessly around.

Peter and Roger mix with the zombies and find that they can easily out-run them. They get into a large store and lock themselves in. Stephen awakes and hears gunshots, without thinking he runs down to 'help' them, grabbing Fran's gun. Meanwhile, Peter and Roger are having a field day 'shopping' in the deserted store. Stephen finds a useful book of plans. The SWAT men set up a diversion so they can get out of the store and back to their base without being seen.

Stephen is not alone and after some abysmal shooting he is nearly killed by a roaming zombie.

The SWAT men hear his gunshots and set off to help him. Stephen gets into another scrape with some more zombies and Peter helps him out, but one of the zombies discovers the way up to Fran.

Back in the store, Roger gets attacked by another zombie and just manages to 'kill' it off with the aid of a trusty screwdriver. The three heroes create another diversion.

"Maybe we've got a good thing going here, maybe we shouldn't be in such a hurry to leave" says Peter.

Stephen shows the others the plans he found and indicates the heating ducts that will allow them to move around without being seen.

They enter the heating ducts and move along the shop ceilings.

Fran is confronted by the inquisitive zombie and keeps it at bay with some flare torches until the others arrive to help.

They relax, eating caviar in their hideout, watching TV broadcasts - the situation looks bleak.

We discover that Fran is pregnant - "Do you want to abort it?" asks Peter.

"They must be destroyed on sight" shouts a scientist on TV.

In order to make the mall a safe haven the main doorways need to be blocked off. The three men discover some abandoned container lorries at the edge of the car park.

Fran makes a point of not wanting to be treated any differently just because she's pregnant and wants to learn to fly the chopper in case anything happens to Stephen.

Roger knows how to 'hot wire' vehicles and with Peter they 'steal' the trucks and use them to block the doorways. In the car park the zombies are increasing in number. Roger gets attacked and it affects him mentally. Peter gets very mad

with him. Roger mixes with some more zombies and this time he gets bitten badly. Fran tends to his wounds.

Peter and Stephen enter a gun shop, where they obtain hoards of firearms and ammunition. The four of them arm themselves to the teeth (Roger being pushed in a cart) and set off on a raid through the mall. They shoot many zombies, but still they come.

While trying to start a car in the mall Roger gets attacked again and his wounds get re-opened. They manage to lock the main doors, finally sealing themselves in. They then decide to go a hunt and rid the mall of zombies.

They block off the stairway that leads to their den by building a false wall.

Roger is now very ill, his wounds have caused a terrible infection.

Fran develops morning sickness.

They clean up the mall by putting all the bodies into the supermarket cold storage freezers. They even help themselves to thousands of dollars from a bank. They then go on a 'shopping spree' and get everything that they've ever wanted.

Inside, the mall is paradise, but outside, the zombies gather,

clinging to the doors.

"When there's no more room in hell....the dead will walk the Earth" says Peter.

Roger's illness takes a firm hold and he fights for his life, "Take care of me when I go" he tells Peter, "I'm gonna try not to come back."

Roger eventually dies - then the inevitable happens, he rises from the dead, Peter shoots him in the head.

They bury him in the false earth in the mall.

Their hideout now looks very homely with every comfort available.

Stephen proposes to Fran, but she refuses saying "It wouldn't be real."

As time passes Fran's pregnancy is more evident.

The zombies still wander outside.

Tension builds between the three of them. The TV stations have stopped broadcasting.

They forget their tensions and get organised again. Stephen teaches Fran to fly the helicopter and unbeknown to them they are watched by a large group of bikers, who decide to raid the mall later that night.





The bikers are heavily armed, they move the lorries and storm the mall, destroying the zombies as they go.

Peter and Stephen arm themselves up to face some new 'monsters'.

The bikers are followed inside the mall by hordes of zombies. The whole place is wrecked by the gang. They 'play' with the zombies and even start a custard-pie fight with them.

Peter and Stephen watch the slaughter from safe vantage points, but Stephen gets very upset, "It's ours" he says and starts shooting at the looters. Peter joins in. The gang's attention turns to them.

A mini-war starts. Zombies are slaughtered in many gruesome ways by the bikers.

The gang switch off the mall's power supply, Peter hides in the heating ducts and Stephen hides in an elevator but gets shot in the arm. The zombies start to outnumber the bikers and they tear them apart.

Stephen calls for help, but it's too late, a group of zombies attack and badly wound him. He manages to kill off his attackers in spite of losing a lot of blood.

Peter makes it back to Fran - they wait for Stephen, not knowing if he's dead or alive.

The zombies have now taken over the mall once again - Stephen has now joined their ranks and he leads the ghouls up to the hideout.

Fran urges Peter to get out, but he says he wants to stay.

Stephen bursts through their hideout door and Peter splats him all over the wall - Fran looks on - other zombies follow into the room. Fran climbs out onto the roof and starts the helicopter.

Peter sits down, a pistol at his head.

The zombies manage to get onto the roof.

Peter pulls the gun away from his head and shoots a zombie instead. He makes a run for it and fights his way out to the helicopter. Fran waits for him and he scrambles in.

"How much fuel do we have?" he asks, "Not much" is Fran's reply.

They take off and fly into the sunrise.....

PAUL J. BROWN.

REVIEW

When George A. Romero was filming his classic first picture, **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, he had no

intentions of making a sequel (let alone a trilogy!) and he quite rightly stated in a 1985 'Prevue' magazine interview that, "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD stood perfectly well on it's own". The same can be said of what is quite probably the major ground-breaker in modern horror, DAWN OF THE DEAD - just ask any fan to list his top ten films and you'll usually see it rated highly.

I will never forget the impact that I felt after seeing DAWN... for the first time. It cast an impression deep into my imagination that I still feel today and it remains one of my favourite films, from any genre - but strangely, I read the novelization (written by Romero himself in collaboration with Susanna Sparrow) before viewing it and had never had the opportunity to see NIGHT...!

I was going on a two-week holiday abroad and was at the airport looking for a good book to relax with on the beach. DAWN... seemed to beckon me with an outstretched decaying hand, perhaps it was the eye-catching zombie design on the cover that lured me to pick it up. I read it in two sittings and was totally devastated. Needless to say, I was very eager to see the film.

The holiday was excellent, but I kept drooling at the mouth thinking about this new film. As soon as I arrived home, I scrambled for the local paper and scanned it's pages for the cinema ads - "it's on, it's on!" I screamed.

The very next day I took my place in the rapidly expanding cinema queue to see DAWN OF THE DEAD, now with the word ZOMBIES added to the title. The world's first screening was in Italy and the word DAWN didn't translate very well, so they called it ZOMBIE. This title was also used in other countries, such as Japan and Germany. Here in the U.K., the distributor's took both of the titles and amalgamated them to form ZOMBIES : DAWN OF THE DEAD, making sure they caught audiences that had heard good reports from either titled film.

The reports obviously caught the imagination of the horror-loving public as it has earned well over \$55 million - all that on a modest budget of \$1½ million!!

After the success of NIGHT..., Romero had no shortage of potential backers for a sequel but he strongly



resisted the urge to film it - but when he finally decided to go for it, he found that his usual Pittsburgh sponsors wouldn't put up the cash, due to the fact that his THE CRAZIES had been a financial failure. So he (and his agents) began to look to Europe for backing and struck a deal with Italian giallo-master Dario Argento, who raised half of the budget in exchange for to all foreign language versions and acted as creative consultant. However, Argento's main influence can be heard and not seen, as he was also responsible for the musical score and recruited the Italian cult rock band Goblin to provide the unusual music.

Romero didn't want all the music in the English language versions, so he used it only when suggesting certain moods in the film (to great effect) - Argento's 'version' is typically his, i.e. very LOUD all the way through!

With his first screenplay, Romero envisaged a much darker, very grim, almost apocalyptic affair with none

of the now famous comic-book overtones present - he even had Fran and Peter top themselves at the end - but after a few re-writes (due more to finances than creative ideas) he arrived at the version we love today.

Shooting began towards the end of 1977 and carried on for 9½ weeks. It finally opened in Italy during September 1978 and was a great success.

The Italian, American and English versions all have a different running time (the time stated at the end of this article will be the British one). The British release had a number of the more bloody scenes removed, but on the whole, a fair amount of gore was still on show. (At the time of writing, the British video re-release has just been given the green-light by Entertainment In Video - with a running time of 95 minutes!!!! - more info as I get it!) In America it was released uncut, without a rating because when it was submitted to the MPAA they wanted to slap an 'X' on it (normally reserved for porno flicks). DAWN... was a massive success, despite the fact that an unrated film is not usually shown in major theatres! (Having said that, Romero did have a lot of problems with DAY OF THE DEAD, but that's

another story!).

The actual location used for the shopping mall was a real place called Monroeville Mall in Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh (where else?) and was the perfect setting for this horror story that poked fun at the American way of life. Virtually all the shops used were real and their owners were only too pleased to have a film shot around them - even the bank! All the filming took place at night, with the mall having to be cleaned up before opening time the next morning. The only time filming was halted was over the Christmas break, when all shops had special displays that they, quite understandably, didn't want disturbing.

The film is populated with many memorable characters (and I don't just mean the four leading players - more on them later); the scientist with the eye-patch is very effective when delivering some of his lines, "Dummies, dummies, dummies" he says, when trying to put over his views to the TV interviewer; the one legged priest who limps from the cellar saying "When the dead walk, we must stop the killing or we lose the war"; the cross-eyed cop who doesn't know which way is up! I could go on - wonderful casting by John (MARTIN) Amplas.

All four of the leading players (David Emge, Gaylen Ross, Ken Foree and Scott H. Reininger) give it all they've got with first class performances all round. Ken Foree as Peter, is the strongest character (and I don't just mean by his size, 6' 5"!!) in the story and also the most mysterious (do you know how to abort a baby?) - in this sort of situation I know I would feel very safe in his presence, he is very level headed. It's a great shame that his character (along with Gaylen Ross') didn't continue into DAY... - I think a lot of fans would've liked that! Scott H. Reininger's performance as the ill-fated Roger, has been likened to that of an early Alan Ladd type role and I would agree with that opinion. His death scene, with Peter looking on, is very moving, all the more so with his insisting that he's not going to come back as a zombie. Gaylen Ross looks very convincing (as Fran) and gives the women's liberation movement a boost, when





she insists that she's not going to be a den-mother to the three men. I love the shot of her on the mall roof, when she realises that she's too close to the edge and takes a very careful step backwards (This scene is also typical of Romero's skill for detail). David Emge's role (as Stephen) is really the only one I have any gripes with, for one reason only - he's just too silly (I even nicknamed him 'Silly Stephen', a name that is very familiar in my household!). It's not the fact that he can't act, as his whole performance is a worthy contribution - it's just his character, he doesn't seem to fit in with the others. Hell, at times it's difficult to tell whether he's playing a living or a 'dead' person! I hate to say it, but I was actually quite relieved when he was finally put out of his misery!

The relationship between Fran and Stephen is very well handled, especially when the tensions build. The shot of them in bed, staring into space is classic cinema, it sums up the pointlessness of their situation - what are they bringing their baby into?

The rest of the cast is made up from well over a thousand zombie extras - incidentally, the word

'zombie' is only mentioned once in the whole film - all wearing the greyish ghoul make-up of gore-king Tom Savini. What I like about the zombies is that they are shown to come from all walks of life - it makes you realise that death comes to everyone in the end!!

Tom Savini's make-up and special effects are very effective, even if they are a little crude in places (the full zombie effect was perfected in DAY..., where they really looked like living dead), but they did open up new channels for gore on screen. At the time of it's release what viewer wasn't stunned by the close-ups of flesh feasting? Out of all the effects shots, I feel there is only one that looks tacky - the zombie that gets the top of his head sliced off by the helicopter blades has an obvious head appliance on and looks like a Herman Munster clone, but I can't deny the fact that the whole sequence is expertly staged!

Savini also plays the part of a blood-thirsty biker and also carried out a lot of the stunt work, showing us what a multi-talented man he is.

Another of the film's striking scenes, is where the threat of the zombies seems to have been forgotten and the heroes have created their

artificial lifestyle in the mall. Peter is playing squash against a wall on the roof, subtle music is playing in the background, a ball rolls off the roof and falls down to the zombie infested car park, catapulting us back to their true reality with a resounding thud!

With the arrival of the bikers (announced in true cavalry fashion, by bugle) the pace really changes, even more action and blood-letting (this is where British viewers really miss a lot), the gang seem to be more monster than the zombies themselves! I also feel that the inclusion of the custard pie fights was wrong, as it tended to take us away from the comic-book feel and into pure slapstick (and I was pleased to see Romero steer well clear of this for DAY...).

If I was to really nit-pick with DAWN..., then I would complain about two very minor things; there is an incredibly bad bit of continuity in one of the scenes involving the rednecks, who are shooting at some zombies near an abandoned car, before the guy shoots there are zombies right next to the car, the gas tank explodes and the zombies disappear!? We even get an overhead shot of this courtesy of the

helicopter - where did they go?; and secondly, the blonde girl zombie that attacks Roger in the lorry is obviously a man (Tom Savini), when he/she gets kicked out of the cab!

So, if I have to look this deeply to find bad points, it shows it must have a lot of really good stuff in it. George Romero's direction for this picture was perfect - he knows his stuff and really is the master of the zombieathon. He used his cast to the full and made every single member look as though they believed in what was going on around them.

If you haven't seen this mega-brilliant film (Where have you been?), I urge you to search to the ends of the Earth (if not your local High Street) and remember the glorious ad line....."When there's no more room in hell, the dead will walk the Earth".

PAUL J. BROWN.

CAST & CREDITS

David Enge (Stephen), Ken Forre (Peter), Scott H. Reininger (Roger), Gaylen Ross (Francine), David Crawford (Dr. Foster), David Early (Mr. Berman), Richard France (Scientist), Howard Smith (TV



FANTASY NOVELS

Commentator), Daniel Dietrich (Givens), Fred Baker (Commander), Jim Baffico (Wooley), Rod Stouffer (Young Officer On Roof), Jesse Del Gre (Old Priest), Clayton McKinnon and John Rice (Officers In Project Apartment), Ted Bank, Randy Kovitz, Patrick McCloskey and Joe Pilato (Officers At Police Dock), Pasquale Buba, Tom Savini, Tony Buba, Marty Schiff, "Butchie", Joe Shelby, Dave Hawkins, Taso Stavrakis, Tom Kapusta, Nick Tello, Rudy Ricci and Larry Vairs (Motorcycle Raiders), Sharon Ceccatti, Pam Chatfield, Bill Christopher, Clayton Hill and Jay Stover (Lead Zombies), George A. Romero (TV Director).

Directed, Written and Edited by George A. Romero; Producer - Richard P. Rubenstein; Director Of Photography - Michael Gornick; Assistant Producer - Donna Siegal; Assistant Director - Christine Forrest; Script Consultant - Dario Argento; Production Manager - Zilla Ginton; Unit Manager - Jay Stover; Sound Recordist - Tony Buba; Wardrobe - Josie Caruso; Make-Up And Special Effects - Tom Savini; Lighting Director - Carl Augustein; Casting - John Amplas & Ellen Hopkins; Assistant Cameraman - Tom Dubensky; Continuity And Casting - John Rice & Michael Lies; Still Photography - Katherine Kolbert; Weapons Co-ordinator - Clayton Hill; Explosive Effects - Gary Zeller & Don Berry; Key Grip - Gliff Forrest; Slate - Diane Donati; Assistant Editor - Kenneth Davidow; Business Manager - Vince Survinski; Publicity - Renee Furst; Publicity Assistant - Francine Davidoff; Wardrobe Assistants - Barbara Lifsher & Michele Martin; Stuntmen - Tom Savini & Taso Stavrakis; Grips - Dan Bertha, Bradley Drumheller, Lenny Lies, Clayton McKinnon, Ken Nagin, Daniel Silk & Robert Williams; Spiritual Advisor - Ben Barenholtz; Post Production Soundtrack - Dario Argento; Music - The Goblins; Production Assistants - Leslie Augustein, Mararida Delgado, Ed Letteri, Dan Lupovitz & Diane Westernman; 1st Assistants Make-Up - Nancy Allen, Leonard DeStefans, John Konter & Carl Scott; 2nd Assistants Make-Up - Ted Bank, Joe Gampayno, Jeanie Jeffries, Randy Kovitz, Joe Pilato & Joe Shelby; Helicopter Services - Royale Helicopter Inc.; Helicopter Pilot - Barth Bartholomae; Weapons - The Plastics

Factory; Graphics - Joseph Eberle; Sets - Production Co-ordinators; Mail Liason - Bill Wagner; Mail Security - Jim Barger; Colour - Technicolour/New York; Insurance - Regal & Company; Production Accounting - Charles Forman & Wechsler Meyers Welsh; Equipment - F & B Ceco/New York; Sound Transfers - Aquarius Sound; Production Services - The Latent Image Inc. & The Ultimate Mirror Ltd.; Produced With Laurel Tape & Film Inc.; The Co-operation of G. Robert Cox, Marvin Lieber, Miguel Lisenberg, Oxford Development Co., Pennsylvania National Guard (1st Battalion, 10 Field Artillery), Pittsburgh Housing Authority, Resource Investments Inc., Alvin Rogal, Frank Rubenstein, Max Toberoff & Susan Vermazen; Worldwide Sales - Irvin Shapiro, Films Around The World, New York City; U.K. Distributor - Target International; U.S.A. Distributor - United Film Distributing Co.; Presented by Herbert R. Steinmann & Billy Baxter.

1978
Running Time : 125 mins (U.K. Original Release).

A LAUREL GROUP PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH ALFREDO CUOMO & CLAUDIO ARGENTO.



MY 13 FAVOURITE IMAGI-MOVIES -- AND WHY?

by Forrest J. Ackerman

The WHY is the hard part. I fear it would be boringly repetitious a baker's dozen of times to dwell on "superb", "fabulous", "marvellous", "inspired", "incredible" acting, make-up, directing, music, plot, special effects, etc.

To begin with, you may be surprised that I do not include such popular favourites or classics as DRACULA, FORBIDDEN PLANET, THE THING, FANTASTIC VOYAGE, STAR WARS, THE INVISIBLE MAN, 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY or some other title that is sure to be a favourite of yours. Actually, two of the foregoing titles (I don't want to start an argument, so I'll leave you to guess which) I rather actively disliked. Or perhaps I should say was most disappointed in.

Now I hate to omit THE RAVEN and

THE BLACK CAT and THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS and THE LOST WORLD and THE KIDNAPER and THE CROOK and THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME and many a Harryhausen masterpiece - but what are you going to do when 13 is the limit?

Well, leading all the rest for me has got to be METROPOLIS (1926). You can't begin to imagine what an electrifying effect this legendary silentfilm had on the newly awakened sci-fi mind of the 10-year-old boy who was me 62 years ago. In the real world the screen was still small, squarish, black-&-white and soundless, and in the real world there were none of the shapes of things to come such as vidrophones, robots and aerial highways connecting stratoscrapers. Fritz Lang photographed 49 times as much footage as ever reached the screen and I would eagerly sit through all hundred hours of takes and out-

takes. I have seen the film 78 times to date. I have known Lang, met Brigitte Helm, Gustav Frohlich, Gunter Rittau, the poster artist Greul and two of the Children of Metropolis, and as I type these words I can raise my gaze to the False Maria - the robotria rechristened Ultima Futura Automaton (UFA) by me - reconstructed for me over a period of a year and a half and 600 hours. As I have been known to lecture extemporaneously for an hour about the wonders of METROPOLIS, I had better hastily pass on to.....

THE PEACOCK OF THE OPERA (1925). I was even younger - only 5 - when I saw it for the first time 64 years ago. Lou Chaney became my instant idol, and you can conceive my excitement of this New Year's Day last when I found myself in the presence of the girl whose curiosity could not be contained, whose trembling fingers removed the mask from the face of horror incarnate - Erik. Yes, I met Mary Philbin! Of this fabulous event, more elsewhere. THE THIEF OF BAGDAD (1924). The Douglas Fairbanks 5th version. The Trial by Fire. The Cave of the Dragon. The Forest of Tree-Men. The Giant Subsea Spider. The Winged Horse. The Stairway to the Moon. The Cloak of Invisibility. The Magic Wish-Powder. The Flying Carpet. In the words of the Toyota TV (excuse me, telly) advertisement - "Who could ask for anything more!"

Remembering THE THIEF OF BAGDAD has caused SIEGFRIED (1923/4) to surface in my mind. Oh-eh, I hadn't allowed for it; now I'll have to eliminate one title from the original list. (Wild hearers couldn't force me to reveal which favourite I've had to sacrifice) SIEGFRIED had many of the magic elements of THE THIEF..... including the fire-breathing dragon (Fafnir), the Gnomes-King with his cloak of invisibility, and a hero to enchant the heart of a pre-teen boy.

NIGHT THRAWN (1929). Now here's a title you may not even be familiar with. It was the second British talking picture, following Alfred Hitchcock's BLACKMAIL, and seems to be virtually unknown among Anglophiles of fantafilia, along with your own ONCE IN A NEW MOON and HELF! I'M AN EXPLOSIVE (totally unknown cineatlantic). I found it a fascinating vision of the world of 1940 with its various futurisms such as a car of tomorrow, vidrophane, Charnel Tunnel, sartorial atylice, nightclub fencing exhibitions as entertainment, and ringing anti-war sentiments. I was all for the pacifistic heroines (Renée Hunt, eventually wife of



P.J. BROWN
1989



FULL SPEED AHEAD,
 Fantasy Synopsis! *FORREST
 Ackerman*

Ronald Colman, if I recall correctly) and around the mid-30's I had the thrill of meeting the male star of the movie, James Thomas. A silent print of this fascinating film exists in the cinearchives of the Cinémathèque de Belgique in Brussels. Haven't read that it's subtitles are in French.

KING KONG (1933) - well, anything I could say about this triumph of stop-motion animation, characters, stirring Steiner music, at all, you could probably anticipate. One of imagi-movies' most memorable last lines: "Oh, no - two beauty killed the beast." Incidentally, if you've heard about the famous excited Spider Scene, 'twas I who revived the information about it when I first started editing "FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND". In 1933 I had a correspondent in the Philippine Islands, a boy named J.E. Ayco, who saw **KONG** at the same time I did in San Francisco, and we compared notes in our correspondence. Little did he realize when he enthused to me about the man being shaken off the log and falling into the ravine with the glass explosion that this sequence would one day become a cause celebre among Kogonophiles. Trivia question! Ask yourself - quickly - how many planes did Kong knock down? (There were four) Only one. And on New Year's Day when I was talking with Linwood Ozm, a cameraman on **KONG**, he swears a mighty oath that that controversial longshot of Kong climbing the Empire State Building, which looks as fluid that one would swear it was a man in a suit, was definitely an animated model like every other Kong sequence in the film. We ought to know! he photographed it.

FRANKENSTEIN (1931). The "birth" of Boris Karloff - the monster who made a man's career. James Whale's suspenseful introduction of the Monster as he is first seen from behind. Colin Clive shouting in ecstasy of creation, "It's alive! It's alive!" Edward van Sloan's part in the picture. Dwight Frye's contribution. The Daisy that didn't float. Strickland's fabulous machinery... All the immortal imagery... I know many fans prefer the sequel but I'll stick with the original. As a footnote, however: In 1935 I was invited to Universal Studio's one afternoon to see a press review of **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (I was Scientific Editor of "FANTASY MAGAZINE" at the time), as I saw the scenes that were later excised from the final print. As I was walking (in a daze at 16) out of the front office afterwards, who should come walking in but Dr. Frankenstein - and my shoulder brushed that of Colin Clive!

THINGS TO COME (1934). What dialogue! When I'm in England and visit author William (POW) SIDED TRIANGLE Temple, we delight each other reciting memorable sequences. "If we don't end war, war will end us." "This is an independent sovereign state - at war!" "Great black ugly lokuman chaps, come bombing and bombing!" "Well, who needs books to muddle up their thoughts and ideas?" Reaxmas: "Oh, if I were a man!" "Because drawing out life to the last possible moment is not living to the best effect." "Beware the concussion!" "It is this or that - all the Universe or

nothing!" Don't get me started! Saw it twice first week it came out. Noticed 6 cuts the second week. Must have seen it near to 50 times by now. Never tire. One great dream: to see the missing 16 minutes or an excised from the American print (Ewens is completely absent in 2026 in our version.)

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS (1935). After the preview I wrote to George Pal "complaining" I was blue in the face from oxygen deprivation because I was so enthralled by the picture that I forgot to breathe! These awesome war machines, exciting destruction scenes, tantalizing glimpse of a Martian, first sight of a force screen on the screen, the best sound effects. At the beginning, the beautiful homecellular interplanetary art and the accurate memorializing voice of Sir Cedric Hardwicke telling us how vast cold intelligence from another world were drawing their plans against us. WOW - I (WAR OF THE WORLDS)

DE JEXILL & MR HYDE (1931). The Reuben Mawoulman version, of course, with the Academy Award-winning performance by Fredric March. "Can a man, dying of thirst, forget water?" "I believe a man is not one but truly two." Ivy (Miriam Hopkins): "Come back, wench!" "Mad, eh Lanyon, eh Carewe? If you could see me now, what would you think!" The first incredible transformation scene, so effective today as the first time I saw it in 1931.

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL

(1951). A universal favourite. I've never met anyone who didn't like it. I probably love it for the same reasons you do. Michael Rennie, the lovely alien, Great Gort. "Klattu berads sikte!" The threat to reduce Earth to "a burned out cinder" if we didn't straighten up and fly right. They've threatened to remake it, although I don't see how they could improve on it. Bradbury tackled the notion of a sequel for a couple of weeks and gave up. I came up with "THE NIGHT THE EARTH STOOD STILL", a chilling warning from the son of Michael Rennie who froze all the gasoline (British readers read "petrol") on Earth, causing car wreaths and plane crashes. (Actually he wasn't as cruel as all that: he brought humanity free a short period and made us believe that's what happened.) Nothing came of my screen treatment. But I'm remembering now a quarter of a century or so ago a memorable night when I stood on a Hollywood theatre stage with Gort himself behind me, as Master of Ceremonies, and passed out scrolls for Life Achievements to Curt Siodmak, Ray Bradbury, Fay Wray, Max Glirke, Julian Blaustein, Robert Wise, Ray Harryhausen, Fritz Lang and other legendary figures of imagi-movieland. I used to be more nervous than I am nowadays - that must've been a Night My Heart Stood Still.

THE MUMMY (1932). In-ho-tep, dead in the sands of ancient Egypt for 3700 years. And then - "We went for a little walk. You should have seen



his fecal" I had the pleasure of meeting Bramwell Fletcher during World War II and discussing this scene with him. And Rita Johnson is still alive and well and I've talked with her on the phone and she's made another movie appearance lately. Karloff's make-up was another Jack Pierce masterpiece. And tears leaves become a part of the lure and lore of fantasy films.

I am not a religious person, in fact I have been famous as famous as an atheist since I was 15. ("Secular humanist" seems to be the

preferred terminology now days, a designation I'm proud to share with Isaac Asimov among others.) But when I saw CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND (1977) for the first time, tears of joy were streaming down my cheeks at the conclusion and I felt lifted out of my seat as by a spiritual exaltation. When I was about 8 years old and had a birthday coming up, my Mother asked me what I wanted to do for my natal day celebration. I said, "Take all my neighbourhood friends to see the new Lon Chaney movie." Tickets for kids

were 9 cents in those days; it couldn't have cost my Mother more than a dollar. For my first birthday Wendys, my wife, made a fatal mistake she asked me what kind of present I'd like. Having seen the film already, I replied: "Treat a lot of friends to CLOSE ENCOUNTERS.... Robert Bloch, A.K.a. von Vogt, Ann Robinson." The final group was 25. Needless to say, it cost my wife more than a dollar.

FORREST J. ACKERMAN,

To Celebrate Peter Cushing's O.B.E. We Have A Tribute Written By Miss Gladys Fletcher, Who Was The Founder Of His Original Fan Club.

Peter has asked me to write an article on my eleven years of running Peter Cushing's Fan Club which disbanded several years ago.

It was a very enjoyable time and the part I enjoyed the most was my meetings with Peter. The first time was in 1959, I had travelled to London from Ipswich to see Peter in a play at the Aldwych Theatre called THE SOUND OF MURDER. He had been an admired him in several films and my first sight of him 'in the flesh' was a never to be forgotten moment, as he walked onto the stage a ripple of applause came through the audience. We then settled down to watch the play, which was a drama with a very good twist at the end, which was worthy of any Agatha Christie story! After the play I went backstage and asked if I could see Peter, I was told to wait, I stood looking at the backstage set and when I turned around there stood Peter, in a paisley-patterned dressing-gown, I was speechless for a moment, then Peter came forward and shook hands, apologising for being somewhat wet, as in the last scene of the play he was supposed to have been out in the rain. He asked how far I had come and I said "72 miles from Ipswich", we kept chatting for a while, Peter signed photos and programmes for me, then I took my leave. All the way home I kept looking at the photos he had signed to convince myself that I had really met him!

I went to see the play three more times and was lucky enough to see him on each occasion. On one visit I asked if I could run a fan club for him, he agreed and it went on from there. I received an invitation from him to visit the studio where he was making a film, I was delighted. The studio was Shepperton and the film was THE TORTOISE GARDEN, in which he co-starred with Jack Palance, whom I was also able to meet. I had a most enjoyable day, lunching with Peter and watching the scenes being shot - my wildest dream come true!!

The years of running Peter's club were exciting and thrilling, I made many new friends that I am still in touch with today. Peter has been awarded the O.B.E., which he richly deserved after his many years of

wonderful acting and entertaining the public. Well done Peter and although the club ended some years ago, I

shall always be your devoted admirer.
GLADYS FLETCHER.



THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES

SYNOPSIS

England 1860: Under the credits we witness a voodoo ceremony taking place involving a miniature coffin containing a small effigy of the victim which is held aloft by the voodoo priest. As the voodoo worshippers chant, we see the victim asleep in her bed, restless and disturbed, and soon she involuntarily joins the chant of 'Kada Nostra, Kada Estra...'. The voodoo priest then takes a phial of the victim's blood - a bandaged cut on her wrist starts to bleed again - and pours it on the effigy. As he does so she sits bolt upright, screaming....

Receiving an uncharacteristically 'rambling' letter from his former star medical student, Peter Thompson, Sir James Forbes and his daughter Sylvia, whose best friend, Alice, is married to Thompson, decide to journey to Cornwall where he practices.

On the outskirts of the village they encounter a fox hunt and, abhorring this activity, Sylvia deliberately sends them the wrong way. They continue on into the village where they encounter the hunt again as they come charging through a funeral procession, knocking the coffin over a bridge where it breaks open to reveal the body inside. Having already incurred the wrath of the huntsmen they now find their offers of help to the dead man's brother, Martinus, angrily dismissed.

They continue to Peter's house without further incident where they are met by a welcoming but detached Alice. (We recognise her as the 'victim' of the voodoo ceremony seen earlier.)

At the village pub, Peter is

arguing with the locals about the mysterious spate of deaths (12 in 12 months); they accuse him of not doing enough to find the cause but still won't allow him to perform any post-mortems. Sir James arrives to defuse the situation and he and Peter leave. Peter explains the symptoms of the illness to Sir James - loss of appetite, loss of skin colour and retarded reflexes - arousing Sir James' curiosity; and his surprise when he learns that no autopsies have been allowed. Peter informs him that all such decisions are taken by the local Squire, Clive Hamilton, who also acts as coroner and magistrate.

At his home, the Squire tells his servants to 'prepare for tonight'. Meanwhile, Sir James convinces Peter that they must exhume the body of the latest victim and perform their own autopsy.

From her bedroom window, Sylvia sees Alice walking off into the night and when her calls go unheeded, she goes after her. Alice proceeds through the woods towards an old tin mine where a menacing shadowy hand falls across her face... Sylvia is unable to keep up and as she makes a return to the house she bumps into Martinus, who is drunk and abusive. She runs from him only to find herself surrounded



by the members of the hunt; again she tries to run but they soon have her and take her to the Squire's house where they draw cards to see who should rape her first! Her honour is saved by the intervention of the Squire who angrily dismisses the men. He apologises and offers her a lift home in his carriage, although he says he is unable to drive her himself. As this means one of the huntsmen driving, she declines, saying she'll walk.

At the graveyard, Sir James and Peter start to dig...

Sylvia's walk home takes her past the old mine and she is horrified to see Alice held aloft in the arms of a deathly pale, gray-skinned, white-eyed man, the same man she had seen in the coffin when it was knocked over the bridge! The undead corpse tosses Alice's body to the ground near Sylvia. Terrified, she runs off...

Sir James and Peter reach the coffin, but before they can open it they are disturbed by the arrival of two policemen who inform them that they are being arrested for bodysnatching. At this, Sir James seizes the lid of the coffin and pulls it off - empty! He explains the situation to the policemen who agree to give him 48 hours before filing their report. As the police and Peter fill in the grave, Sir James spots a dazed Sylvia wandering nearby and rushes her back to the house.

The next morning, Sir James reveals Alice's fate to Peter and, along with Sylvia and the police, they go in search of the body. They first find Martinus, asleep by a tree, and when they find Alice's body nearby, he is promptly arrested.

Sir James and Peter now have a body for their autopsy - Alice! - and this they do, although the results are inconclusive: there is no sign of rigor-mortis nor even any injuries.

Under interrogation, Martinus tells the police that he had seen his dead brother in the woods the previous night, and when this is confirmed by Sylvia, Sir James, Peter and the police return to the mine to look for clues. At the mine, the police sergeant explains that the mine is no longer working because after a spate of accidents the locals claimed it was unlucky and refused to work there. He further explains

that the Squire is a man of independent means and also offers the information that the Squire spent several years in 'foreign parts' (the Caribbean).

While they are away, the Squire visits Sylvia, where he deliberately breaks a glass and makes sure she cuts her finger on the pieces, allowing him to clandestinely collect a sample of her blood. Returning home, the Squire opens a drawer in his desk that contains a number of mini-coffins, each with it's own small clay effigy and puts the phial of Sylvia's blood in with them.

Alice's funeral takes place and at the same time another voodoo ceremony starts, involving an effigy of Sylvia, and when her blood is added to the voodoo doll the cut on her finger starts to bleed. Feeling faint, Sylvia is lead away. After the funeral, Sir James asks the vicar if he has any books on witchcraft or black magic that he can borrow.

Having read the books, Sir James is convinced that voodoo is being practiced in the village and feeling that Alice may be next to join the ranks of the undead he tells Peter that they must stand guard over her grave that night.

The vicar joins them at the graveyard, but they tell him it isn't necessary and send him home. On his way, the vicar is attacked by the voodoo worshippers (in their full regalia) and, alerted by his shouts, Sir James and Peter go to his rescue. Having driven off the attackers, they realise that it could have been a plot to lure them away from the grave. They rush back, but they are too late, the grave is open and they can only stand and watch as Alice turns into a zombie before their eyes. She rises up to attack them and as she closes in Sir James is forced to behead her with a shovel. This is all too much for Peter who passes out. When he awakes he finds himself alone in the mist-shrouded graveyard with Alice's body and severed head; then, slowly, the earth on the graves start to move as fingers claw their way to the surface, followed by hands, arms and finally whole bodies, as the undead rise from their graves. They shuffle towards him, hands outstretched, and soon they have him surrounded. Then one takes a grip on his neck and...

he wakes up screaming, to be told that the zombies were all a dream, although the part with Alice was only too real. Disturbed by Peter's statement that 'all the graves were empty', the police open the graves to find that they are indeed all empty.

Sir James and the police now go to the gaol to interview Martinus, only to be told that he has escaped following a visit from the Squire during which Martinus was cut on a broken glass. Noting the connection with Sylvia and Alice, Sir James instructs Peter to keep an eye on Sylvia while he goes to confront the Squire with his suspicions.

The squire refuses to discuss it with him and, under threat from several of the Squire's men, including Denver, the leader of the hunt, he is forced to leave; but not before leaving a window open for easy re-entry.

Returning later that night, Sir James re-enters the house and sees the Squire dressing in his voodoo priest's costume.

In the mine, the zombies are seen hard at work digging the tin under the harsh supervision of the Squire's men. Nearby, another voodoo ceremony is in preparation; the chanting starts and Sylvia responds, joining the chant and then leaving the house to head for the mine. Realising she has gone, Peter follows.

Sir James now finds the mini-coffins and their contents, but before he can take any further action he is disturbed by the arrival of Denver and in the ensuing fight, Sir James stabs Denver with his own knife. He falls by the fireplace and his clothes catch fire.

The fire soon spreads and Sir James finds himself trapped in the burning house.

Outside, Peter is trying to keep up with Sylvia.

Sir James is able to escape from the house when a servant arrives to see where Denver is and he too heads for the mine.

Meanwhile, Sylvia has arrived at the mine where she is met by a zombieified Martinus and is tied to an altar where she is to be sacrificed as part of the ceremony.

Back at the house the fire has spread to the desk containing the mini-coffins and soon they, along

with the voodoo dolls they contain, are burning too. At the same time in the mine, the zombies that are represented by the dolls start to smoke and then burst into flames. The flames spread and in the confusion of burning zombies, panicked voodoo worshippers and collapsing tunnels Peter is able to rescue Sylvia.

Sir James now arrives in the lift and Peter and Sylvia get in and return to the surface with him - the last thing they see in the mine is the Squire under attack from the zombies.

The fire is now out of control and Sir James, Peter and Sylvia stand and watch as the mine is consumed in flames along with the Squire and his minions.

MARK HURTON.

REVIEW

While Hammer Films are quite rightly recognised as having revived film goers and makers interest in the Dracula and Frankenstein legends they also have a legitimate claim to have breathed new life into the zombie genre that came to full fruition with George A Romero's NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

The film that stakes this claim is of course THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES, released in 1966, a full two years before Romero's ground-breaking classic.

THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES was director John Gilling's fifth outing for Hammer and, along with THE REPTILE, filmed back-to-back with PLAGUE... in late 1963 (on the same sets and with several of the same cast), is generally regarded as his best work.

Although set in Cornwall, the film didn't give Gilling the opportunity to exploit the beautiful Cornish scenery as he had done so successfully in FURY AT SHUGGLERS BAY (1963) as it was filmed at Hammer's regular location, Bray Studio's in Berkshire. Consequently some of the scenes do tend, inevitably, to appear somewhat set-bound (having worked briefly in a Cornish graveyard I wouldn't vouch for the authenticity of the one in the film, although some of my co-workers did appear a bit zombieified at times, especially on a Monday

morning!) but this is more than compensated for by the excellent creation of mood and atmosphere which is soon established and builds throughout the film.

Gilling is also quick to show the political stance of this film, starting in the scene where the hunt callously charge through a funeral procession, displaying the aristocracy's flagrant disregard for the working classes, living or dead. We later learn that this same contempt has been taken to it's extreme with the dead being resurrected to work in the Squire's mine, still being exploited even in death.

A further example of upper class decadence is provided by the scene where the hunt, out at night (and still in full dress), chase and capture the 'little fox', Sylvia and take her back to the Squire's house where they indulge in further games before a potential gang rape - the

symbolism is certainly rife in these scenes!

If the film is politically sound then it isn't quite so liberated in it's treatment of women; there are only two in the film (apart from a couple glimpsed briefly in the background in a couple of scenes) and, twice referred to as 'you girls', they are simply required to play subservient women-in-peril roles. And the blacks in the film, one servant and some voodoo drummers, don't fare much better. True, it could be argued that as the film is set in the 1860's it was merely reflecting period attitudes, but as it was made in the 1960's, at the height of the Civil Rights movement in America, a slightly more positive portrayal (i.e. what do the voodoo drummers do for the rest of the day when they aren't drumming? While having the servant cowering from the fire, gibbering like a dumb animal, is at best thoughtless and



at worst offensive) and wouldn't have gone amiss - it's certainly a marked contrast to NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD where the hero is black, and, in an obvious political statement, despite denials, at the conclusion is killed by the white authorities.

The film features some very varied performances ranging from fairly forgettable, Diane Clere, to the truly excellent, Jacqueline Pearce, with the rest coming somewhere in between. To be fair to Diane Clere (reputed, incidentally, trivia lovers, to be Buffalo Bill's great granddaughter!) it's true that her character isn't particularly well drawn, she starts off promisingly enough, a spirited young woman able to twist her irascible father round her little finger, but soon regresses into a helpless victim who

needs rescuing, first by the Squire from the hunt and then from the Squire by Peter and her father; on the other hand, the fact that none of her other appearances spring readily to mind speaks for itself. Brook Williams is adequate but not much more so Dr Peter Thompson, trying to balance his professional involvement with his personal feelings, brought to a head when he has to assist in the autopsy performed on Alice. Andre Morell fares better in the role of Sir James Forbes, coping well in a lead role after several good supporting performances, although he still lacks the sort of quiet authority that, say Peter Cushing would have brought to the part (a case for Watson when they should have got Holmes). John Carson is even better as Squire Hamilton, sounding like a sinister James Mason as he injects just the right air of arrogance and menace into a role that seems tailored for Christopher Lee. But undoubtedly the pick of the bunch is Jacqueline Pearce, her youthful beauty and strong performance making the relatively small role of Alice easily the most memorable in the film - with this fine performance and an even better one in THE REPTILE, 1966 really should have been Jacqueline Pearce's year (although being decapitated in PLAGUE... and turned into a snake in THE REPTILE she could have been mistaken for thinking otherwise, as she told 'Starburst' in 1981 '(John Gilling said "I'd like you to play the parts because you have a wonderful face for films" ...so he cast me as a zombie and a reptile!') but the industry's refusal to give proper credit to horror and its exponents (especially Hammer) obviously worked

PJ BROWN 1989





against her as her career didn't really take off as it should have, although she has continued to work steadily in theatre, television and films, even acquiring a cult following, along with a severe haircut, as Servalan in *BLAKE'S SEVEN* in the late seventies. Her most recent film appearance was a brief but memorable role in *WHITE MISCHIEF*, shedding her clothes rather than her skin/head in another tale of upper class decadence.

However, there's little doubt that the real stars of the film are director Gilling and his cinematographer, Arthur Grant, who together provide many memorable scenes, such as the hunt charging through the funeral procession; Sylvia's encounter with Martinus' zombieified dead brother (startlingly shot, commencing with a long shot of the zombie on the skyline by the mine holding the limp body of Alice then zooming in to a close-up of his frightful physiognomy); Alice's funeral, intercut with a voodoo ceremony, highlighting the contrast between the Christian burial, a

ceremony designed to put the dead to rest and the voodoo ceremony designed to resurrect the dead; Alice rising from her grave and being beheaded; and the final scenes culminating in the 'death' of the mine. But their best moment comes with Peter's green-hued dream sequence, a superbly directed and photographed scene, all quick cuts, sharp close-ups and weird camera angles, and here they are aided by the make-up of Roy Ashton who created the 'zombie skin' by mixing latex with crumpled coloured tissue paper, while the eyes were all-white contact lenses with minute holes at the centre for the actors to see out of. Together they have produced a scene of such power that, despite the genius of Ion Savini and the excesses of the Italians, remains one of the most famous, and frightening, in all zombiedom - it's also been much imitated in films like *THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA* (1971) and even directly 'borrowed' in the film *FRIGHT* (1971) where it plays on a (B+W) TV set in the background in one scene.

The film also continues Hammer's reputation for fine musical scores, here combining the traditional classical elements with 'voodoo' drums to create one of their best and most memorable soundtracks.

THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES was originally to have been released on a double-bill with **THE REPTILE**, and it certainly would have been interesting to see Gilling's two Cornish-based Hammer's back-to-back (and if **THE REPTILE** ever gets a video release we'll be able to try it for ourselves) but it eventually appeared on the lower half of a double-bill with Terence Fisher's **DRACULA : PRINCE OF DARKNESS**. In America, cinema goers received free zombie eyes (for the girls) and vampire fangs (for the boys) - thanks to Michael Weldon's essential 'The Psychotronic Encyclopedia Of Film' for that little titbit.

The film did garner several favourable reviews: 'The best Hammer horror for some time...' ('Monthly Film Bulletin'); 'Miss Pearce is convincing and handsomely suited to her role' ('Monater Mania'); 'The spell cast by **THE PLAGUE OF THE**

ZOMBIES is quite a potent one...' ('Films And Filming' - although this is just about the only constructive comment in Nicholas Gosling's otherwise frivolous review where he seems more concerned about a modern fire extinguisher supposedly present in the Squire's burning house (I couldn't see it) than the merits of the film, but he also says '...but zombies have more or less been sucked dry as film material' and this was in March 1966, so what did he know?) but it obviously wasn't a sufficient enough commercial success to tempt Hammer to produce a follow-up. A pity because the path they chose, preferring to plough the same tired old furrow of increasingly uninspired **Dracula** and **Frankenstein** yarns, can only have hastened the company's demise (although continuing rumours of a Hammer revival still abound so perhaps they'll yet have the chance to rectify this mistake and re-join the zombie-field they helped to create).

It's only recently that **THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES** has started getting the recognition it deserves as a trend setting film and one of



Hammer's finest outings (it was also one of the first Hammer films I ever saw, so it'll always have a special place in my affections) and as it is now freely available on video for a bargain £9.99 there's no excuse for not adding it to your collection; don't be put off by the awful cover because what you'll find inside is a bona fide Hammer horror classic.

MARK MURTON.

CAST & CREDITS

Andre Morell (Sir James Forbes), Diane Clare (Sylvia), Brook Williams (Dr Peter Thompson), Jacqueline Pearce (Alice), John Carson (Squire Hamilton), Alex Davion (Denver), Michael Ripper (Sgt Swift), Marcus Hammond (Martinus), Dennis Chinnery (Constable Christian), Louis Mahoney (Coloured Servant), Roy Royston (Vicar), Ben Aris, John Martinus, Tim Condron, Bernard Egan, Norman Mann, Francis Willey (The Young Bloods).

Directed by John Gilling; Produced by Anthony Nelson-Keys; Screenplay by Peter Bryan; Music Composed by James Bernard; Musical Supervisor - Philip Martell; Director Of Photography - Arthur Grant BSC; Production Designer - Bernard



Only The Lord
Of The Dead
Could Unleash
Them!

THE PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES

COLOR by DE LUXE

Robinson; Supervising Editor - James Needs; Production Manager - George Fowler; Editor - Chris Barnes; Assistant Director - Don Mingaye; Sound Recordist - Ken Rawkins; Sound Editor - Roy Baker; Continuity - Lorna Selwyn; Make-Up - Roy Ashton; Hair Stylist - Frieda Steiger; SPFX by Bowie Films Ltd; Colour by DeLuxe; Technicolour; Released by Warner Pathe (U.K.), 20th Century Fox (U.S.A.); Produced at Bray Studios, England; Distributed by 20th Century Fox.

Running Time: 91 mins.
1966

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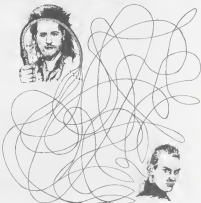
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Giles Redferne (Richard E. Grant) is holding the whip that has trapped the Warlock (Julian Sands).



SHOCK AROUND THE CLOCK 3

29th JULY 1989

Having missed the first two 'Shocks', I was determined not to miss this one. As usual I left it to the last minute before sending off my £10 - I was hearing stories about the festival being already sold out and I started to get anxious as my ticket still hadn't arrived! By some miracle I just made it in with ticket number 431!

The films on show looked very promising with some titles familiar and others completely unknown to me. There were a lot of swans floating around about films to be shown, GOREA and 1999 being two of them, but they proved to be just rumours.

I arrived at the Scala at about 10.30am and the queues were already forming, some friends of mine were two from the front and they let me join them - thanks guys. Scored titles were still on everybody's lips, one was that SANTA SANGHE had been withdrawn and that a Terry Davis film was going to be the surprise feature - the first one was correct which seemed to disappoint a lot of people.

The doors opened at about 11.55am and we flooded in to get our seats. We were handed our T-shirts (which were pretty safe) and we forged ahead to the 'Forbidden Planet' stall that had been set up in the foyer. I'm not kidding when I say it was like watching at least of old women at a jumble sale, everyone was prising their arms and heads through to get their mugs and T-shirts!

The seating was very cramped, mainly because everyone had brought their overnight supplies with them to keep them going - why was my bag bigger than everyone else's?

After settling down, I had a wander round and made contact with a few people that I correspond with and then shoo-horned myself back into my seat before the show commenced.

The organisers were 'Shock Xpress' editor, Stefan Jaworski and film critic, Alan Jones, who were on hand to introduce the films, dish out the goodies and generally answer any questions.

Alan Jones said that the opening shot of the first film **MONOLITHS**, a French subtitled short by Stephane Ambiel, summed up the whole of the festival.....a close up of a pile-ridden ass farting over a toilet!!! I must admit that **MONOLITHS** was very unusual and had most people laughing and groaning with revolt. The brief plot revolved with the going on is a French local I had a talk with Lucas Salbo, who did the subtitles for it, and he said that the Scala were so impressed that they were going to include it with any future showings of John Waters films! I didn't realise it that highly, so I'll give it 3/10.

There wasn't a break before the next film and we went straight into **HARDCORE** (aka 1, **MADMAN**), which was a title I was familiar with and looked forward to seeing. The basic plot is this: a girl reads a horror novel about a weird doctor who experiments on a hybrid between a

man and a jackal. She then reads another book by the same author, which explains how he cut off the features of his own face to prove his love to a woman, he then replaced the features with those taken from unwilling donors. It just so happens that the girl reading the book looks like the woman in the novel. The madman is back, still trying to prove his love! Silly plot, but it gals together nicely with some great make-up and quirky stop-motion photography. Directed by Tibor Takacs, who previously gave us **THE GATE**, I'll give this one 6/10.

After a fifteen minute gap we all settled down again for **LIFE ON THE EDGE** - not many people were sure what to expect from this one. All I knew about it was that it was directed by Tom Burns, the make-up effects master who worked on **CAT PEOPLE** and many others. The plot is crazy, set some time in the future and revolves around a father that brings his boss home for dinner to meet his family. The boss is a real snappy litch and is drooling over the wife and daughter - well, one thing leads to another and the family do him in! The acting, storylines and set-design are bloody amazing and it was a real pleasure on the eye. A very worthy 9/10.

After the film we were given a questionnaire to fill in, with the incentive of getting a pair of **THEY LIVE** sunglasses - I queued for ages and they ran out when I was three from the front! All I managed to get was a slightly RETURN OF SWAMP THING badge!!!

The last film had put me on a high and I was eager to see the next film, which was a teen-zombie flick called **NIGHT LIFE**. The credits sequence was great (a dead body being resurrected on a seriously sick) and I anticipated a great living-dead steamer. Instead, the story delved right into comedy, which did work especially when the lead character had to move a dead body around a house, unfortunately it then deteriorated into a mega-dumb film - zombies using martial arts and driving cars!!! The ending was very cliched, hence a very unsatisfying 6/10.

During the next short gap I managed to have a little talk with author Shaun Rutson, who admitted to liking **NIGHT LIFE**!

Next up was Clive Barker, who came on stage to introduce a ten minute excerpt from **NIGHTBREED** - which I must say looks very interesting. I'm intrigued to see David Grossberg act. We'll have to wait until next year before we can get a chance to see it though. After the clip Clive took to the stage again and held a short question and answer session, he didn't really tell us anything we didn't already know though (apart from the fact that he only made £11,000 from the original **HELLRAISER**). He then gave a few T-shirts and badges away, before slipping off into the night.

MONKEY SHINES was next on the agenda - the very long awaited film from George A. Romero, the very same film that flopped in America - what the hell do they know, **MONKEY SHINES** is a superbly crafted film and has everything going for it. I was on the edge of my seat throughout the entire film (apart from one fleeting moment when anybody was jolted out of their chair!). The story goes something like this: a young athlete gets hit by a truck and gets paralysed from the neck down and is confined to a wheelchair. A scientist friend donates a lab monkey to a specialist, who then trains the monkey to help the guy do basic chores around the house.....things start off really well but soon bad things are happening. Someone has a masterpiece in his hands (he actually sent a telegram to the festival beforehand which was well appreciated by the audience, he also said that he hopes we can see the Soviet re-make of **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** at the next 'Shock'). What we actually went through George, is a **new DEAD** film!! and he has proved to the doubters that he has no need to rely on gore to get the right result. Best film of the day/night and I give it without hesitation 10/10.

Anybody that was fluent in Italian was in for a treat as the next film was the unsubtitled **THE CANNIBAL**. Most people could just about grasp what was going on - a large church/cathedral was built on the site of a village massacre some 850 years previously by rampaging Catholic knights. An archaeologist discovers a large cross that has entombed the souls of the murdered village and unknowingly releases their forces upon the church and it's present inhabitants. The effects are pretty gory with one being a memorable self-impaling on a pneumatic drill! All this and a Goblin soundtrack too! A good film and one that I would like to see again in English. The version shown was the largest seen anywhere and director Michela Soria was there to cover us the proceedings. And afterwards I managed to have a short chat with him and get his feelings on the film (sadly there wasn't time for an interview). The composer Steve Rowell was also milling around so was Hugh Quarshie, an American actor who played the priest of the church. I asked him about the dubbing and he said that it would be re-dubbed by some other actors! 10/10.

At this point Alan Jones pointed out another chap, Mario Argento's personal assistant - but as he was about 6'6", 22 stone and couldn't speak English, everybody left him alone!

It was at around this time that the 'Forbidden Planet' lot packed away to make room for the 'psychotronic films' stall, which collapsed several times under the weight of the masses that were trying to storm it!

The best in the Scels were quite unbearable and most people found their their programme made a very useful feat.

Everybody piled back into their seats for the start of THE FLY II, which received a lot of jeers as it's (18) certificate was displayed on screen! A lot of people were pissed-off that it was even getting shown, but those that stayed it's worse was (unpleasantly) rewarded! We all knew it could never be a match for Cronenberg's classic, but Chris Miles (yet another effects guy turned director) delivers the goods and goes fine will lap it up. The very holy plot carries on from where the reeked original leaves off, with the birth of Seth's son and continues through his rapid growth into his eventual evolution into insect. I liked it, 4/10.

The next film was the surprise feature and Alan Jones told us we were in for a treat. It was called SOCIETY and believe me, it's weird and comes from the team responsible for RE-ANIMATOR and FROM BEYOND. The film tells the tale of a conspiracy against a young man by the whole upper class community he lives in, using the theory that the rich have always sucked off the poor! Are they trying to make him mad? Is he mad? Are they a race of aliens? These are just some of the questions that went through my head! This is a very original film and has C-U-L-I stamped all over it. The acting is good and the effects are astounding - I've never seen a guy turned

inside-out so well! One thing is for sure, fans of RE-ANIMATOR have no worries about Yarns wearing up the sequel, RAISE OF RE-ANIMATOR! 9/10.

We were then given another questionnaire to fill in - this time I got a MORLEY SHINES poster!

BAD TASTE was next and I must have been the only one in the house who hadn't seen it! A large (18) was displayed again and the crowd went wild - but after the opening splatter effects everyone was pleased to tell me "it's smart, it's straight". The story revolves around aliens who have come to Earth to butcher humans for food in their intergalactic fast-food joint and a team of Rambo nutters take them on! Directed, produced, written and edited by New Zealander Peter Jackson on a shoestring budget and you can't help admiring him for it - he has an underground hit on his hands. The film is very funny, very gory and very watchable. Sets off to the MPFC, a very splatary 8/10.

Yet another questionnaire was given out and the goodies on offer this time were free cups of coffee! Were they trying to tell us something about the film to come?

Looking around I noticed several people asleep, even the guy with the farting problem that was sitting behind me! THE CARPENTER was now on screen and apart from a projection problem (about halfway through the soundtrack jumped out of synch which provided quite a few laughs for everyone!) it turned out to be a little gem of a film. It's basically

about a carpenter (Viggo Hvenner) who was so intent on building his own house single-handedly that he ran up huge debts - he solved his money problems by killing all his tenants! Anyway his house didn't ever get finished and he's back to finish it properly. The scene I think about this film, the higher I rate it. The gore will take you completely by surprise and is handled in a feel low key way. Check this one out, although it's bound to be butchered to hell. 9/10.

Why oh why did they save THE VINEYARD until last? A stupid plot, a stupid cast and a lot of off-screen gore. This was the turkey of the event and really does deserve stuffing with something. Amazingly boring and it even had an fighting sleep. Fleet, and I hope last, direction job for actor James Harg (who else stere). Very briefly it's about an ageing (pew!) Dr. Fo who makes a potion that allows travel life from grapes and the blood of young women. It's been released straight to video and I'm not surprised. A mind-numbing 5/10.

And that was it, a very memorable festival and one that I was proud to attend. Only one thing spoiled the day - on the way home I got into an argument with a geek known as a born-again Christian, who thought that all the world's violent crimes were the responsibility of horror videos! What a pab! I think that's all I need to say on that, right? Sids?

PAUL J. BROWN

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PLEASE
LOCK THE
CELLAR
WHEN YOU
LEAVE



After PILKINGTON

PILKINGTON CLASS

An Norman Bates in *PSYCHO*, Anthony Perkins gave us the archetypal 1960's screen psycho; in the 1970's it was Robert De Niro as Travis Bickle in *TAXI DRIVER*, and now they have a worthy successor for the 1980's: Miranda Richardson as Penny Fothergill in the BBC2 'Screen Two' film *AFTER PILKINGTON*.

Those of us who tuned in to BBC2 on Sunday 25th January 1987, lured by a top cast and the intriguing ad-line 'The exciting re-discovery of a childhood sweetheart draws James into a tangle of misunderstanding, intrigue and murder', could scarcely have guessed what a treat was in store, for *AFTER PILKINGTON* stands alongside any film released to the cinema that year as top quality entertainment (with the added advantage that it didn't suffer the sort of saturation coverage often given to a cinema release that ends up revealing too much of the story - and for those who still haven't seen it, I'll try not to give too much away).

With a witty, literate, cleverly constructed script by Simon Gray (who already had a couple of major stage hits under his belt), *AFTER PILKINGTON* soon sets at it's tone of black humour with the first meeting between the four main protagonists, James (Bob Peck), a bespectacled and bemused academic whose sole reaction to any crisis (often of his own making) is a shrilly inadequate 'Ah...', his best friend and colleague from university, Boris (Gary Walthorn), Penny (Miranda Richardson), an attractive, seemingly harmless woman (although even here she is distracted and flustered, hinting at a more troubled person lurking beneath the surface), and her husband, Derek (Barry Foster), self-centred and too concerned with his extra-marital affairs to notice his wife's increasingly erratic behaviour; a genuinely hilarious scene, full of verbal and physical gaffs (and if you thought a collapsing deck-chair couldn't be funny anymore, you thought wrong!).

The early seed is one of peace and tranquillity, accentuated by the main action taking place at an idyllic thatched country cottage, the home of pretty Penny in her flowered skirt and pastel blue

cardigan; while the music, 'The Trout' Quintet by Schubert according to the credits, is all soothing strings and lush piano. But gradually the mood changes as the story develops, along with Penny's mind, and James, who thought he was simply re-kneading an old childhood friendship with a girl he knew as 'Cecilia Patch' and who called him 'Parker' (and even this isn't as straightforward as it seems), finds himself involved in covering up one murder and the potential victim of another.

Christopher Marlowe's direction is, for the most part, suitably unflashy and unobtrusive, simply content to observe as the actors and the script do the work, but he soon proves his worth when required, such as with a car crash and, especially, in a truly memorable scene where Penny, at the full extent of her seductive finicky surface, charms James with a pair of scissors, murderous intent gleaming in her eyes (and now the music becomes more urgent, complete with *PSYCHO* strings).

Completing the role of honour behind the scenes is producer Kenneth Todd, (infamous for his production on many of Dennis Potter's finest works).

What pre-publicity there was went to Bob Peck who donned a pair of spectacles and gained a stone for the part of 'Parker', his first TV role since the multi-award winning *EDGE OF DARKNESS*, they playing a character who is about the antithesis of *EDGE OF DARKNESS*'s driven, self-possessed inspector Craven, a man who sasses out of his depth in almost every situation as increasingly dramatic events disrupt his ordered existence; although, in keeping with the nature of the story, it is James who, come the end, is least directly affected by what has taken place. It's a terrific performance that allows Peck to show another facet of his acting skills by displaying a considerable natural talent for comedy, something he didn't get the chance to do as Craven.

Barry Foster and Gary Walthorn also contribute excellent performances (as do all the supporting cast), clearly relishing the opportunity to play well-defined characters in a strong story.

But the show unquestionably belongs to Miranda Richardson whose mesmerising performance allows her to display the full range of her remarkable talent. Her chronicling of Penny's breakdown is brilliant achieved, mattering to herself, and to the heavens, snapping at people and talking with open disgust of Pilkington's attempts to seduce her in the woods before retreating inside herself once more as she hides behind her pretty features and girlish laugh - all of this is suggested by an ever changing but infinitely subtle range of facial expressions (watch the eyes), vocal tones and physical gestures that add to the unpredictability of her reactions. This same fear of physical contact (offering one possible explanation for Derek's infidelity) rises again when James tries to explain his feelings towards her, for this is the key to her madness, a deep-rooted repressed sexuality, and this madness is released in frenzied outbursts, culminating in murder and attempted murder like the aforementioned

scissor attack on James, and when she realises that her prey has escaped she steroids rooted to the spot as she emits an awful spine-shilling primal scream - in an early scene Boris describes one of his students animal experiments as likely to result in a 'carnivorous rabbit' and this is an apt description for Penny too, sane and cuddly at the outside but a murderer/killer underneath! After her failure to kill James, Penny returns to the cottage where she regresses to a childlike state to the extent that she has to be helped to undress and needs tucking into bed (mirroring a scene from James' memory of their childhood days together) - comparing Miranda Richardson's nude scene here with those in *DANCE WITH A STRANGER* it's a fair assumption that she also gained several pounds for her role, rounding out her figure to lighten the appearance of a vulnerable girl still on the edge of womanhood. And from here it's just a short step to the tragic, achingly poignant conclusion...

A flawless performance that really should have been properly rewarded at the following year's BAFTA's, and

while she was nominated the award went to Emma Thompson for her two film performances in two excellent and varied series, **PORTURES OF WAR** and **TUTTI FRUTTI** - the quality and quantity Ms. Thompson's work to doubt being the deciding factor as that's the English way; or perhaps the BAFTA committee just don't like Miranda Richardson, because most when people were heralding the arrival of a major new talent with her first appearance in **DANCE WITH A STRANGER** she didn't even get a 'Best Film Actress' nomination; at least last year's marvellous performance in another great 'Screen Two' film, **SWEET AS YOU ARE**, was nominated, she didn't win of course.

Coincidentally, or maybe not, the previous week's 'Screen Two', **WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW?**, featured a contrasting but equally memorable portrait of a disturbed young woman with Joanne Whalley's superb portrayal of a child murderer as the run, a truly haunting performance that confirmed her position as Miranda Richardson's only real rival for the title of Britain's best young actress. (Trivia note: Joanne Whalley featured in a minor role opposite Miranda Richardson in **DANCE WITH A STRANGER** and also shared in, and made a major contribution to, the success of **EDGE OF DARKNESS**).

AFTER FILKINGTON was a great critical success in the U.K. - also gaining a BAFTA nomination for 'Best Single Drama' - and this was repeated abroad where it won awards at the San Francisco and Locarno festivals before sweeping Europe's to TV award, the Prix Italia. This led to another U.K. TV showing (3/11/87) and now, quite rightly, it has been released as part of the BBC Video 'Classic Collection' where it is yours for just £9.99 (and you can keep it a lot longer than 30 days).

Now, Auntie Baa, how about a video release for **THE SINGING DETECTIVE**...? And the aforementioned **WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW**...? And **THE MIMICLED MIMIC**...? And **THESE RAGS**...? And...

MARK HUSTON.



CAST & CREDITS.

Bob Pack (James), Miranda Richardson (Penny), Elaine James (Ananda), Gary Wadsworth (Gosia), Barry Foster (Derek), Sarah Butler (Young Penny), Richard Grant (Young James), Richard Grouse (Wilkins), Mary Miller (Selma Filkington), Derek Ware (Filkington), Nigel Haverson (Doctor), John Gill (Pottay).

A Film by Simon Gray; Directed by Christopher Morahan; Produced by Kenneth Todd; Photography - Andrew Dunn; Film Editor - Dan Rapp; Designer - Graeme Thomson; Music - Stephen Oliver; Sound Recordist - Graham Ross; Dubbing Editor - Mark Pearson; Dubbing Mixer - Bob James; Production Manager First Assistant - Michael Fevings; Production Manager

Locations - Jess Hawley; Production Associates - Anna Kaimere; Script Editor - Sarah Curtis; Make-Up Designer - Christine Powers; Costume Designer - Catriona Tomlin; Graphic Designer - Andy Ceward; Assistant Designer - Robert Foster; Production Assistants - Eileen Knightley & Pamela Newick; Assistant Floor Managers - Angela Bennett & Derek Briggs; Properties Buyer - Robin Sumbley; Gaffer - John Palmer; Grip - Allan Hughes; 'The Trust' Quilist by Schubert played by members of Oxford Pre Music; Stunt Arranger - Marc Boyle.

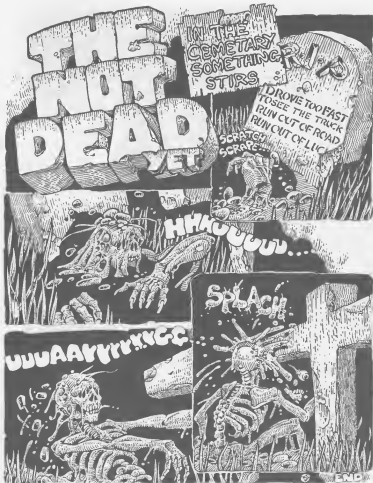
1986
Running Time: 99 mins.
BBC VIDEO.
(c) BBC MCMXXIV.

WHAT THE PRESS SAID:

"The ingenious deceptions of **AFTER FILKINGTON**, exploding in a shower of exhilarating complications, make you whistle" - **GUARDIAN**.

"Gray's play was very witty, and Christopher Morahan's production matched it" - **STANDARD**.

"...this highly entertaining transgression of genre, sparkling and good taste..." - **SUN STATESMAN**.



"ENGLUND IN ENGLAND" OR

WAS I READY FOR.....

FREDDY?

PSA & PALACE PICTURES KINDLY INVITED "FANTASYNOPSIS" TO A PRESS CONFERENCE HELD BY ROBERT ENGLUND ON A RECENT VISIT TO LONDON TO PROMOTE "A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 4 - THE DREAM MASTER".

WE GOT IT ALL ON TAPE, SO HERE IT IS.....

RE: If anyone has any questions about any of the NIGHTMARE films, 1, 2, 3, 4 or the upcoming PART 5 - I'm here to answer anything! I'd just like to say now, that with PART 4, some of the purists have criticized us for backing away on the gore and violence, other people have criticized us for the gore and violence. We seem to have taken a new tack, that seems to me to be a logical conclusion to exploit the effects as a means of showing the dreamscape and the nightmare - which obviously the films are about. And now we've taken a new tack, not only to enhance the effects, but to spend more time and more money on the cinematography which covers the effects, because the technology, of course, of photography is also growing at equal leaps and bounds with make-up effects and special effects. So, at any rate, I hope that you saw the difference. I think that the cinematography on this film (NIGHTMARE 4) is wonderful. I'm a director myself and outside of RAISING ARIZONA, I think it's some of the most splendid director of photography work I've seen in a movie, for this amount of money in years. At any rate, that's enough of my speech. Anybody have any questions? I'll answer anything - gossip - ask me about Sean and Madonna, I got all the answers - so who's first?

The special effects were a big part in NIGHTMARE 4, so how much did it actually cost to make?

RE: PART 4 was a little over \$5 million, they'll tell you it cost \$3.6m, but it's much closer to \$5.2-\$5.3m. The rest of the stuff is advertising.

That's a pretty cheap for a big film?

RE: Well, when you consider that FORTYCELIST cost \$2m and THE BLON cost \$3m!!

Does the pressure of working to that sort of budget help you?

RE: Yes, it does. We had a bonus on NIGHTMARE 4. Are you guys familiar with the writers strike that happened in Hollywood last year? We were able to take advantage of the poor effects guys, who were kind of waiting for the strike to get over and there was a bidding war with all the effects units. Not only did we

get them down cheap (laughs), but we also got them all on the same movie! So, there was a sort of sense of pride, with every unit trying to top the other one. For instance, the rather Kafkaesque sequence with the girl turning into the cockroach was done by a brand new kid on the block named Screaming Mad George, I'm sure you remember his name from the crew, pretty hard to forget - well I'll let you see his interviews, our man in a kiosk!! Screaming Mad is really quite a boy-wonder and I have in me quite a healthy respect for his work in the movie literally cost him money, but, it's to such an advantage for an effects artist to work on our movies because you get a 'hit' on your resume. In that way we attract the very best and the brightest of the young crop. For example, Mick and CJ Strong, who as far as I'm concerned made Mr. Alex Cox what he is today, with REPO MAN, SID & HARRY and WALLER. They're the art department behind him and they've been on NIGHTMARE 3 & 4. For every \$100 you give them, you get a \$1000 on the screen, they're truly amazing. I've seen stuff of theirs that's been cut away. (At this point a sound man tries to adjust Robert's microphone) I think everybody can hear me, I'm theatre trained (laughs), I'll let you know if I need help. They're amazing, I've seen things cut out, in NIGHTMARE 3

for instance, there was a wainscoting in a childrens nursery that lead to the bowels of Freddy's boiler-room, that didn't even make the movie because you never see feet in movies! "Cowboy" means you cut right here (points to thigh level), so you never see the wainscoting stuff and the detail is sort of like a messy childrens room art wallpaper gone the way of hell, it was like little drummer-boys and little wooden soldiers, but they were all slightly tainted, evil and mutated. It was just fabulous - I wish I owned it! This is the kind of work you get from these kind of people. This is why we can attract with the projects and why they're willing to work under the pressure and for a lower budget, because they know that next year they can say "Hey, I'm the guy that worked on NIGHTMARE 3 or NIGHTMARE 4" and they have a choice of all the horror movies that are going.

What has attracted you back to them?

RE: (He rubs his fingers together) It's the big bucks.....no, actually I did the first one as a luck because I was worried about being typecast in V, which I thought I was going to be doing the rest of my pathetic life (laughs). Then, NIGHTMARE 1 became an extraordinary grass roots hit in America; NIGHTMARE 2, which many people were disappointed in, but had some wonderful sequences in, we strayed a bit from Wes Craven's guidelines, but it was also a big hit; NIGHTMARE 3 we had more money to spend because we ploughed the profits from the first two back into it, it was an extraordinary hit! I did the first two, quite simply, because I had that time free. I did PART 3 for the money and I was sort of dragged kicking and screaming to PART 4 because I finally needed to, that thing had taken off and become an international hit. Then I met Kenny, I was excited by Kenny Harkin, I was excited by the script and I'm doing PART 5, because it was part of my deal when I signed to do PART 4 that I had to do PART 5. You have to understand that PARTS 1 - 4 have put New Line Cinema definitely on the map as an American and major independent, there would be no HAIRSPRAY had it not been for me under all that god-damn make-up! I love HAIRSPRAY. I think it's a terrific little movie. Those are the kind of movies we're making with the other profits from NIGHTMARE. I'm sort of allowed in the family now with New Line Cinema, so I will be directing for them and working for them as a straight actor in projects down the line and I'm kinda proud of the work they're doing away from their runaway hit A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET.

Does that mean there will be no 'ELM STREET 6'?

RE: I don't know, I really can't say (laughs), I'm off to get make-up on in Budapest tomorrow for PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

The 'ELM STREET' films have become a huge international cult, do kids see through your on-screen persona and recognize you in the street?

RE: Not here yet! I've been sobbed a couple of times in London, but it's only because of V. In the States I've done, you know, the typical press, they love that before-and-

after photo of mild-mannered Robert England with his glasses on and then there's a picture of Freddy The Ghoul. So the cat's kinda out the bag, my real face was known for years in the States, but noone ever knew my name and strangely enough, under all the goop, people have come to know my name, an irony of it escapes me.

How do you feel about your male fans being between the ages of 13 and 20?

RE: I don't know....you know, in America, for NIGHTMARE 1 I was signing autographs in New York one day when I discovered the power of NIGHTMARE 1 and I had all my sort of Star Treklike young mothers with their children, prepubertal fans that loved it you know, these are the Willis fans. I looked at the of the star and it was the leather heavy metal crowd, it was the early renaissance of heavy metal in the States and it was totally grass roots. Now, stockbrokers pull over in their Mercedes and want pictures because they're a bad Sunday father and by taking my picture home, their kids'll love them! So, it's really across all lines now, I think a lot of parents are considered hip if they know who Freddy is. So, with the advent of the whole VCR generation, it began really as a sort of rock 'n roll anarchist kind of audience. Then, younger brothers and sisters, older brothers and sisters, parents who wanna know who that guy was on their daughters wall (laugh), they became familiar with it and strangely enough, it speaks to people, I'm not really sure why the horror film in general, or even NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET movies are so successful as they are now. They've gotta be fulfilling something or people wouldn't be lining up around the block.

14 - 15 year olds are the people that love 'ELM STREET' and they are the people who are supposed to be frightened by it?

RE: Strangely enough, 14 - 15 year olds are not frightened! They watch these movies with their tongues in their cheeks, they know how to watch 'em. It's adult women strangely enough....and I guess....maybe teenage.....I think there's a certain kind of teenager that's still frightened. I think in America, one of the phenomenons is it's right of passage for teenage boys, adolescent males that aren't old enough to drive or, excuse my french, get laid, but they can see these movies in the dark, it's not like a couch-potato thing where they're passively watching the television. They're out in the movie theatre, whether it's the mall octopoles belgian 80 18 somewhere in suburban New Jersey, but they're at least out of the house, together and sitting with other people in the dark, there's a catharsis and strangely enough, they tell as they feel more alive after these films. We get their blood running. They laugh, they cry, they weep, they get scared and you know, in a subliminal sense they are also addressing death. I know in my culture, I'm not sure about Britain, but I know the french deal with the Grand Guignol and in Latin America it's The Day Of

The Seed, in America, we're so homogenised right now, we don't really deal with death and this is the way, in a fantasy context, to sort of surrender yourself to a fantasy movie and maybe subliminally deal with those, but sort of get off on an entertainment level as well.

What about the negative aspects of the horror movie?

RE: I'm really worried about the VCR problem. The films are rated in America, I mean if you get into them and you're under 17, that means you're very clever and you sneak in, not to say that doesn't happen, but there is pretty severe monitoring. A lot of stuff that you guys have got here in the press has been either mis-quoted or is a little bogus. This whole suicide thing....you know, the only suicide epidemic I've ever heard of was in Japan.....that was a load of crap! Some kids are watching the movies that shouldn't be watching the

movies, because what's happened is like an older brother or sister will tease and torment a kid brother or kid sister with the rental at home and I think that there's got to be some parental monitoring in the household. That's not to say there's not twelve year olds that can't watch these movies and have a great time and laugh at them and with them. Under that age, I think the best has to stop with the parents and they've really gotta monitor what's going on. I especially worry about a young kid, accidentally popping it on a VCR late at night, with mum and dad out or something. I don't think that's a good idea, 'cause there are kids that can be traumatised. I know of one case where Max Craven and I made a film of me putting the make-up on and had it sent, so that the kid could tell the difference between reality and illusion. I talked to him all the way through it, saying "Hey...I'm getting the cheek on now....here comes the nose". When I was in full



wake-up I still talked liked Robert, then I talked like Freddy to really distinguish that it was all pretense and make-believe. I'll tell you, to be quite honest, I've dealt with a lot of fans since the middle eighties as a result of both the first and last series **ROSTOWN** and also the **NIGHTMARE** films and the only really sick fans I ever had were from W! I had some misguided Trekkies that were really horny for something to do with science-fiction. They camped on my porch and stuff. Actually, the Freddy fans are pretty much across the board and normal and healthy. They just like a good cheap thrill like the rest of us.

Haven't you had some lunatics
phoning you and your wife though?

Er, So, truly not....I've had a couple of "Gothic Rock Clubs" going strange with me one night in New York. New York imitates all your English clubs and the whole "Gothic Glom Rock Scene" was sort of imitated over there a couple of seasons ago and I got kidnapped out of the Greenwich Village Parade, Taken to a club showing a continuous loop of Freddy killing noble teenage girls and was forced to drink drinks with skeleton sugar cubes floating in them.....and there's these two girls in black leather, velvet clubs and veils who sort of made me an offer I couldn't refuse! Other than that, it hasn't been all that strange. There's a little report out about a guy that said he was Freddy Krueger when he was arrested for a crime. In fact, the guy was wearing a hat, he was not wearing a green and red striped sweater, he was not wearing a glove, he was not wearing baggy slacks with pistons in them, he was not wearing work-boots.....he was wearing a hat....he had no blades, he had a gun and a baseball-bat and one of the cops who was beating him up said "So, who do you think you are, Freddy Krueger?" and the poor pathetic sort-of-a-bitch said "Ah...yeah....yeah....that's who I am." It made a funny paper in America, such are the things we live with.

There were stories over here that you were getting phone calls at home?

KE: Yes, I was, but they weren't sick people, they were adolescent teenage boys and girls. You know the "One, two Freddy's coming for you"....Three, four...."Well, they had written new stanzas and new verses to that. So, at four is when I saw my girls and I thought, "I was so close, the answering machine we'd have "Eighteen, nineteen...no, no, no" (laughs). That's why I had to change my number. It was just too close to the Freddy. I was just an extrovert to the Freddy. I mean, I...don't get me wrong, there was a lot of it that was driving me nuts. I mean, they were calling me all night and all night. I don't know if you guys have a 976 number here, where you can call a prostitute, get the weather or get your horoscope? Those are very big numbers in the States right now, so kids are using the phone....phone jokes are a huge epidemic now in the States.

Would you like to direct an 'FILM STREET' film yourself?

ME: I would like to very much, but I can't! There are not enough hours in the day for me to ask to be hired as NIGHTMAN 3 and I tried to compute the hours of wake-up, wake-up removal and going to see dailies and there's just not enough hours in the day....to put wake-up on, to act, direct and go see dailies.....plus, I don't want to have some wonderful young starlet that I hired because she gives this terrific reading, come to work and have Freddy on a big chaplain cruise (laughs) following her. I think somehow (laughs) I'd lose my credibility (at this point he breaks into Freddy's voice) "Babe, babe, here's what I want you to do in this picture. I want you to really feel it!" (laughs). I can't see that really happening!

When you're doing the FREDGY films, how many hours a day are you in make-up?

E: Well, you guy's just saw Part 4, you know the whole and second act. That's me, that's all me - and it was supposed to be an auto-amputated version because they dipped me in plaster-of-paris and put glue up every orifice I have, and I thought they were going to use that, but they actually destroyed it on a test. So, the end sequence, with all the armatures and the souls of the children breaking out of me, is me trying to seal all these puppets, hydraulics and gas bladders that are all hidden beneath the make-up. That was 8 1/2 hours in the make-up chair, another 10 hours nailed to a wall by a malita, which is a lovely Japanese power tool we all love in the States. And I was literally screamed as like you know who to the scenery, so that I wouldn't break anything and I was there for like 10 hours, working in front of a camera, with another 2 hours taking it off! A normal day is about 3-3 1/2 hour application, if they're not hiding anything underneath it or using a slightly bigger prosthetic piece to hide something with. On the series it's a little longer, because it's all close-ups, talking heads as it were.

Does it play hell, having it on your face?

RE: Yeah! I'm going off to do
 FANTASY OF THE OPERA now and I've
 still got silt in my eyes from being
 the sacred Freddie!

Are you getting a bit fed up of always being disguised, I mean is FRANKIE you're going to be behind make-up again?

RE: Well, I couldn't turn down
FUSANTO, I promised my agent, Joe
Rice, that I would do one horror
film outside of the Freddy thing to
sort of take advantage of the heat
of the juice, as we say in
"Marlboro", that I have in the
horror genre. FUSANTO is kinda hard
to turn down you know, it's a staple
of the American cinema and the
world's cinema, it's a classic, it's
a classic novel, I mean, who am I to
argue with Jack Palance, Herbert
Log, Hammer Films, Lon Chaney and

Claude Rains! It's a chance to go to Budapest and behind the Iron Curtain and I really like Dwight Little, the director. Statewide, I'm not the "man-behind-the-mask," I've got 40 feature films, movies of the week, 3 television series and countless embarrassing performances causing **CRASHES** down the boulevard street as "guy Ms. J." So, I'm embarrassing myself in reruns and on cable all the time. Actually and strangely enough, for some of the things I'm proud of, movies with Henry Fonda, Jeff Bridges, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sally Field and people like that. I'm getting re-discovered by my Freddy and I fans that know my name now. They kind of seek me out on the late show. Actually, in the States I'm just Robert England, this American character actor and I landed with his butt in a tub of butter with his Freddy thing!

How did you feel in the early days when doing things like DEATH TRAP?

ME: It wasn't really the early days, it was sort of the middle days actually, I'll tell you a strange story about **DEATH TRAP**. When **Tobe Hooper** had just come out of **TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE**, he was able to raise \$3 million on his name alone in Japan, but he was fired before the movie was completed by some disgusting producers, I hope some of them are here (laughs). I walked around that set not being scared at all, I wanted to do the movie, but at this day it's one of the best sets I've ever walked on. I was amazed. The tragedy of that project was that Tobe was canned when they ran out of money. Walking on that set, now you have to understand, I just beat out Sylvester Stallone and Cary Elwes for the role in **STAT HENRY** and I'm waiting for it to come out, I've starred on location for 13 weeks in the deep south, doing an action movie. The studio can't wait to begining to sweep America with Arnold Schwarzenegger in his debut movie - the rest is history 'I'll be back!' (said in Austrian English) - **Jedidiah Bridges**, who's one of my favourite

American actors, period, Sally Field, who used her performance in **STAY HUNGRY** to get **JOANRA RAIL** for which she won an Oscar, **Scatman** Crothers, **Joanna Cassidy** from **BLADE RUNNER** and **ROGER RABBIT**, you name them they're in it. **Eddie Begley** Jr., tons of great actors. I'm waiting for this movie to come out and movies take a year to come out, I'm on the ole, I'm clucking unemployment and somebody says "hey, Tom Hopper wants you so you say "h, hai, I'll take the waters" I walked on the set, a crummy little soundstage across the street from Paramount Studios in Hollywood, my eyes adjusted to the dark and there was one of these fabulous Victorian/Texas kind of bachelors/saloon buildings, that where you're cruising around the side roads of the south-west you see these signs that say "500 yards on the right....see the giant iguana....yes sir, just 400 yards left, last chance Texaco, last chance for gas....see the giant buffalo and a sign that says buffalo you know, like the last buffalo left in Arizona (laugh), tourist children run and shit on

him and the poor pathetic beast is standing in the corner! They had literally translated this in terms of art-direction and scenery, cages with ladders in them. I walked on this set and I said "Sean, this Toke Kasper really is up to something" and Neville Stend was doing some terrific, strange, off-the-wall work, I was proud to be on that shoot and Toke got sick! I found out from somebody recently who saw it in Japan, that they literally put in insert shots of us in the low scene, so in Japan you can see bogus uncircumcised Robert England genitalia (laughs).

You don't even get your jeans off do you?

RE: I know....in the American version I say a couple of four-letter words and I flirt with a girl in a braaiet.....in Japan, you know it's a gonster shot (laughs).

Can you get these in Japan?

RE: You get it, I'll buy it. I'm just hoping the guy is well hung!

What can you tell us about the TV series?

RE: You mean FRODO'S NIGHTMARE? Well, we just finished the last 22. I was seduced into this because Lorimer Television is quite a class act in the States, aside from inventing the primetime soap, they've also done some really good stuff. I'm sorry if I've insulted any of you DYNASTY fans, I know Jean's secret in this town (laughs). Anyway, they're good people to work for. We had a little problem, we conceived a gimmick, which was to break horror-movie directors and class-A directors like Tim Hunter from RIVER'S EDGE to television and to shoot our show. We had everybody standing in line because we've done all these strange scripts. We have a script called 'Safe Sex' that's just amazing, even for British television, with the kind of stuff we're getting away with. But, what happened was we didn't have a formula, 'a' We knew we wanted to be like THE TWILIGHT ZONE and the old ALFRED HITCHCOCK and 'b' a lot of these hot movie directors can't direct television in 6 days for \$450,000. So the last 2 or 3 days of the shoot would be incredibly rushed. So, out of the 32 shows, I would say there's 12 that are very good, of these 12 there's probably 5 that are classics and there's some others in there too, don't get me wrong. We're still in a bit of a shake-down cruise on the show. I've directed a couple of episodes of that and I will continue to direct some, that's how they got me, because of letting me direct on television, which is something I needed to learn how to do.

Toke Kasper did the first one, didn't he?

RE: Toke Kasper did the first one, but he also had problems, because he thought he had 6 days because it was the pilot, but they only gave him 6 days so well! See, we know how to shoot up this sort of television in the States very well and it's unbelievable we have these crack



crews that can do amazing things in 6 or 7 days, but they've never done affair. They can do a car chase, they can roll a car and all that stuff, but they never budgeted for time for what it costs. If the effect doesn't work on the first take you have to restore it, they never knew how to budget, their production manuals did not know how to account for that amount of time and it really got us into trouble with a number of shows with things that didn't work the first time. We had some terrific directors, Ken Wenders, Dwight Little and many, many good young horror directors. So, it's nice to work with those people.

Why are you filming PHANTOM in Budapest?

RE: We couldn't use the Paris Opera, so then we found this fabulous standing set, they just did a great movie using Richard Harris, Julie Walters, Roger Caltrey and Seoul Julia called THREEPENNY OPERA. They shot it there and they had a standing set, a sort of gas-light 1850's London. So, we're using these for exteriors and then we're using the Budapest Opera, which is the second grandest opera in all Europe, and that's the real reason we're there. It's actually an elegant entire English crew. I was here for Christmas getting all my measurements and stuff done and I know all the art and costume

departments are English. I think the cameraman's the guy that shot NEPHESTO. So, I'm looking forward to working with him. The film is based on the Gaston Leroux novel, which was translated from 1850's Paris to 1850's London, and it's bracketed in a contemporary sense by a girl auditioned for 'Julia' in the Steiger and she finds the 'Phantom's' compositions in the bowels of the public library, when she auditions a singing fella and she goes back in time.

How long are you going to be in Budapest?

RE: A month and then I shoot a couple of second unit days in the States.

What's your singing voice like?

RE: No singing, no dancing! The last time I sang was in GOODFELL and the only reason I survived that experience was because I'm very physical, I was still a young man and I could do all my back-flips and tricks. But, no, I am a chronic nosebleed!

You said once before that you get your kicks on stage in comedy?

RE: Yeah, in the theatre I did exclusively comedy. I did every Shakespearean clown, with the exception of 'Touchstone' and 'The Fool' in 'Lea', before I was 25,

with some wonderful people too. I worked with Brian Bedford and Maggie Smith. I didn't outgrow it, but I was doing 'Julius Caesar' one day and we all had to turn our backs and look up at 'Mark Anthony' in his final summation speech. We were in the States and the guy broke into some [laughs] speech from 'The Merchant Of Venice' [laughs]. We were all laughing, but the audience didn't see us. They didn't get it at all and I thought 'Well if they don't know the difference and it doesn't make any difference, I guess I'll go to Hollywood or something', which is what I did.

You met your wife on a set didn't you, what does she think to being married to someone in the public eye?

RE: Nancy's so jaded you know.....Nancy had one of the hall jobs of all in Hollywood, she worked 9 months in Compton [laughs], which is like the shrapnel of Los Angeles [laughs].

What's Compton?

RE: Compton is like a real horrible part of Los Angeles. I don't know how to describe it any better than that in movies, the worst you can work in nights, because you get all turned around and you sleep days. We worked 9 months on **MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE** with bigolph Lundgren and his pectoralis majors and all his baby stuff it was like the moras, so she's been around all this stuff. She set decorated LA SAMPRA, which is a pretty class act. She's real jaded, she's been in movies for years and she's used to it. She doesn't like, we call them 'Freddie Bongern', they're little foam balls that come out of my ears and nose late at night [laughs] and wind up on the pillow. We just got married in October and when you get married you get real nice sheets and stuff that you can never afford to buy for yourself - they're all ruined already [laughs].

Are we going to see a 976-EVEL 27

RE: I have no idea? You must understand that I'm not familiar at all with the cut that was released here in London. My cut, was a compromised cut that was screened in Los Angeles. I had made peace with it, made peace with my producers. I made a game of a movie and my producers had never produced a horror movie before. They'd only produced action films and there is some religion amongst producers of 'B' movies that all movies have to be 30 minutes long. I kept sending them notes of the length of a Brian De Palma movie and things that were longer than 90 minutes. But, somewhere between this agreed cut that was screened in Hollywood and by the time I saw my colour clasp print for the video, they had just gone in ham-fistedly and backed away production value, sex and violence, performance, heads and tails of scenes! So, I'm not really familiar with the cut that was released here. Bobby Fazio, who's starring in a big hit on television now in the States called 'China Beach' and who you might remember as Eddie from THE

HOWLING. Bobby is one of the best young actors to come out of L.A. and they convinced me that I had to have this character in the movie. We contrived to have him with a scene in the middle of the movie and at the end and it was brilliant. He played the devil as a hypocrite, which I just loved and the last time I saw a video out of the movie, that stuff was missing! I was so heartbroken that I literally went on a drunk for about a day!

I think it's about number 10 in the video charts at the moment?

RE: I hear it's doing very good in the video, yeah, and I'm happy because I'm so proud of my actors. Sandy Dennis just went out there and chewed up the scenery for me. Stephen Jeffers was very so splendid in **WRIGHT NIGHT** as 'Evil Ed' went above and beyond the call of duty with make-up and my pathetic schedule that kept going over and over. I understand that many of you were quite kind to Patrick O'Brien, who I discovered and who's sort of like our new James Dean - we don't know where he is, he's hiding somewhere in the States right now [laughs] - he's a really remarkable, graceful young actor. Leslie Ogan, my girl that I kind of call the promise of Jodie Foster - she's kind of become my rabbit foot - and she's worked with me on a couple projects. She's become the new 'bad girl' in **DYASTAT**, so I'm teasing her about selling out, but, like Leslie says, it's the first time in her life she's ever gotten to wear nice clothes [laughs].

How much have the **NIGHTMARE** films grossed now?

RE: Well, **NIGHTMARE 4** in the States has made \$50 million, **NIGHTMARE 3** made over \$40 million, **NIGHTMARE 2** made over \$30 million and **NIGHTMARE 1** made close to \$10 million. Let's see, if we call **NIGHTMARE 4** a \$5 million movie.....for an investment of \$15 million these lucky people at New Line Cinema have grossed over \$75 million!

Didn't they originally have problems in getting anyone to buy it?

RE: An Englishman who ran Home Entertainment, which used to be Herson Entertainment, well, Joe from Herson single-handedly walked on the set in the third or fourth week of filming **NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET I** - we knew we were making a gem, but we never thought it was going to be a phenomenon, we just thought it would make it's money back, we'd spent \$700,000 - and he loaned us the other \$300,000 to finish it. He got worldwide rights to the cassette - the **NIGHTMARE I** cassette, I believe, pre-sold at \$49.95 a piece, 800,000 copies! That's the grass roots it is! So, here's a guy that loaned New Line \$300,000 and that was the return he got! I think he retired and bought Ireland or something [laughs].

Is your idea of a nice evening out, taking your wife to a horror movie and then to dinner?

RE: You know, what's happened is, because the genre's been so kind to

me and the fans, you must understand, the horror fans are quite bright and they write me these long involved letters. I experienced this early on with the science-fiction fans, they are incredibly bright and intelligent fans....and I like that. So, I felt it encumbered on myself to go out and catch up on all the Clive Barker and everything, so I am at least sound reasonably intelligent when I'm asked questions. I do like good horror films. I'm crazy about John Carpenter's remake of **THE THING**. I love Brian De Palma's movie **SISTERS**, that's a great little film, uncult. More recently, Mr Cronenberg's film **CRASH** SINGERS, extraordinary stuff! But, to be really honest, my cup of tea is **THUNDER BOLT**, gave me Robert Duval, that's really more my line, to be honest with you.

What about your wife, does she like horror movies?

RE: Well, we both like them, but they're not the top of our list.

So it wouldn't be your choice?

RE: No, it really wouldn't. If I was to sneak out and go to a movie, I'd go and see **SALAAM BOMBAY** and get some spicy curry [laughs].

How do you feel about all the merchandising associated with the Freddy character?

RE: I'm sort of double-faced about that. I finally got a piece of that action [laughs], a very small piece. I haven't seen any money yet, as a result of my contract from **NIGHTMARE 4**. I think it was necessary to make the glove, the sweater, the hat and the mask - you have no idea of the response to the film and how much that was asked about. I got a little embarrassed when I see the bubblegum cards, the decals and the little Freddy trolls that hang on rear-view mirrors, it's about as bad as those puppy 'baby on board' signs....Ged all mighty.....Well I was looking at my Freddy doll and I drove off and.....**SHASHRIT!** I thought we were kind of classy, New Line didn't exploit that until very recently.

What about this new 'Screenin' Model Kit'?

RE: I'll be honest with you. There's a Japanese model out that's fab for the cinephiles, it's really great. You can get it, but it's kinda market, underground, look in the classifieds. There's also, what we call a stress doll, a big inflatable stress doll, you punch it, it goes back, comes back up and it's Freddy. There all over Melrose Avenue in Hollywood, which is like the trendy street, it's like the Carnaby Street of L.A. I've seen it. It's a really articulated, detailed and sculpted model that is very incredible. If they were really classy they'd make the 'sheet of souls' as a kind of framed device. The real 'sheet of souls' was stolen on Thanksgiving in America from Kevin Yagher's shop, the guy that designed Freddy, it's amazing, they salivate, their tongue goes out of their mouths, they tear up, the eyes come out, the nostrils flare....it's a truly amazing, the effects on these films. I'm surprised they haven't made a



'chest of souls') 'Freddy Toilet Paper' is a little embarrassing (laughs).

How much is the merchandising spin-off worth?

RE: To me or to them?

To them?

RE: I understand from an article in 'Variety' that they've already made over \$1 million from the merchandising.

Does Freddy Kruever ever feature in your dreams, do you have nightmares about it?

RE: The only one is the story I've told 'till it's stale in the States, but if it's not stale for you guys, I'll repeat it. During the course of the film-making of NIGHTMARE I, we have what we call 'honey-veggon', I don't know if you guys have them here? They're a location trailer. They're very narrow, on one wall there's the typical make-up mirror with the lights around it, on the wall there's the little cot that you rap in and is impossible to sit on (laughs). We were worried, on NIGHTMARE I, not about losing the light, but about losing the night. It was cooling on to the hour of the night, just before dawn and I'd been there all night, waiting to get this god-damn shot, which they still hadn't got and they said "O.K. Mr England, you can go back to your dressing-room and lay down". I'm in full Freddy drag, I'm touched-up, I'm bleached and I'm ready to go. I went and laid down, I roll up a towel like a little son-Japanese whilst towel, as I don't stick to the pillow and everything. I'm laying there and I fell asleep. Next thing BOOM BOOM BOOM "Mr England, we can get the shot, we think we can get the shot" and I belted up, with the kind of stale breath you have in the morning when you first wake up. I wheeled around, looked up and

there in the light of dawn, in the mirror opposite me, was this old bald disfigured man, I completely forgot that I was in Freddy make-up and scared the holy-bejesus out of me. I can recollect that image as I tell you guys the story. Every one is a while I do think about it....It was very creepy. You know, it's that old Harpo/Groucho Marx thing, where you have somebody imitate your movement opposite you. I literally moved my hands a couple of times because I didn't think it was as sitting there. A lot of it had to do with the light coming in the funny little window coming in the 'honey-veggon'. It truly terrified me, you know when you first wake up you're not quite conscious, I was sort of still in a dream state and it's very strange.

Is it true that your wife gave you a kiss on the ear of NIGHTMARE and you said "Yeh, you're kissing Freddy!"?

RE: Oh, I hate it. You guys know the old trick, when you're kids you put your fingers together and you rub them? Well, that's what the make-up feels like, it's real strange. I'll work a real long day, Nancy will come to the set and she'll bring me soup, she's real sweet. I don't eat anything because the lips go inside my mouth, so it's gotta be liquid. She'll be sort of natural and sweet, she's really used to me in the make-up and she'll kiss me on the ear or something and I'll go "Yes, no", it's the strangest feeling in the world because it's not my ear, it's got all this crap on it! I can't really feel it and I scared her....I don't like her to do this.

How do you motivate yourself for such a role?

RE: Well, now it's pretty much automatic pilot and also 3 hours in the make-up chair can make anybody pretty ordinary....I mean, listen to the music my make-up men like! But, originally what I used was an old

sense memory actor's studio trick. Johnny Depp, who's our big teen star, coming to you soon in John Waters new film GET BASTY, and Heather Langenkamp, the lovely Heather Langenkamp from NIGHTMARE II, they were like 18 years old, fresh to Hollywood, they weren't bitter or jaded or anything. They'd sit there in a make-up room with me and they got pampered with their whole lives ahead of them. I'm in my middle 30's, hills and valleys, a little bit bitter. I'm getting all this make-up put on me and it itches. So, I use my envy of their youth, their freshness, their beauty, and my being older, and I'm in this horror movie and I don't know if it's going to be any good or not. They basta me like a turkey with K.F. Jelly, I'm the object of every preteen joke you can imagine, which I've heard a hundred times before, so please don't offer yours (laughs). I used that envy and jealousy and I thought after about a week, that this was a real nice parallel and metaphor of what Freddy's going through - Freddy has youth, beauty and innocence because he has no place in the future. He was this strange hearted son and all that. So, it kind of worked for me and I was able to use that, now it's like automatic and I can call it up.

Do they know that you're feeling jealous of them?

RE: We have to go through a whole trust thing. It's pretty rough....you're either laughing at yourself, and it is very silly in a horror movie, or I have to look at you and I have to say "In exactly 3 minutes I'm gonna pick you up and throw you into this wall, I'll use half the energy I have and you have to make me look like the bitchiest monster on the block, so that I don't have to really throw you". We have to get this agreement going so there's a huge amount of trust that goes there, which comes from socialising and kidding around in

the green-room and make-up room. You also have to leave a little bit of stuff open. I still go around in the dark on a NIGHTMARE movie and at least once I'll freak somebody out, because I have to test that for myself. I'll pick the biggest, brawniest grip and I'll get him with his Jam doughnut and his coffee. I'll sneak up beside him and I'll shout....."HOW THE FUCK ARE YOU?" in full make-up and make him scold his crotch (laughs) and it works because he's not expecting it. But, I still need to study. I'm kissing babies now on the set, the crew bring in their babies and I'm palpering their little naked bottoms, so they can have pictures of Freddy and their baby on their refrigerator, you know.

Has it made you a rich man?

RE: Let's put it this way, I was showing some journalists today that came over to see me at Sinemas, a house that I bought on my last series, because television is embarrassingly lucrative in the States. I just purchased a little beach cottage down on La Gema Beach near O.J.Simpson and Bette Midler. It's sort of the Riviera of very southern California on the way to Mexico. It's just a little funny wooden-frame house built in 1929 and I'll be my getaway from Hollywood. It's the house that Freddy bought and because it's where it is, it cost a pretty penny and yeah, that's where I put the Freddy money. I think I have one more big cheque in the mail, but you know that and about \$5 will get you a cup of coffee (laughs).

Have you been to THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA musical yet?

RE: I saw Michael Crawford do it in New York. Let me just say this now, because I know Mr Webber is hiring Iranians to shoot me, we're getting on with ours before him. I just



wanted to listen to Michael Crawford's views. I looked up to Michael Crawford and I idolized him as a young American actor, in my college years I idolized the English new-wave. I wanted to be Michael Crawford, Albert Finney, Tom Courteney, Alan Bates and Peter O'Toole. I saw everything Michael Crawford had ever done and I did 'The Knack' in America and practically imitated Michael Crawford.....I couldn't be more happy for his success and I couldn't hope to equal his interpretation. Ours is very different - that, I think is an irony of it, that Robert England, as a young student of acting was a huge fan of Michael Crawford's.....and it's sort of come full circle, that I've got to do PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

Did you enjoy his PHANTOM?

RE: Very much so. I saw him do it New York, about the third week he did it.

What can you tell us about NIGHTMARE 5?

RE: NIGHTMARE 5 is called THE DREAM CHILD and Alice is back, Lisa Wilcox, who I think is a wonderful discovery, she's pregnant.....it's Freddy meets ROSEMARY'S BABY. I have no power and I make her foetal tissue dream of my conception. So, we go back in time, in the nightmare state, to the night of a thousand nightmares, that's how I scar that baby and co-opt him for my own needs.

Do you and Nancy intend to have children?

RE: Yea we do, but first she has to do a couple more 'A' movies to sort of balance out my sleazy career (laughs).

THE END

Many thanks to all concerned, especially Robert England and Rob Kidd.

PAUL J. BROWN.



Favourite Fantasy Films Of.....

Robert Englund

1. ROSEMARY'S BABY (1968)

"Directed by Polanski. Thrills with class."

2. SISTERS (1972)

"Broke new ground. Original."

3. ALIENS (1986)

"Best rollercoaster, best sequel."

4. THE THING (1982)

"John Carpenter's remake scared me! Claustrophobic."

5. THE EXORCIST (1973)

"Scares with class."

6. THE FURY (1978)

"Kinetic, fluid, hypnotic film making."

7. ALIEN (1979)

"The first one. A classic of style and content."

8. CARRIE (1976)

"Great adaptation."

9. FORBIDDEN PLANET (1956)

"First movie I had to see more than once."

10. THE FIVE THOUSAND FINGERS OF DR. T (1953)

"First surrealism I experienced in a movie."



Many thanks (once again) to Robert Englund. This information was obtained before the press conference.



they're dead..... they're

All Messed Up

THE ZOMBIE FILM INDUSTRY IS DUG UP
AND WARMED OVER by N.J. BURRELL

Whichever way you look at it, love 'em or loathe 'em, zombies are big bucks now. Every week it seems that someone or other is making or releasing the latest undead epic, and the world's video-shelves are stacked to groaning with the detritus of the zombie industry, classics of the genre nestling cheek to rotted jowl with cinematic dead dogs. This article, incomplete as it necessarily must be, is partly a selection of the best, worst or most interesting of the living dead flicks from the last two decades, but also my way of giving back something to the genre that has given me a great deal of pleasure throughout the years. I have had to limit the number of films discussed here for sanity's sake, (yes I know there aren't any Paul Naschy zombie flicks discussed here, but the line must be drawn somewhere!), never the less I feel the choice of films is sufficiently wide and eclectic to illustrate the varying degrees of originality and competence offered by the different directors. But enough of this! Let us proceed....

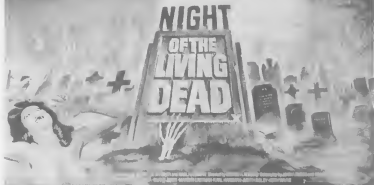
For the purposes of this article the modern zombie film was born in 1966, with the release of John Gilling's **PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES**, one of the more effective Hammer films. It was to prove influential in the way in which the living dead were portrayed, especially in the eerie 'resurrection' dream sequence in which the hero visualises the dead pushing themselves out of the mud of their graves like ghastly mushrooms, features fretted with decay, hands groping hungrily towards the

camera... High on atmosphere, relatively low on gore, **PLAGUE OF THE ZOMBIES** was to prove to be a mere taster for greater, and bloodier, things to come. (**PLAGUE** is given greater attention in one of the main features in this issue. Ed.)

1968; a year of strife, riots, demonstrations and Vietnam war atrocities.....also the year in which the cannibal zombie genre was born in the form of **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, conceivably the single most important horror film of the 1960's, and the vehicle that launched the career of George A. Romero.

Rooted firmly in 1950's style horror clichés, (the shadow of 'Tales From The Crypt' comic hangs heavily over it), **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** is essentially a 'paranoia' movie; 'they' are among us, like the pod-people in **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS** (1956), and there is seemingly little that we can do. The glacial black and white photography immeasurably aids this bleak view-point, visually underlining it's stark images. The storyline is simple enough; the dead rise, inexplicably, mindlessly and cannibalistically preying on the terrified human survivors who barricade themselves into a farmhouse to 'escape' the flesh-eating ghouls who prowl outside. Romero's gritty neo-documentary photography and taut, claustrophobic direction make **NOTLD** a truly frightening and ultimately depressing experience - there is no let up as Romero ruthlessly exploits

George A. Romero's
Horror Masterpiece



basic human dreads and taboos, nowhere more shockingly than when a zombie child viciously stabs her mother to death with a garden trowel, after consuming her father's flesh! Audiences and critics alike were also startled to see a black actor, the late Duane Jones, cast as the central character, only to be brutally killed off, abrupt seconds from the final frames, thus confounding yet another long held Hollywood cliché; here the 'hero' does not survive... Endless reams have been written on this seminal shocker, but suffice it to say that without it the zombie film as we now know it would probably not exist; period...

Needless to say, NOTLD spawned a succession of like minded films, one of the more effective being Bob Clark's remarkable DEATHDREAM (1974). Basically an updating of W.W.Jacob's classic story 'The Monkey's Paw', DEATHDREAM is a tragic and often sad film with a strong anti-war slant to it; Andy Brooks is killed in action in 'Nam, and is unwillingly recalled to vampiristic half-life by the fervent prayers of his grieving mother.

Andy's gory depredations and slow but inevitable decay gave Tom Savini his first make-up job. Bob Clark's sympathetic direction, allied to good acting and an above average plot make DEATHDREAM a film well worth tracking down. Bob Clark had also been responsible for 1972's jokey send-up, the amazingly titled CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS, a black comedy which none the less contains some genuine scares. Lead actor Alan Ormsby also contributed the excellent zombie make-ups. A group of repertory actors stage a necromantic ritual on a lonely burial island for kicks, and are understandably non-plussed and appalled when the vengeful dead really do rise to kick ass and rip flesh in true E.C. horror comics fashion...

Elsewhere we encounter Willard Huyck's surreal MESSIAH OF EVIL (1974), an evocative tale of an American coastal town inhabited by the undead. It has some chilling moments, including an unsettling scene set in an all but deserted cinema, where a lone victim is slowly but surely surrounded by the blank faced dead. MESSIAH OF EVIL



has deservedly gained something of a cult status, and is suitably, but regrettably obscure.

1974 also saw the release of **THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE**, a Spanish/Italian co-production shot on location in the Lake District of England, painting a strange and sinister portrait of rural Britain. Director Jorge Grau imbues his basically daffy plot with a modicum of wit and plenty of visual style. The gore is not skimped on either; in one scene a policeman has his eyes ripped out and devoured after being rather messily disembowelled, and in a later episode a female switchboard operator has a breast torn off and eaten! Manchester Morgue is not featured but a strong anti-pollution message is and this theme of eco-disaster is utilised again and again in subsequent zombie flicks, but never as thoroughly or effectively as in Jorge Grau's bizarre little gorefest.

Spain churned out a series of cheap and largely inept zombie films in the early seventies, but also gave us the exemplary **BLIND DEAD** films of Amando De Ossorio, interesting and effective chillers in which eyeless hooded ghouls (Templar Knights executed for Devil worship), grope with skeletal fingers for their victims, or ride in slow-motion through the night on ghostly horses. The first film in the series, **DMBS OF THE BLIND DEAD** (1972) remains the best, but the follow ups, **RETURN OF THE EVIL DEAD** (1973), **GHOST GALLEON OF THE BLIND DEAD** (1974) and the confusingly titled **NIGHT OF THE SEAGULLS** (1975) have their fair share of horror, sleaze and minimal

but effective gore. All are worth watching, if only to see perhaps the scariest and, arguably, the classiest zombies ever put on film. Bring back the **BLIND DEAD**!

1978 saw the return of Romero. **DAWN OF THE DEAD** was the second in a proposed trilogy of **DEAD** films which had begun over a decade earlier with **NOTLD**. **DAWN** opens where it's predecessor left off, in the midst of a national emergency, but whereas that film was edgily bleak and downbeat, **DAWN** is an ultra-violent slapstick romp, a gung-ho horror epic that sees Romero poking fun at American consumerism with unerring accuracy amidst a plethora of exploding heads, spurting blood and gobbled intestines - and all in bright red technigore! Romero's empathy for his characters is expressed in the shifting relationships between the film's motley band of renegade survivors; the film's two strongest protagonists are a pregnant woman and a coloured SWAT team deserter. Admittedly some of Romero's symbolism is a trifle heavy handed. The film's shopping mall setting lends itself to a series of jibes at the expense of shoppers, delivered in pseudo-apocalyptic tones - 'this was an important place in their lives', someone says to explain the increasing number of flesh-eaters clamouring to enter the building. However, whether or not the parallels between the cannibal ghoul and the great American public are simplistic is immaterial; despite some 'serious' passages in the slightly sagging mid-section, the real 'raison d'être' of **DAWN OF THE DEAD** is a series of violent and



bloody special effects sequences, ably engineered by Ton Savini, who also guested as a biker in the film's gore-drenched finale. However, two human survivors flee the carnage, escaping in a helicopter as dawn breaks over the mall, and a blood red future.

The mixing of strong acting, pounding music, non-stop action and ultra-gore made **DAWN OF THE DEAD** an international hit, and a tidal wave of generally shoddy rip-offs swamped the market. (**DAWN** is given the full **FANTASYNOVELS** treatment elsewhere in this 'zine. Ed.) The Italians were first off the starting block. Lucio Fulci, an ageing 'giallo' director sensed the potential of the new look zombie film and rushed out the

DEAD (1979), **ZOMBI HORROR** (1980), **CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD** (1980), **HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY** (1982) - you get the general idea. Plots, actors and settings are interchangeable, direction largely non-existent and ennui rapidly sets in. An honourable mention must go to another Fulci film, 1981's **THE BEYOND**, a clever mix of H.P. Lovecraft and Romero, set in a haunted New Orleans hotel, built over one of the seven gateways to Hell. A brooding, moody film, the American locations are given an atmospheric re-interpretation that is almost, dare I suggest it, gothic. However, no Fulci outing would be complete without gore, and here it is ladled on with barely concealed glee; chain whippings, crucifixion, eye-gouging and throat rippings are served up in quick succession, topped by a taboo breaking scene in which a pig-tailed, pubescent little girl/ghoul 'loses face' to a point-blank Magnum blast; really 'mindblowing' and shown in loving close-up naturally! **THE BEYOND**, with it's convoluted plot and shocking violence is generally considered to be Fulci's best zombie film.

Not all Italian zombie movies rely on gallons of fake blood and tons of offal; **ZEDER : VOICES FROM THE BEYOND** (1983) is almost totally bloodless, but it's thought provoking storyline and morbidly intense focussing on death and decay lift it head and shoulders above it's cannibalistic compatriots. Director Pupi Avati presents a tale of 'K Zones', areas where everyday laws of nature are reversed and in which the dead can be revived; there is a lot of quasi-scientific mumbo-jumbo, to be sure, but the acting is

hastily shot **ZOMBI 2** (aka **ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS**) (1979). Though the action in **ZOMBI 2** takes place largely on a voodoo ridden island, Fulci cannily attempted to set up his blood-bolstered scenario as a prequel to **DAWN OF THE DEAD** by having his living dead infiltrate the U.S. by means of an abandoned boat. This was a somewhat redundant idea; Bob Clark had ended **CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS** with it back in 1972. However, any failings in the plot or acting departments were partly excused by the inclusion of some stomach churning violence, a Fulci trademark, most notoriously an eyeball piercing scene that is so gross that one can readily overlook it's patent phoniness.

Gross is an apt word to describe most of the Italian cannibal/zombie films of the late 70's and early 80's; boring is another... **ZOMBI HOLOCAUST** (1979), **HELL OF THE LIVING**



good, the photography is excellent and the aura of malevolence that the film exudes is disconcerting. The scenes in which a scientific team fix a TV camera into a lid of a coffin to film a corpse's face, and the moment that the self-same corpse opens it's eyes, and bursts into shocking laughter, it's demonic visage filling the monitor screen, are so outre as to really unnerv the viewer; the tension in the last fifteen minutes of **ZEDER** is tangible. Search this one out!

France was represented by auteur Jean Rollin, producer of a series of lesbian vampire flicks in the late 60's and early 70's; **THE LIVING DEAD GIRL** (1982) is a stunningly violent and erotic film and a brave attempt to redefine the parameters of the genre beyond the increasingly tedious 'rip 'em up and gobble 'em' scenarios of the Italian schlockmeisters. Rollin's film is audacious and arty by turns, and not for those with a weak stomach! (Check out 'Binfords Studio Reviews' for a full run down on this film. Ed.)

Strangely, the Americans were not so quick to exploit the possibilities that **DAWN OF THE DEAD** offered, most horror directors transferring the graphic violence to the 'summer camp' scenario, where dumb teens were hacked up in increasingly boring, if offensive, ways. There was Gary Sherman's grim **DEAD & BURIED** (1981), an updated voodoo tale somewhat reminiscent of **MESSIAH OF EVIL**; a small coastal town is infiltrated and taken over by murderous zombies with a penchant for making 'snuff' home movies, all under the controlling hand of the local undertaker! It was well made,



but curiously unpleasant and bleak and is filled with crude violence (who can forget the blonde zombie nurse spiking that poor bastard through the eyeball with a large syringe? Yikes!). A downer....

However, it took Sam Raimi's feisty independent **THE EVIL DEAD** (1982) to revive the American zombie. Raimi's film is an object lesson in how to perform miracles on a shoestring budget, and the end result is generally acknowledged to be a minor classic. Though the acting (bar Bruce Campbell), is arguably weak and the effects are generally shoddy (but pleasingly excessive), Raimi's sheer enthusiasm and vibrant direction bind all the disparate elements together into one action-packed roller coaster ride. And what a ride! The demon possessed zombies are great, the script witty without patronizing it's audience and the gore is the grandest of guignol! The story is simple and to the point; A group of students holidaying in the backwoods accidentally raise the spirits that dwell in the dark forest outside their cabin, and once evoked they eagerly possess the hapless teens one by one amidst spouting arterial fountains, ripped and hacked flesh and flying heads and limbs.... not for the squeamish, but great fun none the less! Sadly, the long awaited sequel **EVIL DEAD II: DEAD BY DAWN** (1987) just doesn't cut it. There is too much emphasis on zany, 'wacky' humour and less gore than the first film. Of course there should be more to a horror film than mere bloodletting, but one somehow expects something better from Raimi than an almost totally gore free remake of his earlier opus. A severe let down despite some





GEORGE A. ROMERO'S

DAY OF THE DEAD

M

breathhtaking photography, direction and the stalwart presence of Bruce Campbell, a Raini regular. Hopefully EVIL DEAD III, partly shot on location in Britain, will restore the gore! We will see...

DAY OF THE DEAD (1985) was Romero's eagerly anticipated 'conclusion' to his DEAD trilogy, yet received a lukewarm reception from fans of his earlier films; sometimes you just can't win, eh? Maybe it was the grim, downbeat claustrophobic intensity of DAY that turned people off; gone was the bright, lurid 'knockabout' humour of DAWN, replaced by a more realistic study of the frailty of the human survivors facing the Apocalypse - the tiring, and ever decreasing band of bickering people here inspire little hope for the survival of the human race. There are two factions on show; frustrated scientists

vainly striving for a 'cure' to the zombie plague, and over-stressed soldiers, overdosing on their own machismo - but the sweat on show here is that of fear. Dug into their subterranean 'fourteen mile tombstone' of a bomb shelter, the survivors exist in an increasingly uneasy relationship with each other, and also the dead with which they share their home, for there are on-site zombies needed for experimental purposes. For the first time Romero suggests that we are the true monsters, as the increasingly intelligent zombie sub-species is used for laboratory fodder, and later for target practice. Romero inserts some blatant religious imagery into DAY - people cross themselves, mutter prayers ('Jesus Mary and Joseph') and chain laboratory zombies to large cruciform wall restraints (3 of

them!). Dr 'Frankenstein' Logan's training of 'Sub', the intelligent walking corpse, is a bizarre parody of missionary zeal and the end result is a 'rational' child-like



and gentle figure....but still cannibalistic! Generally Romero moves away from 'scientific' theorising, implying that the Apocalypse is God sent; 'We've been punished by the creator' pontificates the cynical coloured helicopter pilot, who later cannot bring himself to shoot the fascistic Rhodes who had earlier had him beaten up. People are 'saved' in many ways; the perpetually drunk radio operator throws away his whisky bottle and wisecracks to the pilot that 'we're counting on you to fly us to the promised land'. And the wicked are punished - horribly... Tom Savini's effects in this film are nothing short of grotesque; an eviscerated lab zombie spills its guts as it sits up; another experimental subject is a torso surmounted by an exposed brain, the entire head having been dissected away; but Savini saves the nastiest ideas until last, when he ruthlessly disposes of Rhodes and his bully boys. One is defenestrated by a groping zombie, and then has his still screaming head torn off by the fingers hooked into his bleeding eye-sockets, another is partially scalped and has his fingers bitten off, a particularly realistic effect. Rhodes is almost casually torn into two halves, spluttering 'choke on 'em' as he watches his legs being dragged down the hall. The dreamlike tropical

paradise' ending jars somewhat with the visuals of the rest of the film, but after all, why not? Heaven has been attained at last.... As for Bub, he walks off out of the film, ignoring his erstwhile undead companions - the first of a new species? Perhaps Romero will see fit to explore the possibilities touched on with Bub in the heavily rumoured fourth DEAD film. In the meantime, with Tom Savini as director, he is supervising a questionable remake of his first film, this time in colour; ho hum....

During the last few years we've seen an annoying tendency for genre directors to inject large doses of 'humour' into their films, often with detrimental results to the finished product. THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD (1985) is an uneasy blend of graphic gore and moronic 'comedy', with intelligent, hyper-active and talkative ghouls who are quite capable of ordering their own take-out meals 'send more paramedics' intones one crusty faced ghoul into an ambulance walkie-talkie after gobbling the driver's brains! Ultimately an anaemic offering, it does have its moments and at least one brilliant zombie, the 'Tar Man', a hilarious and hideous 'E.C.' creation, all gloopy flesh and grinning teeth. We won't discuss the dire and crapulous follow-up though!



No discussion of the modern zombie film would be complete without Stuart Gordon's incredible RE-ANIMATOR (1985). Loosely inspired by one of H.P. Lovecraft's more throw away newspaper serials, RE-ANIMATOR takes a direct and unswerving route into Grand Guignol excess, whilst

remaining very funny, all without pandering to American 'couch potato' mentality. Basically a re-working of **FRANKENSTEIN, RE-ANIMATOR** is a lovingly crafted film; the acting is spot on and of a calibre not often seen in low budget horror films these days, and the two central characters, Herbert West, the titular Re-animator, and his opponent, the evil Dr. Hill, are both very convincing in their respective roles. Even the 'teen' characters are better than the usual stereotypes. The setting of the film in the Miskatonic University medical school lends visual interest to the story, as well as giving the special effects team, aided by the capable

John Buechler, a free rein in the depiction of very convincing surgical operations, and less than surgical decapitations, eye gougings, flesh ripping and a very, er, 'unconventional' seduction scene between Dr. Hill and the hapless heroine, essayed by the luscious Barbara Crampton, that gives new meaning to the phrase 'giving head'...(enough said!). From the eye-popping pre-credits sequence to the gutsily explosive finale, **RE-ANIMATOR** is 86 minutes of tacky gory fun, and one can only eagerly await the release of **BRIDE OF THE RE-ANIMATOR**, and hope that it approaches the brilliance and style on show in Stuart Gordon's quirky debut.

RE-ANIMATOR, for all it's vibrant violence, is actually something of a stylistic throwback to the Hammer era (perhaps a deliberate move on Gordon's part?), and it brings my article neatly full circle.

Whatever the future may hold for the zombie film is anyone's guess at this point (and there is a lot of dire crap being produced right now). I have the feeling that the genre is safe for a while at least. In the meantime, I'll keep watching the films and reporting back at regular intervals - stay tuned to this emergency frequency.....

NIGEL BURRELL.



art by BJ

FANTASYNOPSIS X-WORD COMPETITION

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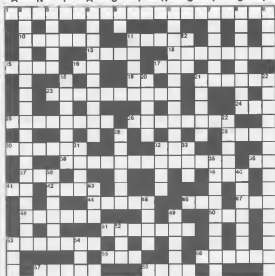
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The winners will be notified by post.

CLOSING DATE IS 31st DECEMBER 1989



Compiled by MARK HURTON.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Seminal 60's zombie classic (5,2,3,6,4).
- 10 + 3 Down. One title for Peter Cushing film about a Nazi zombie corps (4,5).
11. He carried on in several Hitchcock films (5).
13. Linda Blair spent a night here in 1981 (4).
14. They shouldn't play with dead things according to Bob Clark (8).
15. Bel Tenny went to eat yours in '64 (4).
16. See 57 Across.
17. These girls invaded in 1973 (3).
19. Feminist with a 45 (2).
- 21 + 49 Down. Where he was in 1972; The lucky devil (2,4,5).
- 23 + 52 Down & 46 Across & 51 Across. THEN BEAT THE PRISON WARDEN (Anagram of 1980's film title) (3,7,3,3,7).
- 24 + 38 Down & 53 Down. Slated to be directed by Michael Weaver...until he ended up in one (3,4,3).
25. See 57 Across.
26. Abel Ferrara's terror town (4,4).
29. Surname of the first actor to portray Frankenstein's monster on film (4).
30. Robert, Inspector Henderson in the 1950's TV 'SUPERMAN' who also took the title role in 'THE SEANDERTHAL MAN' (6).
32. Who's the Doctor's latest companion? (3).
34. Or Now I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb (2,11).
36. She-Wolf film's regiment (1,1).
37. Lionel Atwill committed murders here in 1933 (5).

39. Company who released 24 Across among many others (1,1,1).
41. See 57 Across.
42. A dollar will get you to He Rogers (4).
44. aka 'NANEAC HANSIDS' (5).
46. See 23 Across.
47. 'THE see', a film in 1977 and a favourite murder weapon in many more (3).
48. What sort of New Year did Norman J. Warren have? (6).
50. How many of us thought Hammer would cast Nastassja Kinski as one? (3).
51. See 23 Across.
53. See 36 Across.
55. Christian name of actor who played Andy Warhol's Frankenstein (3).
- 56 + 53 Across. His 'The Virgin Spring' was bastardized by Cunningham & Co. into 'THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT' (5,7).
- 57 + 25 Across + 41 Across + 16 Across. HEY FAT BROF WE HABIT (Anagram of 1980's film title) (5,4,2,2).
58. See 7 Down.

CLUES DOWN

2. Jacques Tourneur/Val Lewton classic, described by Lewton as 'Jayne Kyrle in the tropics' (1,6,4,1,6).
3. See 10 Across.
4. Dad's date with King and Romero in their horror show (7,3).
5. Who knows you're alone? (2).
6. V.L.P. horror star whose 1959 autobiography was titled 'I Like What I Know' (7,3).
- 7 + 58 Across. Lead female in the

- second of Romero's zombie trilogy (6,4).
8. See 12 Down.
9. You had to be up early in 1980 to see the dead have theirs (4).
11. One title for a 70's soft porn version of 'LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS' (5).
- 12 + 6 Down. As played by Max Von Sydow (3,8).
16. Early 80's film based on Marc Brandel's novel 'The Lizard's Tail' (3,4).
20. Legendary number of golden vampires (5).
21. Appropriate setting for Lady's second adventure (5).
22. His screen appearances include 'THE BLUES BROTHERS', 'GODLINS' and 'DUEL' (6,9).
- 27 + 28 Down. 1960's sci-fi from Japan about a red hot planet on a collision course with Earth and featuring a monster called 'Gorath' (5,6).
28. See 27 Down.
31. Far from idle actor whose credits include Terry Gilliam's 'BARON MUNCHHAUSEN' (4).
32. John, genre stalwart who married Shirley Temple in 1946 and fought a giant spider in 1955 (4).
33. Surname of TV's Taran (3).
35. Did Mr Byall stay at the Horror Hotel on February 14th? (9).
38. See 34 Across.
40. Robert Englund got a new mask for this role (7).
43. The lovely Miss Less who was a prisoner of the last universe (3).
45. King of the apes (4).
49. See 21 Across.
52. See 23 Across.
53. See 24 Across.
54. Snake found in title of 1972 Glendale release starring Robert Stephens (3).

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PART TWO

Here we go with part two of the Scala Cinema listings, continuing from issue one of FANTASYNOOPSIS. The list consists of all genre films shown since January 1983, last issue finished at December 1985. So, without further ado.....

JAN. 1986

- 1st: THE STUFF, THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD AND FRIGHT NIGHT.
2nd: SUBWAY AND REPO MAN.
4th: LIFEPOURCE AND ZOMBIES : DAWN OF THE DEAD.
6th: BODY DOUBLE AND BLOW-UP.
7th: BLACK BURNER AND NIGHT OF THE COMET.
24th: BRAZIL AND 1984.

FEB. 1986

- 1st & 2nd: MAD MAN II and MAD MAN : BEYOND THUNDERDOME.
4th: REPO MAN AND BLOOD SIMPLE.
7th: SAD TUNING AND CRIMES OF PASSION.
8th: CRIMES OF PASSION AND ELITE.
10th: CRIMES OF PASSION AND MATISSE.
15th: DUNE, 200 HOTELS, PINK FLOYD'S THE WALL, BARBARELLA and UP IN SMOKE.
16th: TALES OF HOFFMAN.
19th: SUBWAY AND THE LAST BATTLE.
20th: OR STRANGELOVE AND APOCALYPSE NOW.
22nd: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, BLOOD SIMPLE, WISGODSME, COMPANY OF WOLVES AND THE EVIL DEAD.
26th: LES DIABOLQUES AND LA MORT EN LE JARDIN.
28th: THE TERMINATOR AND DRATHLINE.

MAR. 1986

- 1st: 1984 and BRAZIL.
1st: MAD MAN, MAD MAN 2, MAD MAN : BEYOND THUNDERDOME and THE TERMINATOR.
2nd: DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN and REPO MAN.
4th: ORIBARA, ENALDAN and KUNOWEE.
14th: HEAD, LIQUID SEY and THE TRIP.
19th: EXCALIBUR and THE EMERALD FOREST.
21st - 31st: THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD.
29th: THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS, ZOMBIES : DAWN OF THE DEAD AND ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH.

APR. 1986

- 4th: REPO MAN AND THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET.
5th: KINGWAVE.
5th: WISGODSME, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM

STREET, STOP MAKING SENSE, BLOOD SIMPLE AND BASKET CASE.

- 11th: Q THE WINGED SERPENT and BRAZIL.
18th - 24th: THE MAN WITH TWO BEANS.
19th: ALL OF ME, DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLADS, THE MAN WITH TWO BEANS, THE JERK and FENNIES FROM HEAVEN.
25th: THE TERMINATOR and TRANCERS.
26th: POSSEIDON WORLD and RE-ANIMATOR (uncut version).
29th: CUL DE SAC, REPULSION and SHIP IN THE WATER.
30th: THE TALES OF HOFFMAN and BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

MAY 1986

- 2nd: CARRIE, THE HORROR TRAILER SHOW and A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET.
6th: ORFEE, LES DIABOLQUES and EYES WITHOUT A FACE.
9th: REPO MAN and ECHO PARK.
10th: THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO!, BATMAN AND THE MAN FROM UNCLE - THE KARATE KILLERS.
10th: BLACK BURNER, MAD MAX, MAD MAN 2, MAD MAN : BEYOND THUNDERDOME and RAZORBACK.
17th: DANGER DIABOLIS, HEAD and BARBARELLA.
17th: SUSPIRIA, THE EXORCIST, THE DEVILS, THE WICKER MAN and DON'T LOOK NOW.
19th: BLOOD FOR OR JECYLL and THE BEAST.
23rd: SUBWAY AND THE TENANT.
24th: HEAVY METAL, 200 HOTELS and PINK FLOYD'S THE WALL.
31st: GRENINS. 1941, OR STRANGELOVE, AND BOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT and BUCKET OF BLOOD.

JUN. 1986

- 4th: PREPPING TOM and THE THIRD MAN.
6th - 7th: LIFE OF BRIAN AND THE NEARING OF LIFE.
7th: INFOLSE. LIFEPOURCE, THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LOVING and BECAME NERD ZOMBIES, ZOMBIES : DAWN OF THE DEAD and BLUE SUNSHINE.
8th: THE MAN FROM UNCLE - TO TRAP A SPY, THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO! and WISSIDN IMPOSSIBLE Vs. THE MOB + 60's TV ads.
9th: CRIMES OF PASSION and BODY DOUBLE.
11th: DON'T LOOK NOW, PERFORMANCE and BLOW-UP.
13th: THE EXORCIST and THE SHINING.
14th: MAD MAN, MAD MAN 2 and MAD MAX : BEYOND THUNDERDOME.
18th: LISTZOMANIA and BRAZIL.
20th - 21st: CAFE FLESH and THUNDERDOME.

21st: TRANCERS, RE-ANIMATOR (uncut), GUGULIES, ZONE TROOPERS and PARASITE.
22nd - 23rd: CAFE FLESH and PINK PLANHOOD.
24th - 25th: CAFE FLESH and LIQUID SEY.

JUL. 1986

- 5th: THE TOOL BOX MURDER, DRILLER KILLER and THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.
5th: BARBARELLA, THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO!, BEACH PARTY, YELLOW SUBMARINE and HEAD.
12th: GHOSTS GALORE, POSSESSED, BOOIES OWEN, WE ARE GOING TO EAT YOU and FIVE ELEPHANT HIRIA.
17th: TWILIGHT ZONE THE MOVIE, BUCKET OF BLOOD and GRENINS.



F A N T A S Y N O P S I S

20th: GET PEOPLE and KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN.
21st: FLESH + BLOOD and THE DEVILS.
24th: THE TERMINATOR and THE HOWLING.
26th: THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD and SUSAIRIA.
31st: NOT OF THIS EARTH, FIRMAM and LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS.

AUG. 1986

1st: REPO MAN and THE GREAT ROCK & ROLL SWindle.
5th: WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE AGES, LUCIFER RISING and FAUST + THE MASCOT.
8th: THE BITCHER and TAXI DRIVER + THE GREAT FUTURISTIC/HORROR TRAILER SHOW.
12th: ROSEMARY'S BABY and MACBETH.
13th: THE CREEDIT OF DR. CALIGARI, METROPOLIS and N.
15th: FINE FLOYD'S THE WALL, 200 MOTELS, BRAINSTORM, UP IN SMOKE and 2010.
18th: KNIFE IN THE WATER, REPULSION and CIL OF SAC.
19th: NIGHT OF THE DEMON, WITCHFINDER GENERAL and THE WICKER MAN.
21st: ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, HANGOVER SQUARE and NIGHTMARE ALLEY.
26th: THE HEARING OF LIFE and LIFE OF BRAZIL.
27th: NIGHT OF THE WINTER and THE SHIRING.
29th: THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS, THE ASBEST WINDY WAITER and ALL OF ME.
30th: THUNDERBOLTS SIX, AVENGERS: THE WINGED AVENGER and THE MAN FROM UNCLE: THE SET IN THE GREEN HAT.
30th: MAD MAX, ALTERED STATES, MAD MAX 2, BLADE RUNNER and MAD MAX: BEYOND THUNDERDOME.

SEP. 1986

13th: 20 WARRIORS FROM THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN and FIVE ELEMENT NINJA.
13th: NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, CREEPSHOW, EDHIES: DAWN OF THE DEAD, MARTIN and THE CRAZIES.
20th: MR. VAMPIRE, POSSESSED II, SMOULDER INTERLUDES, DUEL TO THE DEATH and LEGEND OF THE 7 GOLDEN VAMPIRES.
23rd: THE BITCHER and EAST RIVER.
26th: CRIMINALS and THE TERMINATOR.
27th: HOUSE and RE-ARMATOR.
27th: BLADE RUNNER, THE STEPPED WIVES, THE TERMINATOR, RUNAWAY and THE 1138.

OCT. 1986

6th: CRIMES OF PASSION and FLESH + BLOOD.
11th: LEGEND and THE COMPANY OF WOLVES.
13th: CHIKATON, THE TERNANT, ROSEMARY'S BABY and DANCE OF THE VAMPIRES.
12th: GREETINGS, BE NOW and TAXI DRIVER.
13th: BLOOD OF DR. JECYLL and DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS.
14th: KNIFE IN THE WATER, REPULSION and COL OF SAC.
15th: REPO MAN and STATIC.
18th: AVENGERS Day - THE FORGET ME NOT, LOOK UP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE) BUT THERE WERE THREE TWO FEELERS, THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT and THE HOUSE THAT NEVER WAS.
18th: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, THE EVIL DEAD, VIDEOGORE, CREEPERS and BLOOD SIMPLE.
26th: THE KING OF COMEDY and BRAZIL.
28th: THE FOURTH MAN and SPECTRES.
31st: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, FRIGHT NIGHT and HALLOWEEN.

NOV. 1986

1st: 200 MOTELS, LIQUID SKY and a surprise feature.
1st: GHOSTBUSTERS, SPIES LIKE US, THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS, 1941 and DR. STRANGELOVE.
4th: TESTAMENT O'DUFFIE, ODFREE and REAVY and THE BEAST.
5th: INVADERS FROM MARS, BLADE RUNNER, LIFEPOKER, STRANGE INVADERS and THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN.
14th: PERFORMANCE, THE DEVILS and DON'T LOSE NOW.
18th: METAMORPHOSIS OF MR. SAMBA, STREET OF GREGGOLIES, THE GRANDMOTHER, THE FLAT DOWN TO THE CELLAR and THE CASTLE.
19th: MILDRED FLEISCH, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BART JAMET and I SAW WHAT YOU DID.
22nd: SOLARIS and BARBARILLA.
22nd: THE TRING, CHRISTINE, ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK, OAKS STAR and STEAMHAW.
23rd: STOP MAKING SENSE, A TRUE STORY FROM TEXAS and THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.
24th: LONGSOME COMBOTS, FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN and BLOOD FOR DEACULA.

DEC. 1986

6th: MONA LISA and TAXI DRIVER.
6th: FINE FLOYD'S THE WALL, HUMBLE FISH, THE BUNCHER, STREETS OF FIRE and GET PEOPLE.
13th: THE BITCHER, THE BOYS NEXT DOOR, MAD MAX, TAXI DRIVER and BONNIE AND CLYDE.
18th: ONE MILLION YEARS BC, THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD and JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS.
18th: THE HEARING OF LIFE and BRAZIL.
20th: AFTER MOORS and SACKET OF BLOOD.
20th: MILD BLOOD, BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS and BUSH HUSH SWEET CHARLOTTE.
21st: FREAKS, THE TIN DRUM and VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED.
23rd: METROPOLIS, BLADE RUNNER and THE 1138.
27th: NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, DAWN OF THE DEAD and GAY OF THE DEAD.
27th: GREGGOLIES, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, SUSPENSE, BLACK CHRISTMAS and SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN.
30th: BOOY DOUBLE, CARRIE and SCARFACE.

JAN. 1987

1st: VAMP, FROM REYORO and ORACULY FIRED.
2nd: TROUBLE IN WIND and REPO MAN.
3rd: LACED and DUNE.
8th: THE HUNNY, THE ANNIVERSARY and ALL ABOUT EVE.
10th: FANTASTIC FLAMEY, THE PARTY, GORELLA VS. THE TRING, A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS and MORGAN A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT.
11th: STALKER and SOLARIS.
17th: THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT, RECORD THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE and NYRA RECKONER.
18th: BLOOD FOR DR. JECYLL and THE LAST WOMAN.
24th: TRICE ON TRAIT, FINE FLOYD'S THE WALL, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET and HEAVY METAL.
29th: FLESH + BLOOD and WITCHFINDER GENERAL.
31st: WITCHBLANDER and MAD MAX 2.
31st: BRAZIL, COMMANDO, RATHAN and COMAN THE BARBARIAN.

FEB. 1987

4th: SID & NANCY and TROUBLE IN MIND.
7th: FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN, ANDY WARMOL AND HIS CLAN and JUDE RESTAURANT.
7th: CRITTERS, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2, THE EVIL DEAD and THE COMPANY OF WOLVES.
13th: TRANCERS, RE-ARMATOR, GREGGOLIES and CREAMSPACE.
17th: 2010 and SOLARIS.
20th: GORGONS and SUSPENSE.
21st: DEMONS and INFERNOS.
21st: THE DEAD ZONE, VIDEOGORE, SWEETERS and THE BEDPO.
22nd: DEMONS and TENDRAE.
23rd: DEMONS and CREEPERS.
24th: GORGONS and FOUR FLIES ON GREY VELVET.
25th: DEMONS and CAT O'HINEE TAILS.
26th: DEMONS and BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL FLAMEAGE.
28th: SIBBY, THE DEVILS, THE WITCHER, ALTERED STATES and BARGLANDS.

MAR. 1987

7th: FRIGHT NIGHT, BODY DOUBLS, GHOSTBUSTERS, THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS and INVADERS FROM MARS.
13th: CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD, THE REYORO and HOUSE BY THE CENETARY.
14th: BRAZIL and 1984.
15th: BOWMAN AND CLYDE, TAXI DRIVER and THE SWEETMOM KILLERS.
28th: DUNE, FINE FLOYD'S THE WALL, COMAN THE DESTROYER, BARBARILLA and STREETS OF FIRE.

APR. 1987

2nd: FEMALE TROUBLE and WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BART JAMET.
2nd: VAMP and DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS.
9th: THE DEVILS and THE WICKER MAN.
11th: STALKER and SOLARIS.
11th: BIGBLANDER, BLADE RUNNER, MAD MAX, MAD MAX 2 and MAD MAX: BEYOND THUNDERDOME.
12th: THE ELEPHANT MAN, THE GRANDMOTHER and REASERHEAD.
14th: ALL ABOUT EVE and HUSH HUSH SWEET CHARLOTTE.
18th: THUNDERBOLTS ARE GO, CAPTAIN CARLEY, THE CASE OF STONY CUELES (The Liptonones) and STAR TREK: THE CITY ON THE EDGE OF FOREVER.
24th: STATIC and EXPLOSIONS.
25th: EVIL DEAD II and FELIX THE CAT cartoons.
25th: PSYCHO III, THE HUNGER, FULTONCRIST II, THE FURBROGE and THE TRING.

MAY 1987

2nd: THE TERNANT and LAST TANGO IN PARIS.
2nd: FLESH + BLOOD, THE TERMINATOR, AT CLOSSE RANGE, F/Z WERDER AT ILLUSION and DEATHLINE.
9th: WHEN THE KING BLOWS and ANIMAL FARM.
9th: THE WITCHER, THE DEVILS, WITCHFINDER GENERAL, THE EXORCIST and LIFEPOKER.
13th: THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS, LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS and BUCKET OF BLOOD.
16th: THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, BRAZIL, INFERNOS and BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS.
22nd: BLOOD FOR ORACULA, FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN and WRAT.
23rd: GORGONS, THE REYORO, THE BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL FLAMEAGE, HOUSE BY THE CENETARY and SHOCK.
24th: BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CRIMA and 85 WARRIORS FROM THE MAGIC MOUNTAINS.

27th: SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT and SOUTHERN FROM ANOTHER PLANET.
29th - 30th: ALIEN and ALIENS.
30th: DAY OF THE DEAD, TOXIC AVENGER, ZOMBIES; DAWN OF THE DEAD, THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD and NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

JUL. 1987

3rd: W, YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE and WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS.
4th: THE ADVENTURES OF GUCKARDO BANZAI and BARE STAR.
5th: FROM BEYOND and DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS.
6th - 7th: FROM BEYOND and THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.
8th: FROM BEYOND and RABID.
9th: FROM BEYOND and TRICK OR TREAT.
10th: FROM BEYOND and THE STUFF.
11th: FROM BEYOND and VIDEOBOMB.
13th: HIGHLANDER, BLADE RUNNER, MAD MAX, MAD MAX 2 and MAD MAX: BEYOND THUNDERDOME.
14th: CLIMBING and THE EVIL DEAD.
17th: THE PROJECTED MAN, THE FLY (original) and RETURN OF THE FLY.
29th: THE FRODOE MAN and WAITRESS.

AUG. 1987

4th: THE REIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN and GOTHIC.
10th: PSYCH-OUT, YELLOW SUBMARINE and MARIABARILLA.
11th: CUL DE SAC, REPULSION and KEVIN and EMILY IN THE WATER.
12th: THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, THE THREE PENNY OPERA and PANDORA'S BOX.
26th: THE DEVILS and THE NAME OF THE ROSE.
29th: DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR FLAID, A TOUCH OF EVIL and NIGHT OF THE HUNTER.
30th: TROUBLE IN MIND and STREET WISE.

SEP. 1987

1st: "Shock Around The Clock" - RETURN TO SALEN'S LOT, SALVATION, AMERICAN GOTHIC, WELLSHAIRER, THE STEPPATHER, STREET TALK, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3, VITCHBOARD, THE LAMP and SEE DOWNS.
7th: THE HUNGER and LAST TANGO IN PARIS.
8th: THE FLY and ALTERED STATES.
9th: CASINO ROYALE, SCRAZZLED and BATHMAN.
11th: SID & NANCY and EXPO MAN.
11th: THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS, AFTER MOUES and ANDY WARHOL'S BAD.
14th: THE GATE and NIGHT OF THE COMET.
15th: ALIEN, ALIENS, THE ENTITY and IMPERFECT.
21st: THE SHINING and CRASHED.
22nd: FINE FLOYD'S THE WALL, DUNE, CONAN THE BARBARIAN and 200 HOTELS.
29th: NIGHT OF THE KEEPS, THE MITCHER, BODY DOUBLE, THE INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN and SILVER BULLET.

SEP. 1987

4th: WHITE OF THE EYE and PERFORMANCE.
5th: HIGHLANDER, BLADE RUNNER, MAD MAX, MAD MAX 2 and MAD MAX: BEYOND THUNDERDOME.
11th: SCARFACE, VIDEOBOMB, SHIVERS, RABID and THE ZEDDO.
13th: LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS and DEAD STORIES.
14th: DEMONS 2 and CREEPSHOW.
19th: DEMONS 2 and THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.
20th: DEMONS 2 and DAUGHTERS OF

THE TENANT IN ROOM 7 IS VERY SMALL, VERY TWISTED AND VERY MAD.



BASKET CASE.

DARKNESS.

21st: DEMONS 2 and BLOOD FOR DRACULA.
22nd: DEMONS 2 and DAY OF THE DEAD.
23rd - 24th: DEMONS and DEMONS 2.
25th: THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS, AFTER MOUES and ANDY WARHOL'S BAD.
26th: BIG TROUBLE IS LITTLE CHINA and BRAZIL.
26th: THE EVIL DEAD, EVIL DEAD II, BLOOD SIMPLE, BASKET CASE and TERROR IN THE AISLES.
29th: KWAIIDAN, SHINARA and UGETSU MINOGATARI.

OCT. 1987

2nd: RE-ANIMATEE and FROM BEYOND.
3rd: JAGGED EDGE, CINDY, MIDNIGHT KISS and BODY DOUBLE.
4th: THUNDERBOLTS ARE GO!, STAR TREN IV: THE VOYAGE HOME and THE MAN FROM UNGLE - THE KARATE KILLERS.
10th: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3.
17th: ALL OF ME and PER WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE.
17th: THE FLY, ALIEN, ALIENS and BRAZIL.
19th: THE KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE and FLESH COWBOY.
21st: LE TESTAMENT D'OSPEE, ORPHEE and BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
31st: HALLOWEEN, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2, TRICK OR TREAT and THE COMPANY OF WOLVES.

NOV. 1987

14th: MAXIMUM OVERDOSE, HIGHLANDER and EVIL DEAD II.
21st: LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS, THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS, FEMMES FROM HEAVEN, DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR FLAID and THE JEK.
23rd: BLUE VELVET and BAD TIMING.
27th: SOLARIS and STALKER.
28th: A TOUCH OF ZEN and MARTIAL

ARTS OF SHAOLIN.

DEC. 1987

5th: THE EUNGER and LAST TANGO IN PARIS.
5th: FINE FLOYD'S THE WALL, FREAKS, 007, 200 HOTELS and YELLOW SUBMARINE.
8th: GOTHIC and THE NIGHT PORTER.
19th: FANTASTIC VOYAGE and BRAZIL.
19th: BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, THE GRAMMOTHEE, LET ME DIE A WOMAN, UFI, THE CORPSE GRINDERS and THE IMMORAL HE TRAS.
20th: RAISING ARIZONA and IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE.
22nd: LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS and GARDLINS.

JAN. 1988

1st: PRINCE OF DARKNESS, THE LOST BOYS, THE BELIEVERS, NEAR DARK and RETRIBUTION.
2nd: IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD and PER WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE.
8th: WHITE OF THE EYE and THE BOYS NEXT DOOR.
9th: THE TERMINATOR, CONAN THE BARBARIAN, COMMANDO and CONAN THE DESTROYER.
11th: LETHAL WEAPON and BLADE RUNNER.
23rd: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3, THE EVIL DEAD, VIDEOBOMB and EVIL DEAD II.
30th: ZARDZ, THE FLY, ALIEN and ALIENS.

FEB. 1988

1st: EXPO MAN and DOGS IN SPACE.
3th - 7th: FANTASIA and THE SYMPHONY HOUSE.
4th: FLESH + BLOOD and THE FOURTH MAN.
13th: NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD,

F A N T A S Y N O P S I S

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD, ZOMBIES :
DAWN OF THE DEAD, THE TOCIC ATOMER
AND DAY OF THE DEAD.

- 19th: WELLSHAIRER and FROM BEYOND.
- 20th: ANGEL HEART and THE BIG EAST.
- 21th: THE MAN WITH TWO BEANS,
LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS, THE JEER,
DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID and
FENKIES FROM HEAVEN.
- 22th: DR. STRANGELOVE and 2001 : A
SPACE ODYSSEY.
- 23th: AMIA + Bugs Bunny Cartoon
'WHAT'S THE DOCT AND BLACK
DIPPERUS.

MAY, 1988

- 4th: BRAIN DAMAGE and BASKET CASE.
- 5th: BRAIN DAMAGE and THE TIEP
- 6th: THE EXORCIST : A BOY AND HIS
DOG, ENTER THE SEASON and DIET
NARY.
- 6th: BRAIN DAMAGE and BLK SUNSHINE.
- 7th: BRAIN DAMAGE and SHIVERS.
- 8th: BRAIN DAMAGE and LIQUID SEV.
- 9th: BRAIN DAMAGE and DEILER
MILLER.
- 10th: BRAIN DAMAGE and BASKET CASE.
- 11th: STALKER and SOLARIS.
- 12th: BRASERHEAD and THE ELEMENT OF
CRIME.
- 13th: BARBARIELLA and RATWAV.
- 14th: CHIMES OF THE BLACK CAT, 5
DOLLS FOR AN AUGUST MOON, BLACK
SABRATH, DANGER DIABOLIC and SMOG.
- 23rd: MEATYER WAFERED TO BABY
JARET and BILDERED FIERCE.
- 25th: CUL OF SAC, REPULSION and
KNIFE IN THE WATER.
- 26th: 2001 : A SPACE ODYSSEY, SILENT
BURNING, DURE and DARK STAR.
- 31st: PEAKS, SAVOIST & TIRSEL and
THE CABINET OF DR. CALICARI.

APR. 1988

- 1st: APRIL FOOL'S DAY and FRIDAY THE
13TH PART VI : JASON LIVES.
- 2nd: MEN VER'S BIG ADVENTURE and THE
WIZARD OF OZ.
- 2nd: FINE FLAMINGOS, FEMALE TIGRUE,
POLYESTER, TROUBLE IN RIND and LUST
IN THE DUST.
- 3th: ONE AIR, LEONARDO'S DIARY,
PUNCH AND JURY, THE RETAROPHOS OF
MR. SANGA, LA PREMIERE NUIT, DOWN TO
THE CELLAR and BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
- 8th: FASTER PUSSEYCAT, BILLI BILLI
and THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.
- 9th: AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON and
WILD WOMEN OF WINDCO.
- 9th: LETHAL WEAPON, MAD MAX, MAD MAX
2 and MAD MAX : BEYOND THUNDERDOME.
- 14th: EXTRACTS, THE GARDEN, RIVERS
IN THE AFTERNOON, A WEEK IN A HOUSE,
THE IMMEDIATE SUBJECT, DIMENSIONS OF
DIALOGUE and DREAMS THAT MOREY CAN
BUY.
- 16th: ROSEANNE and ALL OF ME.
- 16th: THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW,
MYRA BRECKENRIDGE, SMOG TREATMENT,
BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS and
PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE.
- 21st: THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF
USHER, THE PIT, THE PERDULOR and
MOPE, THE OSSUARY, EAU D'ARTIFICI,
DOW SHATH and VALERIE and MEN WEEK
OF WONDERS.
- 22nd: THE STEPPATHER and THE
BROTHHOON KILLERS.
- 23rd: DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID +
THE AMSENT BILDED WAITER, THE JEER
and FENKIES FROM HEAVEN.
- 23rd: WELLSHAIRER, TERRORVIVOR,
TRANKERS, RE-ANIMATOR and TAMP.
- 29th: NEAR DARK and THE LOST BOYS.
- 30th: THE THREE AMIGOS, LITTLE SHOP
OF HORRORS and THE MAN WITH TWO
BEANS.
- 30th: BLADE RUNNER, WESTWORLD,

FORBIDDEN PLANET, THE 1138 and
AMIGDIO.

MAY 1988

- 6th: BOROCCOP and THE TERRORATOR.
- 7th: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, A
NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2, REAR
DAMAGE, THE EVIL DEAD and EVIL DEAD
II.
- 9th: THE DEVILS and BEHIND CONVENT
MALLS.
- 11th: REPO MAN and TO LIVE & DIE IN
L.A..
- 14th: ROSEMARY'S BABY and THE
WITCHES OF EASTWICK.
- 16th: BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA,
THE THING, CHRISTINE, BALLOWEN and
THE FOG.
- 20th: ANGEL HEART and REID.
- 25th: FINGERS, TARI SEIVEE and BLOW
OUT.
- 27th: POLICE STORY, A CHINESE GHOST
STORY and MR. YANFIRE.
- 28th: THE BLUES BROTHERS, AMAZON
WOMEN ON THE MOON, FIBANNA, THE
MONEY PIT and SLEEPER.

JUN. 1988

- 6th: THE HUNGER, APRIL FOOL'S DAY,
THE FURMOOSE, FRIDAY THE 13TH PART
VI : JASON LIVES and HOTEL HELL.
- 10th: THE FLY and ALIENS.
- 11th: BEST SELLER, VIDEOGODER and
THE ONION FIELD.
- 18th: INFERNO, FIVE FLIES ON GERY
VELVET, CAT O'NINE TAILS, CREEPERS
and THE RIND WITH THE CRYSTAL
FLWAGE.
- 22nd: TROUBLE IN RIND and CHOOSE RE.
- 25th: EXPLORES, INTERSPACE and
GRENKIN.
- 25th: BOROCCOP, THE TERRORATOR,
DEATHLINE, THE COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK
and CRIMEMATE.

JUL. 1988

- 1st: THE WITCHER and NEAR DARK.
- 2nd: ANGEL HEART, SORCERER TO WATCH
DIER ME, TARI SEIVEE and EASY RIDER.
- 9th: BRASERHEAD, THE OZER, THE
REARDO, THE EXORCIST and IT'S ALIVE.
- 11th: THE DEVILS and CREES OF
PASSION.
- 14th: THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW,
SMOG TREATMENT, GLEA OR GLENA,
BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS and
MYRA BRECKENRIDGE.
- 19th: THE PIT and THE PERDULOR, THE

MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH and THE TOMB
OF LICEA.

- 22nd: BLADE RUNNER and ALPHAVILLE.
- 22th: MAKING MR. RIGHT, SATHREKERS
and DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN.
- 27th: O' LUCEY MAN and BRITANNIA
HOSPITAL.
- 29th: PREDATOR and CONAN THE
BARBARIAN.
- 30th: 'Shook Around The Clock 2' -
INVASION OF THE BODY SUGGERS, THE
UNBOLD, JONATHAN OF THE NIGHT,
SLUGS, THE SEVENTH SIGN, MANIAC COP,
THE WIDOW, 976-EVIL, MAXMOKE,
HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HORRORS, THE
UNWEARABLE and MESSONANTIE.
- 31st: SOLARIS and STALKER.

AUG. 1988

- 5th: DON'T LOOK NOW and EVIDEA.
- 6th: BOROCCOP and MO WAY OUT.
- 13th: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, THE
EVIL DEAD, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET
2, EVIL DEAD II and A NIGHTMARE ON
ELM STREET 3.
- 20th: THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE,
THE STEPPATHER, WHITE OF THE EYE,
THE WITCHER and THE EDIS FIRST DOOR.
- 25th: REPO MAN and EASY RIDER.
- 27th: PRISON, WELLSHAIRER, NEAR DARK,
RE-ANIMATOR and FROM BEYOND.

SEP. 1988

- 3rd: THE HAUNTING and DREAM DEMON.
- 9th: MY DEMON LOVER, EVIL DEAD II
and BRAIN DAMAGE.
- 10th: FINE FLOT'S THE WALL, DARK,
WIGLEANDER and BARBARIELLA.
- 17th: REPULSION, CHIMPATOWN,
ROSEMARY'S BABY and THE TENANT.
- 24th: PREDATOR, CONAN THE BARBARIAN,
RAM DRAL and COMMANDO.

OCT. 1988

- 1st: FEE VER'S BIG ADVENTURE and ALL
OF ME.
- 1st: BLADE RUNNER, MAD MAX, MAD MAX
2 and MAD MAX : BEYOND THUNDERDOME.
- 8th: THE FLY, ALIEN, ALIENS and
SANDOE.
- 12th: GOW and PRISON.
- 15th: BOROCCOP, THE TERRORATOR, THE
BELIEYERS and CRIMEMATE.
- 18th: DEPIKE, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
and TESTAMENT D'DIPPERUS.
- 22nd: THE HAUNTED PALACE, CRY OF THE
BANSERE, SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN,
THE ABOMINABLE DR. PRIERS and
WADHOUSE.



Sleep all day. Party all night.
Never grow old. Never die.
It's fun to be a vampire.

THE LOST BOYS

Being wild is in their Blood.

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS A RICHARD DONNER FILM THE "LOST BOYS" COREY FELDMAN JAMI GERTZ
COREY HAIM EDWARD HUGSMANN BARNARD HUGHES JASON PATRIC
KIEREN SUTHERLAND AND DIANNE WIEST MUSIC BY THOMAS NEWMAN
EDITED BY ROBERT BROWN COSTUME DESIGNER MICHAEL CHAPMAN
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RICHARD DONNER PRODUCED BY JANICE FISCHER & JAMES JEREMIAS
SCREENPLAY BY JANICE FISCHER & JAMES JEREMIAS BASED UPON THE BOOK BY HARVEY BERNHARD
DIRECTED BY JOEL SCHUMACHER

25th: SUNDAY AND BETTY BLUE.
27th: MIDNIGHT EXPRESS AND ANGEL
HEART.
29th: SCUM OF THE EARTH AND A
Surprise M. D. Lewis Gore Flick!
29th: SLEAZEMANIA, MID GUITAR,
WRESTLING WOMEN vs. THE AZTEC NUNNY,
DOPE MARIA, HIGH SCHOOL CEASER AND
THE CHOPPERS.

NOV. 1984

3rd: FELLINI ROMA AND FELLINI
SATYRICON.
4th: BOCE "M" ROLL HIGH SCHOOL AND
TIMES SQUARE.
5th: MANHATTAN, EVERYTHING YOU
ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX, BUT
WERE AFRAID TO ASK AND SLEEPER.

5th: THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE,
THE BOYS NEXT DOOR, DRILLER KILLER,
WHITE OF THE EYE AND THE NITCHER.
7th: THE BEAST, IMMORAL TALES AND
BEHIND CONVENT WALLS
8th: DROWNING BY NUMBERS AND THE
HONEYMOON KILLERS.
11th: REPO MAN AND TO LIVE & DIE IN
L.A..
12th: LES ENFANTS DU PARADIS, ELITE
SPIRIT AND HIGH SPIRITS.
12th: THE WARRIORS, BAD BOYS THE
WARDENERS, HUMBLE FISH AND THE WILD
ANGELS.
16th: BLUE VELVET AND RIVER'S EDGE.
19th: PSYCHO-OUT, THE TRIP AND BLUE
SUNSHINE.
19th: PLANES, TRAINS AND
AUTOMOBILES, THE MAN WITH TWO

BRAINS, THE ARSENE WINKED WAITER,
DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID, THE JERK
AND FERRIES FROM HEAVEN.
20th: SOLARIS AND STALLONE.
23rd: THE LAST MOVIE AND MID BLUE.
24th: MURDER OF BLOOD, ATTACK OF THE
CRAB MONSTERS AND NOT OF THIS EARTH.
25th: DOGS IN SPACE AND SAUCES.
26th: NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD,
ZOMBIES: A DAWN OF THE DEAD, DAY OF
THE DEAD, THE RETURN OF THE LIVING
DEAD AND ZOMBIE FLESH EATERS.
27th: BARRIS IN TOWNLAND + Laurel &
Hardy Shorts.
30th: EASY RIDER AND TRACES.

DEC. 1984

1st: PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES,
DRACHTY AND IT'S AMAD, MAD, MAD, MAD
WORLD.
3rd: LADY IN WHITE, NIGHT OF THE
LIVING DEAD, PAPERHOUSE, THE KEFP
AND WARRIORS.
3rd: JACK'S RACE, LETS SCARE JESSICA
TO DEATH, DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS,
HELLRAISER AND REAR DARE.
6th: BRING ME THE HEAD OF ALFREDO
GARCIA AND THE WILD BUNCH.
7th: THE GEOSOME TWOOME AND
SOMETHING WEIRD.
8th: CRIMES OF PASSION AND TAIL
DRIVER.
9th: 976-EVIL AND A NIGHTMARE ON
ELM STREET.
10th: 976-EVIL AND A NIGHTMARE ON
ELM STREET 2.
10th: DOGS IN SPACE, SID & NANCY,
LIQUID SKY, EXPO MAN AND STRAIGHT TO
HELL.
11th: 976-EVIL AND A NIGHTMARE ON
ELM STREET 2.
12th: 976-EVIL, FASTER PUSSEY CAT, BILLI,
HELL AND MOTUE PSYCHO.
12th: 976-EVIL.
13th: NIGHT OF THE HUNTER AND OUT OF
THE PAST.
13th: 976-EVIL.
14th: 20 WARRIORS FROM THE MAGIC
MOUNTAIN AND A CHINESE GHOST STORY.
15th: EASTERBREAD AND DOWN BY LAW.
16th: BLOOD FOR DRACULA AND FLESH
FOR FRANKENSTEIN.
17th: LIFE OF BRIAN AND BRAZIL.
17th: THE WARRIORS, EAT THE RICH,
HIGHLANDER AND SLEAZEMANIA STRIKES
BACK.
19th: SIESTA AND 94 MERES.
20th: BEAUTY AND THE BEAST +
Animated Film From Jan Svankmajer.
22nd: IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE AND
WINGS OF DESIRE.
23rd: THE ROCK HORROR PICTURE SHOW,
THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT AND
REDAZZLED.
27th: THUNDERCRACK AND LONDSOME
COWBOYS.
28th: BENTLEYJUTICE AND FEE WEE'S BIG
ADVENTURE.
30th: BARBARIELLA, THUNDERBOLTS ARE
GO! AND PLANET OF THE APES.
30th: ILSA: WARDEN KEEPER OF THE OIL
SWELLS, UNDERSEA SEX DEMONS, TWIN ON
TIME IN, DROP OUT, BRIDE OF THE
MONSTER previews etc.
31st: HAIRSPRAY AND DRAG.

JAN. 1985

1st: THE BLUE, EDGE OF SANITY, LAIN
OF THE WHITE WOMAN AND OUT OF THE
DARK.
3rd: ALICE IN WONDERLAND AND VALERIE
AND HER WIFE OF MONSTERS.
3rd: FILM, TRASH AND MEAT.
6th - 7th: WILD IN THE STREETS AND
TEENAGE OIL.
7th: THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE,
WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET,
DICK TRACY MEETS GEOSOME, THE SEMAN
GONILLA, UNDERSEA EINGOON + Horror
Cartoons.

9th: WIXER, SUFFER VIKERS and REMNATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRA VIKERS.

12th: KARIB and THE REDCO.

14th: TRACK 29 and REINSTORE AND REEABLE.

14th: THE RUNNING MAN, BOROOP, THE DESTROYER, DEATHLINE and TRANCIAL 22nd: A HANDFUL OF DUST and LORD OF THE FLEES.

17th: DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY, THE SPANSHALL and THE CLEGGMAN and L'AGE O'OE.

19th: THE DEAD ZONE and VIDEOBOMB.

21st: THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK, KEETLEJUICE, THE LOST BOYS, INKERSPACE and GREENGINS.

22nd: SALO OE 120 DAYS OF SOGON and SALOW RITTY.

23th: THE WIDDER and BRAIN DAMAGE.

26th: THE FLY and SCANNERS.

28th: ALICE VELVET and RIVERS EDGE.

28th: THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, SMOKE TREATMENT, BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, MYRA BEECKENRIDGE and GLEN OF GLENA.

FEB. 1989

3rd: THE RENO WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMMAGE, CREEPERS and FIVE FLIES ON GREY VELVET.

4th: HUGO THE HIPPO, DOUGAL & THE BLUE CAT and YELLOW SUMMARE.

4th: FLAMES, TRAIERS and AETONDEILLES, DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR FLAID, THE JEER, FERNIES FROM HEAVEN, THE ANSANT MINGED MATTER and THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS.

6th: FASTER FESSYCAT, EILLI EILLI, SLAVES and CONNOR LAM CASH.

11th: BLADE RUNNER, MAD MAX, MAD MAX 2 and MAD MAX : BEYOND THUNDERDOME.

13th: BLOOD FOR DE. JECYLL and THE REAST.

17th: ALICE JEAN COP and REDCOOP.

21st: ERIPE IN THE WATER, CUL OE SAC, REPULSION and TWO MEN and A MARDORKE.

22nd: THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, BAZORANCE and HOTEL HILL.

25th: EIGHT, MIDNIGHT EXPRESS and ANGEL HEART.

25th: NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

26th: DAWN OF THE DEAD, DAY OF THE DEAD, THE EXTREM OF THE LIVING DEAD and DONSIE FLESH EATERS.

MAR. 1989

2nd: GREETINGS, HI MOM and TARI GRIVER.

3rd: SUBMAT and THE NIGHT IS YOUNG.

4th: PSYCH-OUT, EASY RIDER and THE WILD ANGELS.

4th: THE RUNNING MAN, PEGATOR, CONAN THE BARBARIAN, CONAN THE DESTROYER and PUNTING IDEO.

4th: LAST TANGO IN PARIS and THE TERNART.

6th: FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN and BLOOD FOR GRACULA.

10th: BLUE VELVET and SOMETHING WILD.

15th: CLAU MARGATIAN, ANDY MARDOL'S MAD and TRAM.

17th: HEART OF MIDNIGHT, CRIMES OF PASSION and MARILEY x 5.

18th: REPO MAN and THE WIDDER.

18th: THE FLY, VIDEOBOMB, KARIB, THE REDCO and SCANNERS.

22nd: THE DEVILS, SAVAGE MESSIAH, LOODEES and ANELLA and THE ANGEL.

22nd: FELLINI ROMA and FELLINI SATYRCON.

25th: THE GREAT ROCK 'n' ROLL SWING, SIO & FANCY, SUSERRIA, ROCK 'n' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL and BODES.

26th: THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST and LIFE OF BREAN.

30th: VALENTINO, GOTHIC and SALOMES' LAST DANCE.

APR. 1989

1st: MISSION IMPOSSIBLE Vs. THE MOR. THE MAN FROM UNCLE : TO TRAP A SPY and selected TV episodes.

1st: THE EVIL DEAD, HELLAISER, KYIL DEAD II, BX-ARMATOE and BASKET CASH.

2nd: ALICE + selected Swanmajer Animated Film.

5th: WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BARY JARET, ERASERHEAD and THE UNIVERSE OF GORNET FIRM.

7th: DEAD RINGERS and A ZED AND TWO MUGGETS.

8th: ROADMAT BARRY EDGE, THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO and ZELIG.

8th: KEETLEJUICE, THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK, THE LOST BOYS and INKERSPACE.

10th: THUNDERCRACKS, POLTRISTE + 976-DISH and BEATLES WITHOUT A CAUSE.

11th: ELADE EDWNER and ALPHAVILLE.

12th: MYRA BEECKENRIDGE, BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS and THE SEVEN MINUTES.

15th: IF, O' LOCKY MAN and ZEITABRIA HOSPITAL.

17th: WIXER, SUFFER VIKERS and BEREATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRA VIKERS.

21st: EDGE OF SANITY and CRIMES OF PASSION.

22nd: EDGE OF SANITY and PSYCHO.

22nd: BAZILL, THE HEARING OF LIFE, JABBERMOCKY, AND WOM FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT + A Surprise PSYCHO TV Episode.

23rd: EDGE OF SANITY and 10 REXINGTON PLACE.

24th: EDGE OF SANITY, BLOOD FOR DR. JECYLL and THE STREETWALKER.

25th: EDGE OF SANITY, THE SEVEN PERCENT SOLUTION and BANDS OF THE RIPPER.

26th: EDGE OF SANITY, DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS and DOCTOR JECYLL AND SISTER HYDE.

27th: EDGE OF SANITY, FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN and BLOOD FOR GRACULA.

28th: MANGUSHER and THE ELEMENT OF GEMINE.

MAY 1989

3rd: WINGS OF DESIRE, DEXPER and ANELLA and THE ANGEL.

4th: DRESSED TO KILL, BODY DOUBLE and BLOW OUT.

6th: FIVE CORNERS, SIESTA and TAXI DRIVER.

6th: MAD MAX, MAD MAX 2, MAD MAX : BEYOND THUNDERDOME and LETHAL WEAPON.

8th: THE DARKED and SALO.

9th: BARBARILLA, DANGER DIAMOLIE and BATMAN.

10th: THE SHIKING and THE STEPPATHER.

11th: SPELLBOUND, DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY and ON CHIES ARDALOG.

12th: MIDNIGHT EXPRESS, EIGHT and ANGEL HEART.

13th: ALTHARD STATES, THE THING, SCADIE and MONTY PYTHON and THE HOLY GRAIL.

15th: FLESH, TRASH and HEAT.

19th: NIGHT ZOO and VIDEOBOMB.

20th: RED HEAT, DIR BARD, THE RUNNING MAN and THE TERMINATOR.

22nd: THE REAST, IMMORAL TALES and SEMING CONVENT MALLS.

24th: ELVIRA : MISTRESS OF THE DARK and KEETLEJUICE + SKELETON GANCE.

26th: MANGUSHER and THE WITCHER.

27th: TRACK 29, EUREKA and THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH.

27th: THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS, LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS, ROSEANNE, THE JEER and ALL OF ME.

JUN. 1989

2nd: PATTY HEARST and MS45- ANGEL OF VENGEANCE.

3rd: THE WIDDER, REAR DARK, THE WITCHER, REPO MAN and CHRISTINE.

IT WILL SHATTER YOU!

DRILLER KILLER

This movie poster has been deemed TOO VIOLENT to be admitted a movie poster. There are no explicit blood scenes. However, due to the explicit nature of this film NO ONE UNDER 17 WILL BE ADMITTED WITHOUT BEING ACCOMPANIED BY A PARENT OR GUARDIAN

10th: THE WIZARD OF OZ and A STAR IS BORN.
 10th: DEAD RINGERS, THE PLY, BABO, CRIMES OF THE FUTURE and STEREO.
 11th: WITHNAIL AND I and PERFORMANCE.
 12th: THUNDERCRAG! POLYESTER and GLEN OR GLENDA.
 14th: REPULSION, PRESENCE FEMINE, OIL DE SAG and TWO MEN AND A WARDROBE.
 16th: GHOSTS OF THE CITIL DEAD and PRISON.
 17th: BLUE SUMMER, HEAD and THE TRIP.
 17th: HAIRSPRAY, ABBA - THE MOVIE, BARNABELLA, GREASE and SHAG.
 19th: PASTER PUSYCAT, KILL! KILL!, MOTOR PSYCHO and COMMON LAM CARIN.
 21st: HOTEL WEL, BRILLER ELLER and THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE.
 23rd: SAMIEAZE and VIDEOGORE.
 24th: THE TOXIC AVENGER, BABO GRANNIES, THE TOXIC AVENGER PART II and I surprise Troca movies.
 27th: BLUE VELVET, ERASERHEAD and GRANDMOTHER.
 29th: GIAD! MANHATTAN, LONESOME COMBOYS and ANDY WARHOL'S MAD.

JULY 1989

14th: BEETLEJUICE, THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK, THE LOST BOYS, ELVIRA - MISTRESS OF THE DARK and RE-ANIMATOR.
 5th: ORPHEE, LE TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE and MOOD OF A POET.
 7th: THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY POTTER AND THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS.
 8th: RED HEAT, THE BURNING MAN, BOBDOG and THE TERMINATOR.
 11th: SUNSET BOULEVARD, RISS ME DEADLY and THE MONEYHORN KILLERS.
 12th: HAIRSPRAY, SUPERSTAR and THE BAREN CARPENTER STORY and THE BIG MEAT EATER.
 14th: BIZANNE, THE JER and THE ABSORT MINDED WAITER.
 15th: BEAR WINDOW, YESTIGO and EDPE.
 15th: THE HEARING OF LIFE, LIFE OF MEAN, JAMMERVOCKY and HOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT and MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL.
 16th: STALKER and SOLARIS.
 18th: MEAN STREETS, TAXI DRIVER and FINGERS.
 19th: THE DEVILS, LAIR OF THE WHITE WOMEN and SALOMON'S LAST DANCE.
 20th: N, WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS and SCARLET STREET.
 22nd: HEAD, REAPER MADNESS, ON GREEN ANGLAND and THE VALLEY OBTAINED BY CLOUDS.
 24th: VIKEN, SUPER VIKENS and



OUT OF THE DARK

BENEATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRA VIOLETS.
 26th: 2001 : A SPACE ODYSSEY and SILENT RUNNING.
 27th: THE MACHINER CANDIDATE and THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM.
 29th: 'Shock Around The Clock 3' - MONGOLITOS, HARDCOVER, LIFE ON THE EDGE, NIGHT LIFE, MONKEY SHINES, THE CHURCH, THE FLY II, SOCIETY, BAD TASTE, THE CARPENTER and THE VINEYARD.

AUG. 1989

1st: SUPERSTAR - THE BAREN CARPENTER STORY, MORNIE DEAREST and WHATEVER HAPPENED TO RANT JARRET.
 2nd: PELLINE SATYRCON and PELLINE ROMA.
 5th: ALIEN, THE THING, ALIENS and THE HLOA.
 7th: THE MEAST, REMIND CONVENT WALLS and IMMORAL TALES.
 8th: FLESH, TRASH and MEAT.
 10th: BADLANDS, RIVERS EDGE and REPO MAN.
 11th: FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN and FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 3D.
 12th: THE BOYET WOKER PICTURE SHOW, WYRA MEGREKNIDGE, SHOCK TREATMENT, BENEATH THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS and LET ME DIE A WOMAN.
 19th: NOOSE ON MAUNTED HILL and THE TINGLER.
 19th: A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3 and A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 4.
 20th: WITHNAIL AND I and PERFORMANCE.
 21st: THUNDERCRAG! and SCARY OF WIST/DEEP INSIDE.
 22nd: HARDID and MAUSE, BREWSTER MCLOUD and WHERE'S POPPAT.
 23rd: ALICE and VALERIE and HER WEEB OF MOWERS.
 25th: THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAAGOON and IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE.
 26th: PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES, THE JER, PENNIES FROM HEAVEN, DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAIN, THE ABSORT MINDED WAITER and THREE ARBOGS.
 27th: WINGS OF DESIRE and AMELIA AND THE ANGEL.

29th: MISSISSIPPI BURNING and ANGEL HEART.
 30th: RUMBLE PISK and DOWN BY LAW.
 31st: DON'T LOOK NOW and EUREKA.

SEP. 1989

2nd: BLUE VELVET, GRANDMOTHER and ERASERHEAD.
 2nd: THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, THE BOYS NEXT DOOR, WHITE OF THE EYE, A Surprise Feature and THE HITCHER.
 4th: MONDO TOPLESS, COMMON LAM CARIN and OPT.
 11th: SALD and PIGSTY.
 15th: THE AMERICAN WAY and RUMBLE PISK.
 19th: THE AMERICAN WAY and REPO MAN.
 21st: THE AMERICAN WAY and RIVERS EDGE.
 22nd: SUPERFLY, DUGAL & THE BLUE CAT and BARNABELLA.
 23rd: CRIMES OF PASSION, LAIR OF THE WHITE WOMEN and THE DEVILS.
 23rd: THE ADVENTURES OF BARDN MACHAUSER, JAMMERVOCKY, BEAZIL and AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT.
 25th: YIKEN, SUPER VIKENS and BENEATH THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRA VIOLETS.
 27th: PARENTS, EATING RAOUL and THE BIG MEAT EATER.
 28th: DR STRANGELOVE and SLAUGHTERHOUSE 5.
 29th: CLEOPATRA JONES, DANGER DIAMOLIN and LIQUID SET.
 30th: THE RIGHT STUFF.
 30th: BLAZE SUMMER, MAD MAX, MAD MAX 2 and MAD MAX : RETURNED THUNDERDOME.

"An uproarious ghost comedy.
 There hasn't been anything
 like it since
 'GHOSTBUSTERS'"
 KATHLEEN BROWN EDITIONS

BEETLE JUICE

And that's it, the genre Scale listings from 1983 to present day 1989.
 Well worth a visit at some time, there's plenty of room (it seats over 400 people), but it's always best to play safe and get there early!

STEFAN KWIATKOWSKI & PAUL J. BROWN.



by Mike Lancaster & Nigel Burrell.

The ring he left around the sides of the bath wasn't dirt - it was skin; the matted black threads that blocked the plug-holes were balls of hair; and the stuff that came off onto the towel as he dried himself - well he didn't want to think about what that was.

As if the tidemark in the bath wasn't bad enough, he also had to deal with the layer of egggy, gelified flesh in the sink (one of the results of his abortive attempts to shave - another beleg shreds of wet skin caught between the twin blades of his razor.) and the rasheed left on the inside of his shirt wasn't dirt or sweat or anything either than the top few layers of his skin. In fact, he had almost got used to the angry sores and welts which covered his body, the weeping geographic landmarks of rot that licked and stung, sticking to his clothing with their own natural glue.....pus.

Every day was different in it's revelations, laden with it's own macabre surprises. The best example - and one that still made him shudder when he thought about it - was that no sooner had he got used to taking a leak and watching the awful red lobster spurting out with the more familiar yellow fluid than he had been witness to the sight of his member parting company with the rest of his body, to splash-down legions in the dark ocean of his own tainted urine - he should have known better than to shake these last few drips from the end.

That particular incident had quite taken his appetite away for the rest of the day, even assuming he could have eaten anyway, as lately his tongue had started to come apart in his mouth whenever he chewed.

He stood in the bathroom and stared at his reflection in the mirror - a pale, bloated, almost unrecognizable face stared back. His features were bleached of colour, but what saddened him the most were the lumpy growths that flaked his face, the black shadows around his eyes and his fast balding head - the hair he had growned and treasured in his youth - came out with every combing, with every bath.

There was no way he was going to shave today, so he just ran a

flannel lightly over the skin of his face, wiping away one of the growths popped and emitted a foul-smelling vapour. He put the flannel down, ignoring it's viscous additions, and left the bathroom and the mirror, whose accusations he just could not bear today.

He sat down on the lumpy sofa which filled half of the tiny living-room, felt around for the T.V. remote control, picked it up, punched down on the button which switched the set on, bracking a nail as he did so. The set fitted and crackled into life, but all he could get was a field of moly static caught behind the glass screen. He flicked through the channels, but they were all the same. It wasn't long before his eyes hurt too much for him to watch anymore, he switched off the T.V., wondered what was wrong with the set and how the hell he was going to spend the day.

The usual dilemma. He was stuck in the flat, and the flat was driving him mad. He didn't dare go outside.

Sometimes outside he would encounter people, and people would only ask questions. It was a small town he lived in and people would ask outward questions like how it was that he was walking around when everyone would say that he was undoubtedly, incontrovertibly dead.

He didn't even know the answer to that one himself, all he could extract from his memory was a startle of incandescent lights in the night sky - a lumetic rendition of the Aurora borealis - then his world turning into a tunnel, a funnel, a pie-prick and finally blackness.

In life Fater Nerisak had been a creature of habit, and death had changed him very little in that department. In every other way he was a different person; his body, even what he could or couldn't do; but as far as his habits went he was still very much their slave. Oh, they had to be adapted so his new body could withstand them - he had found out just days before the danger he had faced should he continue to crack his knuckles as violently as he once had; on looking down he had found his finger torn from it's socket. There had been no pain, but it still ached daily.

He found he could adapt to these

new frailties surprisingly well. In fact, in never ceased to amaze him what the human body could learn to accommodate when necessity demanded it, what the human mind could learn to accept when it's usual frames of reference broke down.

His self-imposed exile from the outside world was the hardest part to get used to, yet he could not bring himself to leave the sofa confines of his flat; though he missed the sunlight and the companionship that the town outside his door could provide, an indefinable dread consumed him whenever he considered it. He often told himself that one day he would wrap himself up well and walk again shoulder to shoulder with his once fellow men. That thought gave him something to look forward to past the decomposition of his body and mind, the erosion of his humanity.

It was eleven o'clock according to his watch and he knew if he opened his curtains he would be met by bright sunlight; but sunlight hurt his glazed eyes, so he just tried to remember what it looked like.

He sat down on the sofa, couldn't get comfortable. He stood up and paced the room. It was no good. Sorrow didn't end when life did, it just went on, getting worse with every passing second, every gelatin-slowed minute.

He wondered if there were others like him, other people - dead people - who he could contact. "Oh aha" he told himself, "we could start up an undead social club or a zombie debating society". Still, the thought that there could be other dead people out there - living dead - cheered him up more than anything had for days.

Sarcasm thinking about it, there had to be others - Fata was a thoroughly unremarkable individual, there was nothing he had done that millions of others hadn't. His life had been an object lesson in mediocrity. There had to be more like him out there.....

He had his stomach on before he even realised what he was planning to go out could only be courtly disaster, but he could think of nothing else to do. The confines of the flat really were driving him crazy, and if there was even a sliver



chance that he could find one other living-dead person, than it was worth any risk the outside could present.

After finding a pair of Raybans to protect his over sensitive eyes he was ready. He felt a thrill pass through his body as he opened the front door and looked back over his shoulder at his home, wondering if he'd ever see it again; gritted his teeth against the intense blast of sunlight that struck his like a physical blow; straightened his coat - pulling the lapels around his retting face - and walked into the day.

Though it was midday he could see no people.

He walked down the street, trying to figure out where everyone had gone.

The walk into the town centre had taken him ten minutes, and in that time he tried to work on why he was home was supposed to be. It was hard work, his muscles were tightening inside his legs and his first attempts were a hideous parody of animation, the stumbling gait of a drunkard.

"Where the hell was everybody?" he thought, "What could have happened to empty the streets so completely?" The town centre looked like a riot-zone, overturned cars lined the roads like the carcasses of strange creatures; rubble and debris had turned the pavements into a madman's obstacle course. He picked his way, alert for signs of life, the sun seemed to burn patterns onto his face.

The main street had been robbed of life, whatever power had acted out destruction this absolute was nowhere to be seen. A shudder passed through him, painfully tearing his muscles. He stood still until the feeling had subsided and fumed it replaced with sorrow and despair.

He was still trying to shake these emotions from his shackled mind when he heard the scream. It was a shrill sound, the curial equivalent of a razor, and it cut deep inside him. He whipped around to detect the source of the cry - feeling a tearing sensation in the muscles of his neck - but the sound had stopped, trailing off into a foreboding silence.

The scream had been familiar, of that Peter was sure, but now it was over, he didn't know what to do. The scream had given this dead town a voice with which to describe its fate. The end of the scream marked the end of hope for Peter, for the town, for the acramer, for anything.

Whatever had befallen the town - his town for Christakes! - had robbed him of a chance to discover the meaning behind his prolonged lifespan, had stolen any hope of finding others like him. He tried to imagine a disaster which could have such an impact upon a whole town. Nuclear war was out of the question, the town's edifices were untouched, the overturned cars and the rubble suggesting human activity. "Looters!"

He looked around and tried to picture the town with people in it, the streets filled with busy shoppers. He tried to picture their faces, their movements, to imagine

their voices.

The scream split the air again. It was close by. Very close.

It was madness to contemplate following the source of the sound, madness to go to it. If there was one person left alive then at least he would get an explanation, and maybe a friend. Shut, caring about people didn't end with death. If anything he found himself caring more; he understood the gift of life far better now, only wishing he could have known the emptiness of life while he was still in possession of it. Maybe this was a chance to prove he cared, to save the unknown screamer from whatever had caused her to panic as audibly.

He hurried to find the answer to his questions.

The street was the same as any other in town, it had ceased to be smaller and had become a cyber, an arena. The houses that lined it were dead, their eye-windows stared at him, but nothing flickered in them except the sunlight striking broken glass. He sensed that no-one resided behind their violated facades.

Death had passed through the town, had stopped for a while and now reigned absolute.

He saw the girl. She was running towards him, but seeing him she stopped. She had once been attractive, Peter could tell that, but now her beauty was hidden behind dirt and panic. Panic which intensified when she saw him; her eyes bulged and her jaw dropped. Peter leapt towards her. The girl screamed again.

Peter ran forward, tried to seize the girl's arm, but she fought against him. She punched and kicked, dug her fingers, dug her long fingernails into the flesh of his neck and pulled a handful of it free. He felt it tear away but there was no pain, no blood. Her eyes widened.

"It's not going to hurt you," he managed to say, though it hurt his throat, and it wasn't a voice he recognized, "I want to help you."

Panic swept across the girl's face and she stopped struggling - exhausted - so he was able to drag her in the opposite direction to the oncoming crowd. Her parauera were all dead, that was obvious. As they drew nearer he could smell the cloud of effluvia which followed them - a signature of decay in the air to mark their approach - could see the scars and the puckers of rot which adorned their contorted faces.

"Everyone is dead and mad" he thought, "everyone but the girl."

He knew then that he had to save her from the ghoulish throng who seemed set on dragging her frail, mortal flesh into their desecrated world of carnage.

Running was hard on his legs, but it didn't hurt, it was just difficult to stay upright.

The girl was sobbing, but the sound was a comfort to Peter's mind. This was a good thing he was doing - a real thing - the first real thing he had ever done. It filled him with a sweet mixture of pride and adrealia and was good to know that adrealia continued to flow even in a body as dead as his own, through

collapsing veins and congealing arteries.

He didn't see the brass-block before him on the pavement. He was turning round to see how close they were - "very" was the answer - and his foot caught it. He broke four toes in the collision and in slow-motion fell over, landing on his face. His nose snapped like an autumn twig, a disconcerting sound. Again there was no pain, but he couldn't move. The girl had fallen, his grip on her had been strong and she had leaped into near catatonia, became a mindless running-machine with no equilibrium. She dashed the side of her head against a kerbstone and lay still. A tiny trickle of blood ran down her cheek.

The crowd drew closer. Peter turned to face them.

He almost gave up when the first hand reached over and touched his leg, it's powerful grip tightening on his ankle, the first fingers punching through his sunburning flesh. Another hand fell upon him, he felt the material of his overcoat tearing away, felt the jaws latch onto his breast, just above the nipple, biting down with terrifying force. His skin yawned wide as the teeth ripped through it, the zombie's hand thrashing to end it as a fading frenzy overtook all other directives. As his nipple came away and the hole in his flesh wapt from within, Peter realised that in it's eagerness the creature had apparently forgotten about such fundamentals as caution.

He rolled over and away from the ghoul. It followed. As it moved it's balding, raspy head toward his back, his thumb and forefinger prodded deep into it's arse.

The thing made a pathetic bleating sound, but he pushed deeper, threatening the eyes aside, thumb and finger entering the sockets, then further into the brain.

The small was awful, the residue on his fingers worse, the rotting gray matter which oozed from the terrified sockets the worst.

The bald zombie crumpled, twitching next to him, but others were approaching and he still had others clawing at his calf. With his free leg he kicked at it repeatedly, the hard soles of his boots making an awful sound as they impacted with the thing's head.

It crawled on his leg and he seized his chance. His only chance. He forced himself to his feet, bent over, grabbed the brass-block that had almost been his downfall and dropped it onto the zombie's head.

There was a vile sound that made him think of a ripe pumpkin being split, and a viler stench sailed hold of his sinuses making him gag.

The crowd was close, too close; he sensed their determination and within ten minutes they had devolved to ungainly blurs in the distance. Confidence spurred him on and he broke into a near sprint that seriously threatened to shake him apart. Before long he was clear of

them.

Later he found a house that looked secure and broke in.

The girl was weeping, feverish, on the bed. Peter tried to close his ears to the sound but it didn't work. He had saved the girl, but how long he could protect her was a thing he didn't know.

He had seen and heard swarms of the dead flash-antars pass by, had even seen them feeding once when another survivor had been caught by them and overpowered. They had fallen upon him like a pack of wolves, tearing at him until he moved no more. There had been very little left of him.

Peter had been unable to help without betraying his and the girl's location. Gault had momentarily mislaid with relief, before relief was out the argument. They were safe, that was all that mattered.

Later they talked.

"What's your name?" he had asked

her, his voice a rattling parody of polite conversation.

"Laura," had been her cautious reply as she hugged the sheets that covered - shroud like - her tanned exhausted body.

Years had studded her eyes, forging pale grooves through the glow that encrusted her cheeks. In the dim light Peter thought she looked like a Madonna, pure and unsmiled. She sighed, drawing a shallow breath that hissed through her teeth.

He had thought her asleep then and was preparing to sit watch over her when she spoke again, her voice soft but betraying a tremor of fear.

"Why do you save me?" she asked, not a question but a demand.

Peter shrugged stiffly, and something gave to his shoulder. "I don't know. You were there, so was I. I didn't think about it. I guess chivalry doesn't die with the body." This seemed to satisfy her.

She slept.

He sat over her, watching her eyes

flutter in the grip of a dream. Her limbs trembled sporadically, in vague spastic motions as if even in sleep she was still running.

The hours had passed with an odd elasticity. Time seemed to redefine itself within his mind. The house creaked as it settled down for the night; to Peter's diminishing hearing it sounded like gunfire.

There was an odd pain within him. A churning. His head spun and strange thoughts seemed to ebb and flow in unison with the tide in his stomach.

He was even feeling hungry - for the first time in the weeks since he had died - it was useless to deny it. It was fierce, clouding his mind, demanding satisfaction.

He looked over at the sleeping form that was named Laura.

Outside the somnia howled.

She looked at her long and hard.

The hunger grew within him.

He smiled.

THE END

UNDER THE COVERS

A COLUMN FOR MAGAZINE COLLECTORS

by Ray Stewart

How It All Began And A Look At 'FANTASY FILM JOURNAL'.

Saving A Few Quid

Like as usual, I grabbed the morning mail and headed for the car. "Some more magazines, dear?" my wife inquired sarcastically on spying the large brown envelope I was trying to hide.

I assured her it was only one and disappeared quickly before she had time to ask how much I paid for it.

"Gussie what I've got!" I said excitedly on arriving at work. "What?" grunted Dave, the nearest within earshot. "FANTASY MONSTERS No 23" I enthused. "Oh," said Dave dryly, glancing at the Boris Lugol cover painting. "Very good."

Something told me the conversation had run its course. It's moments like this when I feel more alien than anything between the covers of my film magazine collection.

Unfortunately, magazine talk is not something which normally commands a captive audience (funny really, Dave's copy of PENEHOUSE can bring the place to a virtual standstill). So when Paul suggested I might like to write something for FANTASYNOVELS, it seemed the ideal opportunity to bore a wider audience!

Now, first off I want reassurance that there are actually real people out there who find magazine collecting as exciting as the opening sequences of RAISEDS OF THE LAST ARMY!

I mean, does the cover of such new FANTASIA AND STARLOG make your heart skip a beat?

Right, I think we've lost the curiosity readers now, so let's get down to some real magazine talk.

I became interested in collecting film magazines around nine years ago for all the wrong reasons. A Sunday newspaper ran a file quiz each week and I found that the more magazines I had to consult for the answers the easier it became to win the prize of two free tickets to a local cinema, thus saving me a few quid.

I started with a handful of PHOTOPLAYS and it was amazing the information which these few issues contained. Looking back I can pinpoint the May 1975 issue with Burt Reynolds and Roger Galtrey on the cover as the one which unwittingly sowed the seeds for my hobby. I was to take up some five years later. It was the first film magazine I actually bought for myself and although I have replaced that well-read copy with a slat version I still regard it with great affection.

Then, not surprisingly, when the collecting bug bit, PHOTOPLAY was top of my 'must have' list and before long I had forked out £100 for a complete run of 20 years of the mag from 1961 - 1980.

Since then it's a blur how I managed to expand my collection until, at the end of 1988, I had 2014 different magazines and a large number of doubles. Science Fiction, Horror and Fantasy magazines make up about one-sixth of my collection and, without a doubt, they are my favourites.

The common question from the uninitiated is 'Have you read them all?'

The answer is 'no', but I've turned

every page while indexing their contents in a variety of catalogues. After all, what good are shelves of magazines if it takes ten days trying to find an article you remember reading three, or was it six, years ago?

Indispensable Book

Self indulgent warbling over let me recommend a book which is absolutely indispensable to someone like me.

THE COLLECTOR'S GUIDE TO MONSTERS, SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY FILM MAGAZINES by Bob Michelucci, which reproduces virtually every cover of every issue published touching the genre, and gives a recent price guide.

One of the joys of collecting, I've discovered, is trying to find issues which have not been mentioned in this super reference work.

I've managed to find a few including the one shot GHOUL, and a second issue of FANTASY FILM JOURNAL, a publication at which we will now take a closer look.

FANTASY FILM JOURNAL

Issue one of FFJ, an American mag edited by Thomas A. Johnson, appeared in the winter of 1977/8 with the promise that it would be published quarterly, by Neatline Graphics in Memphis.

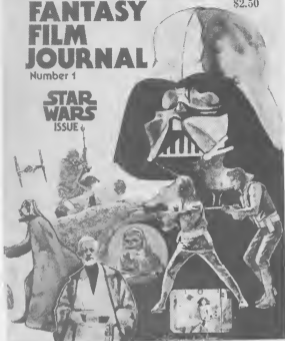
Like so many other magazines of that time it relied heavily on the byzantine surrounding STAR WARS (although the editorial of issue two went to great lengths to point out their Soviet intent. FFJ was, according to Mr. Johnson, not an attempt to cash in on the new

EXCLUSIVE STAR WARS INTERVIEW: JOHN DYKSTRA

FANTASY
FILM
JOURNAL

Number 1

\$2.50

STAR
WARS
ISSUE

interest in the genre. We are serious and devoted in our love for the genre and our attempts to add to it whatever we can."

Second Great Issue

The "second great issue", as it described itself, appeared in the summer of 1978. It was largely devoted to the work of Ray Harryhausen and contained several colour pages. Now we learn it is to be published three times a year!

Editor Johnson created superb wraparound covers. Issue one was on the theme of STAR WARS and indeed a special price was available that cost one dollar. Issue two's cover was a Harryhausen theme, and inside 13 of the 34 pages were devoted to this animation wizard.

Generally, a slick publication and attractively done with excellent photo reproduction. However, the colour pics would appear to have been rather poor to start with and

would have been just as effective in black and white.

A coupon in issue two gushed 'rush me Vol. 1 No. 3'. This was due at the end of October 1978. I never took that option and I'm almost certain No. 3 didn't reach the presses. If anyone knows otherwise then let us know!

FANTASY FILM JOURNAL - FACTFILE

ISSUE 1 contents - (52 pages): KING KONG(1976); WOMEN OF MEN(1976); THE BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN; STAR WARS(3 page review); John Dykstra interview; Reviews of - EXORCIST II THE HEATSE, LOGAN'S RUN, THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT, SPIDER-MAN, WIZARD; News of things to come and a column featuring general fantasy items.

ISSUE 2 contents - (54 pages): THE INCREDIBLE HULK; SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER; Ray Harryhausen interview; Jim Danforth interview;

STAR TREK THE MOTION PICTURE, CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND, STAR WARS media and merchandising report; Reviews of - CAPRICORN ONE, DANIEL UNDER II, DAMNATION ALLEY, THE PURY, THE MURDER; Coming soon...including a reproduction of the advertising for BARBARELLA; Book reviews.

CONTRIBUTORS: Thomas A. Johnson, S M Jones, Steve Williams, Louis Armour, Millard W Grubb, Rob Seggett, Bob Friedland, Cleda Saxon, Robert Marling, Bill Towery, Michael Nagen and John Thomas.

COSTS: The cover price for Issue One was \$2.50 and Issue Two \$3.00. Today you could expect to pay around \$2.75-\$3.00 for each issue, with issue two perhaps the rarer of the two.

RAY STEWART.

If any collector's reading this have any questions about film magazines, you can write to Ray at the editorial address.

Binfords Studio REVIEWS

ANGEL HEART (1987)

Wickey Sourkes stars as Harry Angel, a greasy semi-sleazy 'Merlowe' type private detective, who gets hired by the strange long-haired, pony-tailed, egg-chopping, suave and sophisticated Louis Cyphre (Robert De Niro), to track down a nightclub singer, Johnny Favorite, who has an outstanding debt.

All this leads into Angel being dragged into a wonderfully intriguing, and sometimes very scary, vodoo tale.

De Niro's screen presence is wacky, he radiates an surreal magic in every one of his brief scenes. It's easy to see why he's probably the best character actor around.

Allen Parker's direction and use of the camera is very effective, reminiscent of his early masterpiece **MIDNIGHT EXPRESS**. I loved the use of the 'fan' image throughout the film, but I built my hopes up for the decapitation scene (shown in **PARANOIA**) which never arrived!

The lovely Lisa Bonet has a very stoney scene with Sourkes - I wonder what good ol' Bill Cosby thought to that?

The tension and fear are built up steadily and I became totally involved - but then I was let down by the ending, it is genuinely terrifying but it just seems to fizzle out.

I will definitely try to track down the original novel 'Falling Angel' by William Hjortberg, as friends have recommended it as one of the scariest reads around.

Tell me Mr Parker, what happened with that closing shot? The little kid has some ridiculous super-imposed eyes that reminded me of the tacky Bruce Lee head effects in **GAME OF DEATH**! Did you run out of money or was it added without your knowing?

Great film, available on Guild sale-through.
PAUL J. BROWN.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY (1986)

CLC Video.
Directed by Fred Walton, Produced by Frank Mancuso Jr.

Surprise! At least an anecdote to all those stalk 'a's elsewhere that

crem the video shelves and whose only purpose seems to be, to see how many college comedies can be dispatched in approx 87 minutes. Haha, such negative nastiness is turned firmly on it's head in a combination of fun and fear that provides a wholly entertaining 85 minutes.

Without going too deeply into the cleverly conceived script (written, incidentally, by Daniel Bach, the man who wrote **SEVENLEY HILLS COP** - but we won't hold that against him), it concerns a group of college students who are going to spend a weekend at a friend's island estate - each student fitting neatly, and quite deliberately, into one of the usual cliché categories for this type of film; but beware, the exploitation of such cliché's is all part of the game and just when you think you're ahead of the action you're probably two steps behind.

Despite an early accident to one of their number, who is then rushed to hospital, they determine not to let it spoil their weekend and the jokes start to spill thick and fast (not least from director Fred Walton, including one outrageous visual joke involving a raw sausage!).

In fact, for once, there's no particular hurry to get to the gore and it's nearly half an hour into the film before we get the first murder; but is it murder, or just another joke from the pack's chief joker? The question seems to be answered as the body count increases and the atmosphere changes to one of terror.

The transition from humour to horror is achieved surprisingly smoothly and even affords some genuine scares when two of the students planning to escape by boat, find they have to return to the house to collect a key. Then....

But it would be unfair to divulge any more, suffice to say that '(s)he who laughs last...'

The performances from the largely unknown cast - Griffin O'Neal is the only one I'd heard of before, and bare he shows that not only does he have his share of acting ability but he also has a far better eye for a decent script than his father or sister - are well above par for this sort of thing, with all females easy on the eye and the males such more likable than the usual macho posturers.

With Bach's cunning script and Walton's assured direction, it's definitely a cut (or slash) above the usual 'teens in peril' fodder and certainly one to make a date with.

Go on, you'd be a fool to miss it.
MARK HORTON.

BATMAN (1989)

WARNER BROTHERS.

Directed by Tim Burton.

At long last the caped crusader really hits the screen amidst some of the biggest pre-publicity for some time - is it all worth the wait, that's the question on everybody's lips?

The story opens with the mugging of a family on the streets of Gotham City, not the Gotham you may remember from Adam West's day, but a big mean sorta of a place, looking slightly reminiscent of **METROPOLIS** and **SLADE SHOWER** (incidentally **SLADE SHOWER** is currently being shot on



the striding Gotham City sat at Pinewood!!!). The muggers are then quickly dealt with by the masked avenger himself, Batman (Michael Keaton). There are no 'pew' and 'bam' signs to illustrate the fight, just the clanging of bones and the painful expressions on the muggers' faces. This is more like it!!

Local crime-bking, Carl Grissom (Jack Palance), plans to outfit the District Attorney, who has declared war on organised crime. Grissom is assisted by his 'No.1', Jack Napier (Jack Nicholson).

Unknown to Napier, he is about to be set-up by Grissom for stealing his girl-friend (the dawning Jerry Hall - I would have been pleased!!!!). At a large chemical plant the police move in on Napier and his cohorts. The police get some 'assistance' from Batman, who after a struggle, drops Napier into a vat of toxic chemicals.

Two reporters Alexander Knox and Vicki Vale (Robert Wuhl and Kim Basinger) set out to try and get a story that no-one but the local hoods will believe - a giant Bat-Man is stalking the streets.

Vicki meets up with Batman's alter-ego, the millionaire Bruce Wayne and they both fall for each other, much to the delight of Wayne's butler, Alfred (Michael Gough).

Napier doesn't die and after some crude back-street plastic surgery, a new persona appears. The Joker, a clown villain with a permanent smile.

The plot is then set for a battle between Batman and The Joker - very breaks out in Gotham City!

So, was it worth the wait.....hell, yes.....but I wouldn't go so far as to call it the definitive superhero film, more the definitive superhero villain film. It is without a doubt Jack Nicholson's most natural movie. The man has an absolute ball and he loves every minute of it - a sort of cross between THE SHINING and ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST with a little bit of CHINATOWN thrown in for good measure. His one liners are some of the best around and will have you in stitches "Money, you wouldn't believe what happened to me today!"

Michael Keaton's Batman is a lot better than I imagined it to be and he does look the part when suited up, but he's not really given enough screen-time to explain the characters' feelings and psychological problems - I do now know why he's called the 'Dark Knight', you can't bloody see him!! His other role as Bruce Wayne is shown far too light-heartedly and shades of SEPTUAGINT shine through!

Kim Basinger's character is quite likeable and she doesn't really screen very much - which is a big bonus for this type of film.

The sets are magnificent as is the wonderful Barry Elman score (complete with Prince in a few places).

The Joker make-up is very effective and does full justice to the comic-book.

The 'Bat' effects are excellent. In the suit, the car, the cave, the gadgets, with just one exception, the flying 'Batwing' which always looks like a model and falls apart pathetically easily!!

Tim Burton has directed a very

imaginative film which does work well in some marvellous set-pieces and only really gets lost near the end (why are they climbing the Cathedral anyway? I thought Nicholson was going to about "Look Me, top of the world!")

A great film, but it will be remembered more as 'THE JOKER featuring Batman'.

The screaming I saw did not have the new '12' certificate slapped on it, so I'm hoping it hasn't been torn down too much.

See it as soon as you can and remember "Don't go rubbing up another man's rubber!!".

PAUL J. BROWN.

THE BLOB (1988)

BRANDWORLD/TEL-STAR
DIRECTED BY CHUCK RUSSELL 95 mins

It's been thirty years since the original wobbled it's way to the screen, gave Steve McQueen his big break and introduced a new creature to the horror-loving public - so why not remake it!!

The credit sequence goes off to a good start with the camera looking as free the clouds to the small town of Arberville, preparing us for the horror to come in this affair (filled remake).

The story starts when a meteorite crashes to Earth and is witnessed by a tramp (this sequence reminded me of the 'Jordy Ferrill' section from GREYHOUND). Anyway, the old tramp pokes around at the gelatinous mass that's inside the meteor, which then attaches itself (ALIEN like) to his arm. The tramp goes loopy and is chased by Brian Flagg (Kevin Dillon) who happens to be in the woods trying to fix his crashed motorbike.

The tramp then gets hit by a car driven by Paul and Meg (Donovan Leitch and Sherry Smith). The three of them bundle the tramp into the car and take him to the nearest hospital - he still has the little blob attached to his hand. Whilst in the hospital the tramps bottom-half completely dissolves - superb

make-up effects! It's at this point that the blob does it's first THING impressive and hides up on the ceiling. Paul then gets attacked in a tour-de-force effects sequence.

The only witness to this ghastly mass is Meg, but no-one will believe her. The police think that Brian (who is the local rough boy) is responsible (!?), as he ran off in all the confusion. The blob, by this time has grown and moves off into the night, consuming any living thing in it's path and increasing in size with each victim. In one incredible shot a cook gets sucked down his own kitchen sink plughole!!

Brian gets arrested, then gets released and meets up with Meg and they run off in search of the local sheriff (but find a biological containment team instead). The meteor is actually a germ warfare satellite gone wrong. All hell breaks loose with the blob getting bigger all the time.

This all leads to a final confrontation in the sewers (where slats) and is handled nicely by ELM STREET 3 director Chuck Russell.

The film is well cast with Dillon being very effective (at one point he pays a great homage to Steve McQueen by performing a great bike chase that could have been lifted from THE GREAT ESCAPE!!) and has quite a few good lines.

The blob effects are by Lyle Conway and are convincing for about 80% of the time. It's when we see the massive blob that it looks a little fake. In one scene the blob drops in on an unsuspecting audience and the shots of people bouncing round on this mass reminded me of one of those inflatable castles that you find at village fetas!!

When I first heard about this movie, I wondered why they were bothering to remake it, I was, however, pleasantly surprised - this new version is a vast improvement, but it does tend to rely heavily on Carpenter's a TUE THING.

A very worthwhile and entertaining 95 minutes that will keep any horror fan glued to his seat!!

PAUL J. BROWN.



BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE (1958)

Directed by Henry Cass.

I was very pleased to track this film down when it was recently screened on TV as the 'Aurum Film Encyclopedia Of Horror' says that "all prices of it appear to have been destroyed." I can only say well done Anglia Television!

The story concerns a mysterious Dr. Cellistratus (played very fiendishly, if not a little OTT, by Donald Wolfelt), who gets raised from the dead after a gory staking and has a new pumping heart installed by a drunk doctor.

He later turns up as the governor of an asylum for the criminally insane - using the inmates for bizarre blood experiments, hoping to find a cure for blood rejection in his own body.

A young doctor (Vincent Ball) is placed in the asylum on a false conviction and is coerced into helping the governor's experiments, much to the alarm of his girl-friend (Barbara Shelley), who gets a job as Cellistratus' housekeeper to try and help her lover escape.

The asylum is marvellously depicted with it's castle-like appearance and the evil torture devices that litter the inside - the patrolling doberman's also add their own sinister presence.

For the first half-an-hour I kept waiting for the 'fangs' to appear, but they never show - not one single set! BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE is no ordinary vampire film, it takes a completely new approach after the staking at the beginning. Having said that, it still has a strong Hammer feel to it (screenplay by Jimmy Sangster) coupled with Italian horror overtones.

The pore is fairly heavy for 1958 and the experimentation goes in a fore-runner of the lab in SAT OF THE DEAD - check out the mask kept alive with no heart and the poor legless chap with a bloody arm-stump!

Donald Wolfelt is very nasty and easy to hate (what a gross bloodstained leather apron!). Vincent Ball garners some sympathy as the unfortunate doctor, but is not really strong enough personality wise. Barbara Shelley gives a good performance and looks good, but she's totally wasted in such a smallish role.

A very curious film, sometimes the pace slows too much, but it's always good to look at. Not really a vampire film, it's more at home in the 'mad doctor' genre - hell, he even has a hideously deformed blackback as a sidekick! PAUL J. BROWN.

CASTLE KEEP (1969)

Columbia/Filmways Production.
Directed by Sidney Pollack.

Looking through Pollack's career prior to this film and after, CASTLE KEEP stands out as the hardest to categorise. For example, is CASTLE KEEP just another war film, or is there something else in it that says otherwise? Literally, the plot concerns seven war-weary American soldiers, occupying a 10th century castle. The castle is full of priceless art objects, paintings and

statues etc. So they hold their position against the oncoming German attack and risk destroying the castle, with all it's treasures, or do they vacate and save the castle! As things go, the soldiers decide to defend their position, but unfortunately all perils is the ensuing battle against the superior might of the German army, but the big question, suggested in the film is, are they already dead anyway? Confusing, you might think, but on viewing, it becomes apparent that the soldiers 'could' be dead.

Burt Lancaster plays a cool, calculated Captain, who's main aim is to stop the oncoming Germans, no matter what cost, if the castle must be destroyed with all it's treasures, then be it. On the other hand, Patrick O'Neal, who plays a Sergeant, takes a different view of the situation, he is the only person in the story, who can really appreciate the castle with all it's timeless treasures. The other five soldiers just regard what is happening as part of their job. The film is littered with fantasy references throughout, e.g.: the Volkswagen Beetle that will not die, apparently one of the soldiers falls in love with the car, his mates try to sink the Beetle in the sea, peppering it with machine-gun fire, but it refuses to sink; figures in a painting come to life; three soldiers who are defending a position in the castle grounds slowly come to realise that they are about to die. The camera astutely shows this by slowly pulling back, a misty haze appears around the edge, all sound disappears, the landscape is full of explosions, oncoming tanks and soldiers, but in this silent world all is peaceful. Suddenly the screen is lit up with a brilliant red hue, thousands of women appear around the soldiers position, a soldier matters a few words, the camera pulls back revealing a peaceful, mist and rose filled vista. Are the three men on their way to heaven, their only escape from this hopeless situation, out-numbered and out-gunned? You the viewer, must make your own mind up.

Scene by scene, the camera shows the castle being destroyed, statues in the grounds are blown-up in vivid slow motion, tanks flattening everything in their wake. Burt Lancaster defends his position with the help of Patrick O'Neal, who by now has forgotten all about saving the castle or it's treasures. The use of machine-gun fire, flamethrowers, flashbacks, scenes of events that have already passed, as though Burt Lancaster is reminiscing, putting off the inevitable fate that he is about to die. The history of the castle is all destroyed in the wake of man's quest against other men, nothing else matters.

The film is full of very bizarre images, is the middle of an intense battle, through the blinding guns, tank fire and raging fires, a bright red fire-engine appears, for what purpose, the film doesn't tell you. Burt Lancaster's character is hard to see up, he thinks logically, speaks in rhyme and has an answer to everything, except his own fate. The use of the film is a confusing one, are these soldiers really dead, reliving their past,

caught in a timeless vacuum, a silent world, peaceful, contested? It's up to you, the viewer! One thing is for sure, everyone should see this mini-masterpiece! NIGEL SAYLIS.

THE CHASE (1966)

MEDUSA.

Directed by Waldemar Krzanowski.
69 mins.

A prison riot ended with the electrocution of a cruel warden in his own electric chair.

New twenty years later the prison is re-opened as an experimental psychology unit, headed by Dr. Langer and Warden Owyer.

A group of eight hardened criminals are transferred to the unit, all guns well until an electrician starts to fiddle with some faulty wiring....

Strange things start to occur: surges of power, apertitions and eyeballs in light bulbs!

Owyer was also working at the prison at the time of the riot and had abandoned his boss and watched his murder. Ever since that time he has suffered with his guilt. "Don't go psycho on me, Kodie!"

The electrocuted aprit has been waiting for revenge....

The story mainly concentrates on the relationships between the prisoners and the 'Doc' (played by the late James Coco), but unfortunately none of the characters are that interesting (the usual prison drama stereotypes) and Coco comes across as an irritating little schunk!

The weakest performance comes from Paul Benedict, who plays the part of the eye-rolling Warden Owyer.

The film holds no suspense, has a soundtrack that doesn't fit and apart from two effects shots (a severed ear and a popping eye) is very mild handling.

Watch PRISON instead!
PAUL J. BROWN.

C.H.U.D. II - BUG THE CHUD (1986)

Vestron Pictures (First Choice).
Directed by David Irving.

Two teenage jerk-offs manage to lose a school experiment - a dead boy - and they set about finding a replacement. They find one, a C.H.U.D. (Carnibalistic Humanoid Underground Dweller) called 'Bud', who then awakens and proceeds to infect the whole town, turning them into flesh hungry zombies.

The original film, C.H.U.D. was a crock of shit and this sorry tale is no better - the acting is dire, the make-up cheap and the plot is pathetic!

There are a couple of imaginative moments such as a lightening-bus-burner being shoved through a C.H.U.D.'s head and Bud 'giving' his heart to a girl, but even these shots are completely bloodless!

I will admit to raising a smile once or twice at Bud's attempts to get back into the swing of 'normal' life, i.e. walking, dancing, cracking his knuckles etc., but on the whole this is one big yawn.

Robert THE MAD FROM W.M.C.L.L.E.V. Vaughn is in the middle of all this

as a Colonel hot on the trail of his G.H.Q. experiment and he has that "What the f--- am I doing here?" look on his face.

G.H.Q. really stands for Cheap Horrible Ultra Drivel. Be warned.
PAUL J. BROWN.

COCONOS: THE RETURN (1988)

CBS/Fox.

Directed by Daniel Petrie.

The same troop returns, as the title suggests, to rescue the remaining cocoons from an impending undead earthquake - they have four days in which to do this.

They, once again, recruit the help of Steve Guttenberg who provides his boat for the task.

All goes well until a research team discover one of the cocoons for themselves and take it back to their laboratory.

The old folks from the first film have a whale of a time but they soon start to feel their age when back on planet Earth.

The captured alien gets sick and the troop have to go to the rescue....

After the first few minutes I started to get a little bored, as it was just a re-run of the original (the effects were very good but we saw these last time), I decided to stick with it and I was greatly rewarded - the acting of the old folks is top notch and is guaranteed to bring a lump to the most hardened throat!

So, I have no option but to recommend this film, not as a classic fantasy adventure, but as a very touching tale of human emotions.
PAUL J. BROWN.

THE DARK (1979)

THE DARK was released in 1979 after a few problems in its early production; it's original director Tobe (TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE) Hooper was replaced before shooting had even started by John Bad Carlow, a director who specialized in low-budget action pictures, including the fantasy film KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS.

The film starred William Devane, Kathy Lee Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Richard Jaeckel and John Saxon (the seven-foot-plus actor who had previously played Frankenstein's monster in the early seventies) as the creatures.

The film was released by a company who went bankrupt in the early eighties, Film Ventures. The plot briefly tells of how, after the opening credits, which show a fairy ball crashing to earth, a series of random killings take place which hold the city of Los Angeles in a grip of fear (especially at night, an angle that the film plays on a lot). Eventually the creature is cornered in a dilapidated church by a large police task force and after a spectacular shoot-out, with the creature firing energy beams from its eyes at anything that moves (police officers are thrown through the air like rag-dolls when hit by the beams). All conventional firepower proves useless, until the film's main protagonist, played by

William Devane (his screen daughter was killed by the creature early in the story, hence his interest in tracking down the killer) takes it. Once on fire, the creature evaporates into the night, to maybe return another day. As an interesting subplot, a clairvoyant on a yacht attending a party, sees the creature attack a young actor in a vision. This is played on throughout the film until the unfortunate chap does indeed meet his maker.

Although an obvious ALIEN rip-off, THE DARK remains above most films of its type, with its name cast, interesting storyline, high quality photography and excellent special effects (Incidentally, the energy beam effects by Peter (STAR WARS, FEAR NO EVIL) Kuran were added some way through the production to give the film a more spectacular look).

Being a long-time fantasy film fan when I first saw this film in 1983 on video, I had a very pleasant surprise and it has remained one of my favourite movies (along side more conventional heavyweights like 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY) to this very day.

I hope that what I have said about THE DARK will encourage other genre fans to track this mini-masterpiece down.

Believe me, this one's from the heart.
COLIN BATHLES.

THE DEAD POOL (1988)

Warner Home Video.
Directed by Buddy Van Horn.
89 mins.

Dirty Harry is back in his fifth movie outing - THE DEAD POOL.

As if being constantly attacked by mafia members isn't enough to contend with, Harry also has a psychopath on his tail that's been killing people whose names appear on a list known as 'The Dead Pool'.

So why is this film reviewed in a fantasy 'zine, I hear you ask?

Well, the plot revolves around the making of a horror film and the murders are copied from the director's previous movies.

I did visions that this film was

going to take cheap shots at horror fadism, but I haven't have worried, if you look carefully you'll catch a glimpse of an anti-censorship debate on a TV set. Besides, how can a film make a statement about movie violence when most of the deaths shown come from the hero's .44 magnum!

Clint Eastwood is his usual laid back self in the lead role, but he does look a little worse for wear in some shots. However, he can still deliver the goods when it comes to dealing out the action.

The film offers a great car chase sequence that is slightly different from the usual, Clint's police car is hotly pursued by a crooks control top!

Fantasy fans should keep a look out for the films screened in the police station!

Not a brilliant film, but it's still better than some of the things out on the video shelves.
PAUL J. BROWN.

DEAD RINGERS (1988)

CBS/Fox.

Directed by David Cronenberg.
110 mins.

Separation can be a terrifying thing. Having taken gore cinema to its zenith, David Cronenberg now changes tack to create a mind-blowing psychological horror that is as powerful as any of his more visceral films and lingers far longer in the mind.

This is due in no small part to the truly stunning performance(s) of Jeremy Irons in the dual roles of twin gynaecologists Elliot and Beverly Mantle. Having elicited remarkable performances from James Woods in VIDEO DRUGS and Jeff Goldblum in THE FLY, Cronenberg does it again with Irons and any doubts about the wisdom of this piece of casting are soon dispelled as Irons delivers a consummate example of screen acting to create two disparate yet intrinsically linked characters (aided physically by slightly different hair styles and subtle make-up) and the highest compliment that can be paid to him is that you quickly forget that it



is the same actor in both parts as the different personalities are developed and become stronger than the visual similarities.

With such a tour-de-force from Irons (all the more impressive because he had to switch character several times a day during shooting due to time restrictions) it needed a strong female lead and an equally strong actress to play the part to stop the film becoming swamped by Irons' presence, and Claire Stevens as portrayed by Genevieve Bjeld (Irons' own first choice for the role, incidentally) fills the bill admirably on both counts. Her performance is as brave as it is brilliant (can you picture Meryl Streep strapped to the bottom of a bed by rubber tubing and surgical instruments being rogered by Jeremy?) and she contributes greatly to the overall effectiveness of the film - if ever two performers looked odd-one-out certainly for Oscar recognition it was these two, but while Irons did receive the Best Actor critics award for Best Actor (usually a pointer to Oscar success) neither even received Academy Award nominations.

But this isn't just a performance film, equally superlative is Norman Jaser and Grossenberg's script (containing the familiar Grossenberg trait of offbeat monikers for his characters - where does he get these wonderful names! - as well as horrific Grossenbergesque 'instruments for operating on sentient women', something that could only have come from the mind that dreamt up the VIDEOPHONE 'handgun'); it's a multi-layered marvel that explores so many avenues of the human psyche and offers so much food for thought that it needs several viewings to get the grips with and fully appreciate. And Grossenberg's direction is supremely assured, proving once and for all that he doesn't need shock effects to pack a punch (so where was that Oscar nomination?) and he deserves special praise for resisting the temptation to indulge in showy camera tricks involving the Herbie twins, when they need to be seen on screen together they are, as simple as that.

DEAD SINGERS may not have the traditional ingredients of a horror film (and it's not really a horror film per se) but the scenes of the self-destructive Beverly, reduced to drug-induced madness by Claire's apparent rejection of him, being weaned off his addiction by Elliot as he himself is coming to realise the extent of the bond that binds them, are as harrowing as anything the genre has to offer (these scenes, quite incidentally, also deliver a highly persuasive anti-drug message - just say **DEAD SINGERS!**) and the final 30-45 minutes have such a near-unbearable, tragic inevitability about them that are at once both compelling and yet almost unwatchable.

With such a downbeat ending **DEAD SINGERS** could hardly be described as an uplifting experience but it is a highly challenging one and one that demands to be seen. Bare you watch it? Bare you miss it? Either way it's a helluva way to end the decade and I can't wait to see what Grossenberg serves up next, as come on Mr C., stop this acting nonsense

and get back to where you belong doing what you do best. Into the nineties with Grossenberg, but for now: **VIDEO RELEASE OF THE YEAR.**
MARK HUNTON.

DEATH ROW DINKER (1986)

Camp Video.

'Directed' by Dennis Wood.

'The quality control on this production really sucks' says someone at one point 'in this mad and absurd mess; **DEATH ROW** it ain't, that's for sure, although it does rip-off that film's basic premise, opting to replace test drama with cragulous comedy routines and 'tit' jokes. Otis Vitcos, falsely accused and refused his last meal, returns to the scene of his demise some forty years on. Sporting shoddy make-up and ageing unfunny witticisms he then proceeds to routinely slaughter and eat the crew and cast of a 'B' movie being shot in the old prison. If only it had been for real..... I've seen better acting in porno flicks for Christs sake, and at least skin flicks are (moderately) entertaining, whereas **DEATH ROW** DINKER is cheap, offensive and sexist with no redeeming features, bar some largely off-set gore effects. Camp Video are attempting to emulate *Freme Films*, but miss the mark by a mile. Even *Freme* allow their actors to retake fluffed lines - Camp don't give a shit. Yet another 'direct to video' failure. **DEATH ROW DINKER** is unlikely to be released in the U.K. - don't lose any sleep.

SIGEL BURRELL.

DON'T TORTURE A DUCKLING (1972)

(AKA, 'LONG NIGHT OF EORCISH')

Directed by Lucio Fulci.

By far the best Fulci film that I've seen to date, **DON'T TORTURE A DUCKLING** is an enjoyably sleazy, nasty 'giallo' containing all the elements that one can reasonably expect from the Italian schlockmeister who brought us such genre classics as **DONNIE FLESH KATERS**, **THE BEYOND** and the savagely misogynistic **NEW YORK SIFFER**. Sex, sadism and slaughter mix in a heady tangle of witchcraft and superstition set in rural Italy. A child killer is on the loose and suspicion falls on the local 'witch', who has cursed the town's children via voodoo type ceremonies.....If all this is not enough, Fulci stirs in some kinky child sex overtones, a dead baby and a viciously graphic chair-whipping that outdoes the similar scene in the more recent **THE BEYOND**. The impeccably stylish direction, pacing and photography that bind this heady mixture together combine to produce a film that holds the viewer's attention unworringly' from the opening image of a woman's hands scrabbling in the mud to unearth a rotted baby's skeleton, to the tense and shocking finale that really delivers the goods. I cannot praise this film enough; see it and believe it! Very highly recommended.

SIGEL BURRELL.

THE FLY II (1986)

Oh dear. In this dreary and

unconvincing sequel, we're lead to believe that Jeff Goldblum did spawn a son through his relationship with Geena Davis. Yea that's right, and before their opening titles have even begun we see the birth of Stewieville II, in full Technicolor.

The son, Martin Brundle, played by Eric Stoltz, ages rapidly from baby to young man in five years, caused by 'accelerated growth hormones' inherited from Papa Brundle.

Of course his every move is under observation from a team of nervous scientists, who know that one day he will transform like his father.

With the aid of lab assistant Gaphra Zuniga (from Rob Reiner's **THE SUE THING**), Brundle jumbo escapes from the scientific complex. But as he transforms, Mr Zuniga realises that his only chance of finding a cure is back at the complex, so they return to face the now pushed-off scientists, for a bloody showdown. To be fair, Stoltz does okay with his part, and in one scene, after they've escaped, Mr Zuniga urges him to turn himself in because he's getting worse, to which the half mutated Brundle claims 'I'm not getting worse, I'm getting better!' The wonderful philosophy from the first film of 'Maybe I'm a fly who dreamt I was a man' is only hinted at in this scene, and not taken further, which is a shame.

But, effects wizard turned director, Chris Weis, is so Grossenberg and it shows in the gory and predictable finale. A high gloss, high budget production, with no scares or thrills and half the imagination of a low budget Roger Corman quirkie.

SIMON NEADE.

FREDDY'S NIGHTMARES : SAFE SEX (1989)

Braveworld have just released a special 'Freddy 6-Pack', six tapes each containing two episodes (from the popular American TV series).

SAFE SEX contains a story of the same name and another one entitled 'Deadline'. 'Safe Sex' concerns the tale of two teenage boys and their lust for a gothic-rock girl who has a hang-up for Freddy.

'Deadline' features a young man who writes the obituary column in a newspaper and then dreams of his involvement in the deaths he writes about.

Well, what can I say..... I am an admirer of the **ELM STREET** films and approached this tape in two minds (no I'm not schizophrenic!); would it be as good as the movies or was it just a cheap attempt to cash in on the 'Freddy' phenomenon?

Sadly it turned out to be the latter; the plots are very threadbare, the acting is abysmal and the quality of the picture leaves a lot to be desired. Only one scene is worth seeing (that's because it's fairly strong for a TV production), a beating heard is graphically removed by hand in the second story!

Save your rental money for something more worthy!

The other tapes in this collection are titled: **SATURDAY NIGHTMARE FEVER**, **FREDDY'S MOTHERS DAY**, **ROCK ME FREDDY**, **DO DREAMS BLEED?** and **IT'S A MISERABLE LIFE**.

PAUL J. BROWN.

FRIGHT NIGHT PART 2 (1985)

CRS/FOX.
Directed by Tommy Lee Wallace.
99 mins.

It's three years on from the first film and Charlie Brewster is about to stop receiving his therapy - 'vampires do not exist' he says.

While on a visit to his fecked, TV horror host (and vampire killer) Peter Vincent, he spots a strange group of people moving in to the same apartment block....

The vampire are back and they are headed by Bagdas, the sister of Jerry Sandberg. She wants Charlie to live for ever....so she can torture him!

Bagdas manages to infect Charlie's blood through a shaving wound in his neck, starting off the immortalisation process.

Peter and Alex (Charlie's girlfriend, played by Traci Lin) try to save him.

Charlie is likely played William Baggdas who has visibly endured a lot since 'Part 1'. Saddy McDowell recreates his 'Van Helsing' inspired part of Peter Vincent, he is o.k. but he gives the impression that he is desperately trying to be another Peter Cushing! The lead vampire is well acted by Julie Carmen, who is absolutely ideal, she's very sexy, moves well and looks great with fangs!

The use of oddball character types (for the vampires was great casting (one on roller skates, a werewolf who likes to date in the traditional way and a Schwarzenegger clone with a penchant for moths and beetles!)) took out four of the first vampire attack which is very stereotypical and surprisingly gory.

"Although it's predictable in places, FRIGHT NIGHT PART 2 is a worthy sequel, it's well directed, well scripted and has good effects. Thankfully the humour is kept to a minimum.

PAUL J. BROWN.

THE HIDDEN (1987)

CRS/FOX.
Directed by Jack Sholder.
93 mins.

A cop and an FBI agent team up to track down a psychopathic alien-being that inhabits the bodies of unwilling people.

The alien itself, which looks like a cross between a giant slug and the 'Requiem for a Dream' (from FRODO BAGGINS II), is a man sucker and enters the bodies through the mouth of each victim, it then proceeds to turn the respectable (well almost....one of them is a stripper!) hosts into gushing, Ferrari driving, head-banging heavy metal freaks!

Michaelouri plays the cop who's pet is all occurs on and Kyle MacLachlan is the FBI man who is not all he seems to be. The two actors seem to offest each other nicely and they build up an almost 'Starkey & Mutt' type relationship!

The tense action and disturbing violence never really lets up - there are so many blood bags exploding that it makes no wonder if Jack Sholder has shares in the Buren company!

A sure-fire winner - check it out.
PAUL J. BROWN.

HIDER IN THE HOUSE (1989)

Vestron Pictures.
Directed by Matthew Patrick.
105 mins.

At some time or another most people at the feeling that someone is in their house and that they are being watched.....that's the basic premise in this gripping and tense film.

As the credits pop up on screen we hear how young Tom torches his parents after their continual abuse of him.

He is institutionalised and eventually gets fully released as a man in his mid to late thirties. He tells his shrink that he would like to live in a house.....and that he does.

He constitutes a secret room in the attic of a big vacant house. A new family move in and Tom watches and listens (with the aid of a re-wired intercom system) to their every move.

Tom visits his shrink again and tells him that he is living with very nice family and that he would like to have a family of his own.

When Tom finds out that Phil (his husband) is having an affair, he cleverly arranges for Julie (the wife) to find out.

The couple part.....just as Tom wanted, giving him the chance to move in on Julie....

Tom is superbly acted by the very underrated Gary Busey (LUTHERAL WEAPON, SILVER BULLET), he plays the 'perfect' psychopath, one moment he's ready to cave in hands with a torch, the next he's caring and kind saving the kids from everyday problems.

Wendy Rogers (SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME) is as great as the married Julie Dryer, she gives a dedicated performance and it made a refreshing change for her to be in a really challenging role.

Phil Dryer is played by Michael McKee (SHORT CIRCUIT 2), he does o.k. but you can't help feeling he deserves all he gets!

I must also mention Kurt Christopher Kinder, who plays one of the Dryer's two children, he is very convincing - check out the scene with the fire in the attic!

Full credit must go to director Matthew Patrick and the editor Babron Smith, they have paced this film very tightly, I was on the edge of my seat throughout! Patrick has made a wonderful transition from independent filmmaker to first-class director - a name to look for in time to come!

HIDER IN THE HOUSE has had little publicity and may just pass you by unnoticed - I urge you you see this well made thriller.

PAUL J. BROWN.

HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW ROBBERS (1984)

Directed by Fred Olen Ray.
Colourbox Video. 82 mins.

Just when you thought the SNFC couldn't get any pettier, along comes HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW ROBBERS, formerly HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW ROBBERS, until the SNFC decided it couldn't be released under that title, to now it sounds like some porno movie than the enjoyable horror spoof it really is. Naturally the cuts didn't stop

at the title and as it says at the end of the film 'certain scenes of a humorous nature have been censored by the SNFC'. Fortunately, this doesn't detract too much from the film and it remains an entertaining romp.

The story, what there is of it, concerns private eye (cum dick jockey) Jack Chandler (Gibson) and his efforts to find and rescue Samantha (Lianne Gailley) a young runaway who has become involved with an accident chain-saw-whipping cult (!) lead by The Master (Gunnar Hansen, equally horrific without his 'Leatherface' mask) whose 'discipline' are the members of the title. These boppers frequent a seedy bar where they drink 'screaming organs' cocktails and offer the male clientele 't.d.c.' (think about it....no, don't) then escort them to their sleazy rooms and set about them with a chainsaw - the sight of Mercades (Michelle Sars) naked except for a shower cap, wielding her chainsaw with wild-eyed delight is something to behold! (The actual attack takes place off-screen (in the U.K. version) and while there is a fair amount of blood, and even a glimpse of a flying forearm if you're quick, the rest of the killings are completely bloodless.)

Anyway, Chandler finds Samantha, only to find himself captured by the cultists. But, with Samantha's help he escapes and they track the cult

HOLLYWOOD
TO
Hookers

to it's 'temple' (a downtown warehouse) where they are captured once more. Chandler is tied to a sacrificial altar and forced to watch as Samantha undergoes various rituals before sealing her change, and a chainsaw, and engaging Mercades in a chainsaw duel to the death. Having dispatched Mercades, Samantha turns her attention to The Master and it isn't long before old 'Leatherface' finds himself on the wrong end of a chainsaw. Mysteriously, but not too surprisingly, the bodies of Mercades and The Master have disappeared by the time the cops arrive.

And that's about it: the technical credits are all quite competent for this type of low budget affair, although the lighting is far too bloody dark for much of the time (someone's idea of film-noir lighting or just an attempt to disguise the cheap sets?) and the acting is all above average, especially considering that the females were doubtfully cast more for their physical attributes than their thespian ones, and Jay Richardson is particularly good as the seedy private eye, Chandler, especially with his narration of the story; while the dialogue consists mainly of the sort of jokes that make you laugh in spite of yourself, along with a few genuinely funny ones (far too many 'it' references though).

So, with it's blend of blood, breasts, brainless dialogue and 'same' stars like Linnea Quigley and Susan Hansen, coupled with an agreeable sense of it's own ridiculousness, **HOLLYWOOD (CHAINSAW) SHOCKERS** could well be on it's way to cult status, if it isn't there already, and perhaps the joke reference to a sequel - "STUDENT CHAINSAW NURSES: AID TO THE HOME" - may become a reality.

Sadly, can you really resist a film that features an actor called Rocky Flyswatter and offers what is likely to be your only chance to see lovely Linnea Quigley perform the 'Virgin' dance of the Double Chainsaw?!! Recommended.

MARK HURTON.

Ah, but what about those cuts? The first, as expected, comes with the first of the Hollywood hooker chainsaw killings as Mercedes carries up her victim with an enthusiastic glass, her shower cap proving wholly inadequate as the blood flows by the gallon, and there's a great 'throwaway' slight gag involving that foramen. The next cuts come with the next killing which entails plenty of entrails as Lisa dispatches her victim with aqua gusto. And the final cuts come in the final scene with the 'death' of Mercedes and The Master being far more graphic, and therefore amusing, than is the official U.K. release (all the violence is so over the top that it couldn't possibly be construed as offensive). So definitely check out the cut version, but try and catch the usual one if at all possible. Both recommended.

ARNOLD FLYSWATTER (no relation).

1 DISMEMBER MAMA (1972)

(aka "POOR ALBERT & LITTLE ANNIE" and "CRAZED")
Directed by Paul Leder.

Obscure and ultra-sleazy sicko which bowled across the US in the mid-seventies on an infamous double-bill with **THE BLOOD SPATTERED BRIDE**. Under it's original title of "POOR ALBERT & LITTLE ANNIE" it went nowhere; a new name and an effective 'ad' campaign ensured that it became a cult hit and a drive-in standby. The title is, of course, a cheat; neither gets dismembered, but there is enough early '70' gore to keep an audience awake, and director Leder ladies out liberal doses of female flesh amidst the mandatory bad acting and lousy dialogue. The film's minimal premise is this; psychopathic spoilt little rich boy Albert, enthusiastically over-acted by Josey Hall, is resident in a mental home of dubious quality, where he releases watching porno flicks and cutting the throats of wardens. He is also something of a philosopher, and when he isn't screaming "My mother's a whore!", he pontificates on the meaning of life! "What good is bleeding, if all it ever results is a multiplication of vices?" he enquires a one point. What indeed?

Predictably escaping, Albert returns home to kill his Ma, but when he finds she's out, he settles for slashing and sexually humiliating her house-help, prior to killing her in an unpleasant scene that was excised from it's video

Hunting desires
something in his mind
lead to a night
of ghastly
atrocities!



DISMEMBER MAMA

re-release here (as "CRAZED"). When the eleven year-old daughter of the hapless house-keeper comes home early, Albert elopes with the child, played by the engagingly innocent Gert Reischl, in whom he perceives the only female that he can love without feeling sexually threatened by. If this scenario sounds sick to theory, it is less so in practice as Leder cannot quite carry it off on film. However, he does try hard and to give him his due, there are several scenes which deliver genuine jolts, and the 'mock' wedding between Albert and Annie is intensely moving as well as being disturbingly weird. Also of note, is the scene where Albert is torn between his 'pure' love of Annie, and his urge to violate her sleeping innocence. This tense scene ends with Albert leaving their hotel room (a wedding suite, natch!), and cruising round the local bars looking for substitutes for ritual slaughter.

After all that, it seems almost anti-climatic when Albert finally flips his wig and goes after his pre-pubescent sweetheart with a meatcleaver in a hallucinogenic chase through a cannikin factory, and crashes through a window to his death in the street below. Oddball, distinctive and way off centre, **DISMEMBER MAMA** attempts to rise above it's lowly status and becomes a kind of deconstructed **LOLETA**, but Paul Leder is no Stanley Kubrick, that's for sure!
NIGHT MURKILL.

IMPULSE (1984)

More dismal dress from Graham Parker, the director of **THE FINAL CONFIDENT** (and you thought that was bad, right?).

The pedestrian plot - a sort of **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS** in reverse only without the classic's style, inventiveness and sense of mounting tension - concerns a young

couple, Meg Tilly and Tim Matheson, returning to her rural home town to find the residents acting very strangely (rabbling banks, urinating in public, etc), which is more than can be said for the two stars who don't bother to act at all (and yet we know Tilly can from her work in **PSYCHO II** and her Oscar-nominated performance in **AGNES OF GOD**).

The leaden direction, limp script and non-performances of the entire cast (the general level of commitment to the project being exemplified by the fact that Meg Tilly has a 'body double' for some fairly innocuous semi-naked photos of her needed in the story) guarantees that by the time Matheson discovers the residents strange behaviour is caused by toxic waste seeping into a stream and thence into the local milk supply (don't ask) you'll have stopped wondering, and by the time the authorities wipe out the whole infected town (except Ms. Tilly - she doesn't drink milk!) you'll have long stopped caring. Resist any impulse to watch this turkey.

MARK HURTON.

INNERSPACE (1987)

WARNER HOME VIDEO.

115 mins.

Directed by Joe Dante.

Fandlaton (Dennis Quaid), a has-been test pilot, takes the only job he can get and is miniaturised in an experiment to travel inside a rabbit's body. The experiment is halted by a gang of terrorists and in order to stop the villains getting their hands on Fandlaton, he is injected into the neurotic hypochondriac, Futter (Martin Short).

The bad guys (led by Kevin McCarthy and Vernon Wells) set off for the unfortunate Futter to try and retrieve his tiny companion, who's air supply will expire in a few hours.



Futter is able to communicate with Pendleton and the gags fall thick and fast. They are assisted in their plight by Penderton's girl-friend (Meg Ryan).

First of all, I must congratulate Warner for releasing this film in the letter-box format, perhaps Producer Steven Spielberg had something to do with that!

The story takes it basic premise from the 1956 film FANTASTIC VOYAGE and in the capable hands of Joe Dante it takes on a new zany comic approach. At one point the baddies get miniaturized themselves and they leap around looking like psychopathic 'Lord Charles' dummies!

The cast all give good performances, especially Martin Short (helped by some amazing effects and breath-taking stunts) and you can see some definite chemistry between Quaid and Ryan - re-teamed again for the new G.I. Joe as well as in real life!

I found the whole outing very enjoyable and have only one gripe - how the hell did Kevin McCarthy's tiny credit card operate the normal sized telephone?

Available on well-thought and worth adding to your collection if only for the chance of catching a glimpse of a vibrator in a Steven Spielberg movie!!!

PAUL J. BROWN.

IT'S ALIVE III : ISLAND OF THE ALIVE (1986)

WARNER HOME VIDEO.
Directed by Larry Cohen.
90 mins.

They're back, these cute 'n cuddly mutant babies....

Five of them are spared by a kindly Judge and are put on an uninhabited island to fend for themselves and where they can do no harm to anyone.

Four years later an expedition is mounted to seek them out and check on their progress. Stephen Jarvis, the father of one, accompany's the party of ecologists.

The 'babies' have grown dramatically and proceed to rip and tear they way through the group, leaving Jarvis as their guide back to the mainland (They can communicate telepathically!) to seek out Jarvis' estranged wife, Ellen....

Director Larry Cohen has come up trumps with this quirky, way over the top entry into the 'baby boom' genre, and why not(?) (to coin a well used phrase), after all he started the ball rolling in 1974 with the original IT'S ALIVE (the second instalment, IT LIVES AGAIN came in 1976), this third part is easily one of his best movies!

The always reliable Michael

Moriarty is thoroughly convincing as Jarvis and with Karen Black as his wife, who gets better and better after a shaky start, they make a proud pair of parents!

The 'babies' themselves are depicted by muscular atopy action models and, later on, as men-in-suit thimbles with big heads, claws and feet - so stupid that you'll just love 'em to death!

If you want fun from your VCR you can do no wrong in hiring this!

PAUL J. BROWN.

THE LAIS OF THE WHITE WORM (1986)

Vestron Pictures. Produced and Directed by Ken Russell.

Based on Bram Stoker's 1911 novel of the same name, this film tells the tale of a young archaeologist, Angus Flint (Peter Capaldi), who unearth's a strange skull at the Derbyshire home/farm of Mary and Eve Trent, recently orphaned when their parents disappeared at the site of an old cavern. The farm, we soon discover, was built on the site of an old convent and before that a Pagan temple.

There is an annual celebration given by Lord James D'Ampton (Hugh Grant) to commemorate the legend that his ancestor slew a giant snake centuries ago. Could there be some truth in this legend? - it seems so, as the arrival of Lady Sylvia March (Amanda Donohoe) hints that she has some sort of snake connections. She steals the strange skull and in doing so apita brown poison at a crucifix on a while sporting the longest set of fangs I've ever seen.

It all turns out that Lady Sylvia is really a centuries old, immortal priestess, devoted to the giant serpent and she is looking for a virgin girl to act as sacrifice to resurrect the beast.

Well, Catherine Osenberg is the virgin she's been looking for - if you can believe that! She is hypnotized and kidnapped by Lady Sylvia. The n D'Ampton, Flint and Mary Trent (Samantha Davis) try to solve the mystery.

Amanda Donohoe gives the best performance by far, even if it is way over the top. She dresses in alinky, kinky clothing and allithere and hiaaaa her way round the gothic acts whilst luring men (and boys) into her den.

Hugh Grant plays a real jerk of a character that only comes up with one good idea in the whole 94 minutes - he lures the snake-lady out of her lair by playing snake-charming through speakers perched on his roof top!

Osenberg and Davis as the Trent girls are likeable but tend to get a bit monotonous after a while, ie. ten minutes!

However, Peter Capaldi's character turns out to be quite an interesting chap, who reveals himself to be a kind of Van Helsing (perhaps he picked up some hints when he played Jonathan Harker in the Half Moon stage production of 'Dracula') as he sets out to destroy the cult.

Stratford (E GARS) Johns has a small amusing role as D'Ampton's butler, but he's too much like the one in ARTHUR to be original.

The locations used for filming are very effective - I love that cavern!





The special effects range from good to average, the best shot being the hacking in half of a snake-woman while in mid-air! The actual pit that houses the giant serpent is supposed to be very deep, but it doesn't have any depth (if you get my drift?), for the right effect I suggest you view the scene in STAR WARS where Obi-Wan-Kenobi switches off the tractor beam.

There are some typical Russell hallucination scenes which borrow heavily from his own *THE DEVILS* and the underrated *ALTERED STATES*, but having said that, they are still fairly startling and would be shocking to some.

LAIS has been promoted as a horror/comedy, but I have my doubts as to whether this was the original intention - it may have been decided during shooting as it is very corny, but it did bring quite a few laughs from the audience I saw it with.

To sum up then: fairly good plot, easy to follow, a few laughs and a couple of scares - worth checking out.

I have only one question to ask though - why are Ananda Donohoe's scripts so hairy? PAUL J. BROWN.

MARIAC COP (1988)

FRANCE.

Directed by William Lustig.

A killer cop is on the loose and no one is safe, not the intended victims of his revenge, not the general public, nor even his fellow cops, especially the one who is being set up as the scapegoat.

This is the basic premise of *MARIAC*

and those who prefer their thrillers without the surface gloss of mainstream Hollywood output (the only fault with Michael Mann's *MANNHINTER*) couldn't do much better than this example of low-budget film making from one of its finest exponents, Larry IT'S ALIVE, & *THE WINGED SERPENT* Cohen. Sara Cohen produces and provides the script and he is ably assisted by the cast of ex-stars (I know the face...) headed by Tom Atkins, Bruce EVIL DEAD Campbell (in another physically

demanding victimised-innocent role), Laurene Landon (why isn't this lady a star?) and Sherie North (giving the film's best performance); and director William Lustig, who brings together all the staples of the genre - good use of gratty locations, tough dialogue and a fair share of violence (cut, naturally) - to produce a film that is guaranteed to keep you entertained right up to the final shoot-out which, without giving too much away, leaves the way wide open for a sequel.



The only real disappointments are the pisa-poor disfigurement make-up as the senile cop's face (only seen in the final scenes and then only in close-up as it's come too evident in long shots) which could easily be copied (and bettered) by senile make-up buffs simply by attacking tasters of sticky bacon to their heads (vegetarians will have to take their own fun - don't we always?), and, more seriously, the demotion of Laurence Landon to a secondary, hapless female role and it's one she's clearly not comfortable with having established herself as fantasy film's top action heroine in such films as **HANDA, YELLOW HAIR** and **THE FORGOTTEN OF GOLD AND AMERICA** 2000 (well ahead of pretenders to the crown like Sybil Danning and Brigitte Nielsen). This is definitely a retrograde step and if there is a sequel it's to be hoped that her character will be allowed to grow and develop considerably.

These quibbles aside, **MANIAC COP** is still an enjoyable, unpretentious film and well worth checking out.

MARK MURTON.

MONSTERS (1984)

Castle Hending Video.
A Laurel Production.

This is the new American TV series that is wowing 'em in the States right now. Each tape has two episodes on it and two tapes have been released so far.

Tape 1 has 'FEVERMAN' & 'SLEEPING DRAGON'. Tape 2 has 'PARENTS FROM SPACE' & 'PILLOW TALK'.

'FEVERMAN' - directed by Michael Gornick.

A desperate father takes his dying daughter to the perpetually drunk 'feverman' - who has to physically fight the 'big' fever inside the little girl.

An unbelieveing doctor ruins the 'operation' and has to take the place of the 'feverman'.....

A truly cracking piece of TV horror with ex-UNCLE Sam David MacCallum in the title role.

Look out for the 'fever' itself which is actually a grotesque fleshy creature sculpted by make-up man Kevin Massey under the watchful eye of Dick Smith, who acts as effects consultant for the series).

'SLEEPING DRAGON' - directed by Michael Ahearn.

An archaeologist unearths a giant 45 million year old shell that contains a reptilian creature, which when disturbed proceeds to devour a technician. A scientist then tries the old 'I'll try and reason with it' routine....with obvious consequences.

The surviving members have to destroy it.....

The first episode was superb and unfortunately this one is too hurried to fit into the 1 hour time slot. The acting is weak and the creature is not that good, a typical man-in-a-suit thing!

'PARENTS FROM SPACE' - directed by Jerry Soth.

Cindy, an orphaned girl, lives with a pair of horrible foster parents. Aliens land in the back yard and switch bodies with the 'parents'....

Cindy now likes them because they treat her nicely, but then the time comes for the aliens to leave.....

This story stands out as a modern fairy-tale and although the ending is telegraphed early on it still managed to amuse me.

'Bat' fans should recognise 'The Sittler' Frank Gorshin as the foster father.

'PILLOW TALK' - directed by Carl Slime.

Miles, a horror novelist, lures girls back to his pad with the aim of getting them into bed....to feed the monster that lives under the sheets!

All goes well until he meets Vicki, a fellow writer, who has a terrible secret herself.

Well, several girls take with a devouring scene that you wouldn't believe!

The bed-creatures, with it's teeth and tentacles, is awfully well realised by **PHANTASM II** effects man Steve Patino.

Well, if these tapes a just a taster of the whole series, I want to see more. Laurel have shown the producers of **FREDDY'S NIGHTMARES** how it should be done!

Each tape is available for just \$9.99.
PAUL J. ZIMON.

LA MONTE VIVANTE (THE LIVING DEAD GIAL) (1962)

Written and Directed by Jean Rollin.
Music by Philippe D'Aram. Special Effects by Benoit Lemaire. Photography by Max Montellier.

Well acted, masterfully directed and impeccably filmed, **LA MONTE VIVANTE**, Jean Rollin's homage to Jean Cocteau (**LA BELLE ET LA SEITE** (1946)) and Georges Franju (**LES YEUX SANS VISCERE** (1959)) turns out to be one of the best horror films of the last three decades and undeservedly languishes in cinematic limbo. Perhaps it is not so difficult to see why - **LA MONTE VIVANTE** is definitely no knee-jerk production line exploitation film. It is seriously made, and sufficiently 'arty' to alienate the horror fan reliant on a diet of Jason style slashier epics, or the increasingly plastic and infantile Freddy flicks. It is staggeringly gruesome, to be sure, but the hardcore violence is belated by long, largely silent dreamlike flashbacks and passages of poetic beauty. It is also unashamedly sadco-erotic to an almost paranoiac degree, and this too elevates Rollin's film out of the mainstream.

Whilst the visual style and overall 'feel' of the film are quite complex, the basic storyline is straightforward. A combination of bungled grave-robbing and volcanic gases released by an earth tremor leads to the resurrection of blonde haired Catherine Valmont. Having gouged out the eyes of one of the grave-robbes, and made rather a mess of another man's throat, the living dead girl (portrayed by the lovely Marina Pierro) leaves her crypt and slowly and sensually makes her way back to her erstwhile home. Once there she drifts dreamily down long

corridors, and through empty rooms, stopping only to toy mechanically with a rocking-horse and a music box. An old photograph unleashes a flood of memories, the little girl at the piano sitting together in the summer sun; pleading eternal love in a pact sealed with their own blood...Catherine's eyes fill with helpless, hopeless tears, she scarcely knows why.

Elsewhere the very same childhood friend, Helene (Francoise Blanchard), rings the Valmont house, only to be 'answered' by Catherine playing the music box down the line. Puzzled and intrigued Helene sets off to investigate....In the meantime Catherine has assuaged her stomach cramps by brutally slaughtering a trusting couple in a suitably sleazy scene. The image of blood spraying over female breasts is especially powerful, and disturbing. Helene utters: "My God, it isn't true!" she cries, upon the naked and blood-spattered figure of her dead friend seated at the piano - but it is true....Helene's initial feelings of fear and revulsion at the carnage are overcome by the desire to protect Catherine, who is in a child-like state, barely able to talk. At this point, it becomes obvious that Helene's love for her friend is not entirely platonic, neither are her blatantly displayed than in a chillingly sensual scene in which Helene holds out her own bleeding arm to Catherine in a bizarre eroticised parody of their childhood pact. Now they truly do become blood sisters in a scene of quite remarkable power Helene offers up the still warm carcass of a white dove to Catherine, who takes it, slowly and sadly shakes her head and drops it to the ground - she can accept no substitute for the real thing....

Down in the village sub-plot is developing. Two American tourists, Barbara and Greg, become unwittingly involved in the unfolding tragedy. Barbara ('I'm BEA a photographer, I'm an actress!') has captured Catherine on film, and is intrigued by this ghost-like embezzled girl walking barefoot through the summer fields. "Don't you think she's eerie?" she asks Greg. She is perturbed when everyone identifies with this mysterious woman as Catherine Valmont, dead two years since.

Back at the chateau things are taking an increasingly nasty turn. Helene kidnaps a passing female motorist and feeds her to Catherine, who slowly and relentlessly disembowels her in a scene as appalling as to be almost unbearable. The agonised screams of the doomed motorist echo through the Valmont house, driving Helene's hands clasped firmly over ears, to the pigeon-loft as an attempt to escape the noise; Frightened birds flutter around her as she cries die out....Catherine drinks deeply....

However, Catherine is more than just another bloodsucking ghoul. As she regains her speech and her senses she realises, shakily, the horror of her situation. In effect she becomes a corpse with a conscience; "I am in pain" she cries to her friend, "my place is in the crypt....". When Barbara, camera at

the ready, sneaks into the house hoping for a "scoop" she finds more than she could possibly have wished for - Catherine, alone in the loft, lost is thought and the poet: "I am dead" she cries out, "I am DEAD!". After a brief tussle with Helene, Barbara breaks loose and flees.

And as the stage is set for the inevitable disaster. Despite Helene's antipathy Catherine refuses to leave her home. "Helene, make an end of me", she begs, but all to no avail. As night falls Helene acts off for town to collect another victim, leaving Catherine crying out "No more blood!". Returning with a young villager, Helene ties the unfortunate girl to a pillar and sadistically slices her belly with a sword. Screams rebound off the crypt walls, and crimson flows...but Catherine will not drink. Greg and Barbara arrive only to be despatched in a rather perfunctory manner, the photographer becoming a human torch, Greg meeting the wrong end of an axe. Whilst Helene is cutting up rough outside the chateau, down in the crypt Catherine stirs...She moves towards the sobbing, terrified village girl, scoops, picks up the sword, advances and...cuts the girl free, helping her escape. Then she calmly walks into the meat, but her suicide attempt is foiled by Helene, who just cannot let go. There is only one recourse left to Catherine; she lunges at Helene, and chows down on her throat. A virtual river of blood flows, the camera pulls back into long shot as Catherine howls in bitter despair over the broken body of her best friend. The freeze frames and credits roll...

LA MORTE VIVANTE is a visual dichotomy, inasmuch as it clearly operates on two levels of interpretation. It is as much a gory vampire/zombie story (and can be enjoyed on that basis alone), but also an allegory on the devouring intensity of love, sexual or otherwise. In her love for Catherine, Helene is the character

that the viewer ultimately perceives as being the true monster. Catherine, child-like, doomed and strangely innocent, commands our pity, not our hate. Driven by forces beyond her control, she finally regains the moral perspective to realize the futility of a life based on endless bloodshed. Helene, in comparison, is driven by her libido, and that is the scariest notion of all. "Love is Strength" someone once sang, and Lolita's LA MORTE VIVANTE helps to illustrate why. A shocking and disquietingly perverse experience, this film has to be seen - it MUST be seen.....

NIGEL BURNELL.

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 4 : THE DREAM MASTER (1988)

A PALACE PICTURES RELEASE.
NEW LINE CINEMA
DIRECTED BY Renny Harlin.
93 mins

Oh yes, not another sequel I hear you cry - yep, Robert Englund returns as Freddy Krueger in what I consider to be the best of the series.

After some great opening credits, the story starts with a very creepy sequence that occurs in the dream of Kristen (Tuesday Knight), one of the three survivors from PART 3 (the other two being Joey (Rodney Eastman) and Kincaid (Sam Segall)), she dreams of Freddy - back from the dead!

The other two get drawn into the dream and the terror starts again. Kincaid's dog urinates a flame onto the bones of Mr Krueger, causing his body to slowly "recompose". Once assembled, the bladed glove springs into place and he coolly picks up his victims - the resurrection is complete, Freddy is back!!

Kincaid and Joey are soon killed by Freddy in the usual gruesome ways - Joey's death gives a new meaning to the phrase 'wet dream' and is quite effective.

Some other kids get involved in the

terror - most notably Alice, played by newcomer Lisa Wilcox, who's psychic power enables her to enter the dreams of others.

A wonderful surreal sequence occurs when Kristen, who is desperately trying not to sleep, is unknowingly given sleeping pills by her worried mother. When she realises what her mother has done, she panics and gets dizzy. This shot is shown from a spinning overhead camera. I for one was relieved when it was over as I started to feel a little sick! She 'awakens' on a beach and feels safe but is soon confronted by Freddy doing a marvellous 'Jaws'

impression! Once on the beach he even dons a pair of mirrored-shades. Alice enters Kristen's dream with the aid of her special power and she sees Freddy throw Kristen's body into his boiler-room furnace. But, in a great effects shot, he shows Alice his children' entombed in the scarred flesh of his torso.

As the story unfolds (at a great pace), Alice becomes stranger as each kid is killed. The victims are all despatched in a wide variety of grisly ways; one has her life literally sucked out by a Freddy kiss; a martial arts expert has a contest he can never win; a female bodybuilder has her arms broken off and then gets turned into a giant cockroach!

Alice gradually evolves into 'The Dream Master', ready to take on Freddy Krueger - "You got their powers.....I've got their souls" he says.

The final confrontation is an effects extravaganza and is quite remarkable for the relatively low budget of around \$5.3m. At one stage a bolt of energy rips a hole through Freddy's chest and his beating heart is exposed - but, the real icing-on-the-cake-effect comes when the souls of Freddy's victims burst their way through his entire body and tear him apart - brilliant, worth the price of admission alone!

Renny Harlin's direction is very slick, very polished and proves that



he is a name to be reckoned with. His previous film, **PRISON**, was also very watchable, but is not in the same league as **KIM STREET 4**.

Robert Englund's performance is first class. His one-liners, although incredibly corny, are delivered expertly and his personality shines through the brilliant Kevin Yeager make-up. He is given just the right amount of screen-time to make his presence chilling and believable. Some critics have panned the series for going away from the nastiness, but to me Freddy still looked mean when sending the blades deep into the young flesh! Englund has literally carved his name deeply into this character and I'm sure so too will he could play the part, but having said that I'll have to wait and see what happens after **PART 3**.

There is an affectionate homage to Freddy's creator with the local cafe being called 'The Graveyard'. Believe me, you'll look at pizza in a different light after this!! See it, even if you hate sequels!!
PAUL J. BROWN



NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR (1969)

Directed by Jay W. Mosch Jr.

Entertaining, and considerably more bloody, 'homage' to Hitchcock's **PSYCHO**. Posters for this cheap bloodbath claimed that it was filmed in 'Violent Vision' - grating lines to anyone else! Set in New Orleans, **NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR** concerns the tale of an ex-mental patient, shyly portrayed by Gerald McRaney, who falls under suspicion when his girlfriend gets her eyeball graphically skewered on the end of a large batpin.... but why is his mother so protective of him, and why does she matter to an unseen third party behind closed doors? The plot may be relatively threadbare but is fleshed out with some very gory scenes of mayhem and carnage; cheap psychedelic optical swirls and childhood flashbacks prestage savage axe murders and meat-cleaver mutilations, leading to a grisly and gothic finale in a corpse littered basement.

NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR is gritty, tense, quite well made, and acted, has good effects and a wild nightclub scene featuring fresh-cut groovers 'The Forged' elevating this film above the merely mundane.... a definite thumbs up for this one!

NIGEL RUSSELL.

PARENTS (1969)

reotem Pictures.
Directed by Bob Salaban.

Michael is an everyday ten year-old living in fifties America, who suspects that his parents are cannibals! That, in a nut shell, is the plot! It sounds simple, but believe me this is definitely not a simple film.

PARENTS is a remarkable directorial debut from actor Bob SALABAN (**CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, ALTERED STATES, 2010**) Salaban (he has directed TV, this is his first motion picture). He certainly has good prospects for future direction jobs - some of the camera work is tremendous. He has

selected an excellent cast and paces the film perfectly throughout it's shortish running time (around 80 mins).

Sandy Qued is the father (Nick Laszlo), who would give any kid a complex - he comes across like the all-American father but is really a complete bastard!

Mary Beth Hurt plays the mother (Lily), an attractive provocative woman who adores her family and has come to love her husbands ways.

Sandy Genesis takes the part of the school psychologist who is fascinated by Michael's thoughts about his parents.

Little Michael is brilliantly acted by Bryan Madoraky (he's the real life next door neighbour of the producer!), he has such innocent and questioning eyes that are perfect for the part. He looks a little like a young Brad Pitt.

The sets and music are pure fifties and ate a treat for the eyes and ears.

For me it made a pleasant change to see cannibals portrayed in such a low key way rather than have it thrust in your face with trash like **CANNIBAL FESK** or **CANNIBAL WOLFGAST**.

Don't miss it and have a long look at that juicy steak before you bite into it!
PAUL J. BROWN.

PET SEMATARY (1969)

Directed by Mary Lambert.

O.K., so it isn't and could never be as shocking and taboo breaking as the Stephen King novel, but this adaptation is at least faithful to the book, and is nowhere near as bad as some would have us believe. Perhaps this is due to the fact that King himself wrote the screenplay.

He also cameos as a vicar at a funeral. However, the film's standout performance comes from Fred 'Herman Munster' Gwynne, who really steals the show. Mary Lambert's direction is workmanlike, with most of the 'actors' being rather routine. Where Lambert does score is in her sensitive handling of the central theme of child-death; this renders the film's grisly finale all the more shocking, as the 'dead' two year-old Gage Creed, revived by crass means, scalpel-slashes his way through Fred Gwynne's face and bites out his throat. The extreme gore is counter-balanced by relatively tedious 'Hollywood' passages; somehow we never really get to know the Creed family well enough to 'feel' for them, though the children are very good. The scene between Louisa Creed and her daughter where-in they discuss death and it's aftermath is really moving. Generally speaking the effects and make-up are effective. The Gage animatronic dummy is superb, scarily convincing... However, I could have done without a cheap crappy glowing eyes 'effect' for the zombie cat, Church - I mean, give us a break Mary! Despite some mainstream meandering **PET SEMATARY** gets a thumbs up, though one wonders how Gwynne would have handled it, if he had stayed with it? Still, I've seen a lot worse. **Great** theme song by 'The Sencenes' rounds things off nicely. A good try.

NIGEL RUSSELL.

PHANTASM II (1982)

It seems to be a habit of mine to watch the sequels of films before the originals, such as **PHI** **OSAD II** before number one or **GAY OF THE OSAD** as my first 'Dead' film. Such as this is do not expect too much

comparison to the original **FRANTASM**.

The film starts off as an introduction to anyone who doesn't know the background, explaining the Tall Man and his psychotic dwarves and who the original characters are, Mike (released from the loony bin after **FRANTASM** induced madness) and Reggie, who go hunting the Tall Man with A-Team inspired weapons, and not forgetting the girl who can contact Mike through her dreams.

The heroes wander through Northwest America discovering towns that the Tall Man has destroyed, all the occupants are killed off, their bodies are then taken from their

graves, they are crushed and re-animated as the dwarves. Unfortunately all of this takes up the first half of the film, so it becomes slow going until....they find the Tall Man.



It is here we are given the **FRANTASM** trademark 'Flying Spheres', not your ordinary ones though, these have spikes and drills protruding from them and are flesh-breaking, can gruesome FX! The film goes on to use some Black and Dekker power tools, a four barreled shotgun and hydrochloric acid.

So, if you are someone who, like me, enjoys gory effects and their humor as in **EVIL DEAD**, then this film you should not miss on pain of violent death.

Now it's just a short wait before **FRANTASM III** graces the big screen...

DANIEL LAVENDER.

2/26/89

PREDATOR (1987)

Bulky Arnold Schwarzenegger stars in yet another picture that was custom built for him - and what a corker it is, excellently paced by director John McTiernan.

Arnold plays a character called Major 'Dutch' Schaefer, who is the leader of a tough troop of soldiers that have been sent into the jungle on a mission - but unknown to the unit, an alien has come to play and is not the least bit interested in 'showing home', before (we've not told the gender) is here to hunt and generally kick-ass!

The whole film is constructed with macho-bulletshit and I loved every minute of it, especially some of the performances from the muscle-bound actors. Carl Weathers, making a break from his **ROCKY** boxing bouts, perhaps



F A N T A S Y N O P S I S

he had visions of Apollo Creed rising from the dead to fight again and insisted that his character had one arm ripped off to finally get out of the series!

The almost invisible, chameleon-like creature is totally awesome, designed by Stan Winston and played by the giant 7'2" Kevin Peter Hall (the part was originally offered to Jean Claude Van Damme, the French serial action actor/sexer seen in *MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE* and *CYBORG*, he accepted and some scenes were filmed, but there was a lot of bad feeling between Arnie and himself, so a replacement was sought), who asks Arnie look well (not an easy task). One by one the predator tears apart the crack team until it's one-on-one time with Schwarzer.

The creature has heat sensing vision which is quite convincingly realized, but is weakened by the fact that Arnie can camouflage himself with mud!! Even I could spot some pink bits!

The locations used, were extremely well chosen, even if they did destroy half of it with about 20,000 rounds of ammunition!

The film will thrill both action and fantasy fans alike - a great film for the lads on a Friday night, being a few six-packs along and settle back into your favourite chair.

One last point though - just how far do you have to be from a mate when it goes off to remain safe? Stupid question really, I've just remembered it's a Schwarzenegger movie!

PAUL J. BROWN.

A RETURN TO SALTEN'S LOT (1987)

WARNER HOME VIDEOS.

Directed by Larry Cohen.
97 mins.

Michael Moriarty plays an anthropologist (Joey Weber) who gets called home from a trip abroad by his ex-wife who cannot handle their disruptive son, Jeremy, whom he hasn't seen for three years - he takes Jeremy to a cottage that was left to him in an aunt's will.... the place is Salten's Lot - a very peaceful and almost deserted looking place that 'only comes alive' at night!

The whole town is a community of vampires, lead by Judge Axel. They have been surviving on the blood of man and cattle(!) for the past 300 years.

The vampires want Weber to write a chronicle of their history - a kind of evil Bible.

Jeremy feels right at home with the vampires and wants to stay, but Weber needs to destroy the place and he gets the assistance of an old wise-cracking Mari-hunter who knows a thing or two about blood-suckers! This is one of those films that you'll either love or loathe, I take the latter view. It has absolutely nothing to do with *Tom Hopper's* original *SALTEN'S LOT*, which is quite probably one of the finest TV movies ever made. (Do you like to see your vampires going to sleep in their coffins wearing silk pyjamas!!?)

The vampires themselves are portrayed as a load of boring old cretins and are about as scary as your local over-sixties club!

One or two gory moments and a nice use of farm-workers tools at the

ending add a brief bit of interest but on the whole this is pretty tepid stuff.

Avoid at all costs, especially if you appreciate the original!

PAUL J. BROWN.

REVENGE OF THE LIVING DEAD (1966)

Directed by Peter B. Herscov.

If there is a pornography of violence, as some steadfastly maintain, then this sad and sorry piece of cinematic filth, posing as a horror film, would make a perfect example. The plot is basically this: three women, bored by small town life, contrive, with the help of a fourth woman, to pretend to die, to be buried alive and to emerge from their designer coffins (complete with cheap latex zombie masks) at regular intervals to kill and mutilate their erstwhile neighbours. Sub or what? As if this insultingly and ludicrous premise isn't enough, the viewer is made to witness some of the most excessive and, in the context of this trite plot, gratuitous ultra-violence yet committed to film. Putting it bluntly, *REVENGE OF THE LIVING DEAD* is cheap, nasty exploitation of the very worst order. That director Herscov intended this 'film' (I use the term loosely), as entertainment is incredible - is there really anyone out there reading this article who is amused or (God help us!) titillated by the sight of a woman having her eyes gouged out by stiletto heeled shoes? Or a pregnant woman's distended stomach bursting open in full technicolour, allowing her foetus to drip down her legs? How about having a woman indulge in a lesbian rape orgy with three female 'zombies' then having a sword inserted (graphically) where the sun rarely shines, gouts of blood spurting over her pubic hair? It is needless and blatantly offensive crap like this that puts ammunition into the hands of those who would like to see the horror genre abolished for good; as for this film, there's only one solution.....flush it.....

GORDON WELLS

SIESTA (1987)

Directors: Mary Lambert. Producers: Gary Kurfurst. Script: Patricia Louislague Knapp, based on the novel by Patricia Chaplin. 97 mins.

First take Ellen Barkin, Martine Sheen, Jodie Foster, Gabriel Byrne, Julian Sands, Isabella Rossellini and Albert Seltzer; then remove Ms. Barkin's undies, give Ms. Foster an English accent and Mr. Seltzer a foreign one, blast Mr. Sheen to a few short scenes at the beginning of the film and Ms. Rossellini to a few, mainly at the end, and what do you get? A load of 'arty' twaddle is what you get. But is it 'fantasy' twaddle? Well, we might as well claim it, as I don't think anyone will be in a hurry to.

The film opens with Claire (Ellen Barkin) regaining consciousness on a sofa waste ground near an airport, dishevelled and bruised. Finding her dress stained with blood about the midriff, she bolts at it up to reveal... well, considering that we've already established that she isn't wearing any underwear, rather

a lot really (including the fact that she isn't a natural blonde!), but neither she nor we see a wound. Unable to remember what happened, she sets off to try and solve the mystery - such is her urgency that she barely has time to strip off at a nearby stream to wash her dress and sunbathe naked on the bank while it dries. Getting a lift with a male cabby, Alexi Sayle, she slips into the first of the many flashbacks that reveal the story and we learn that she is a freefall parachutist, engaged by Martin Sheen, who is about to make a spectacular leap into a dormant volcano, all in the name of publicity, but she gets cold feet and runs off to Spain, to see her ex-lover, flying, trapeze artist Gabriel Byrne - I'm not kidding and I don't think they were either! The cab ride is curtailed, as she has no money, but the flashbacks continue as we learn that she will be bringing Byrne's lover, who was also part of the set, allowing him the dreadful line off "I taught you to fly, you chose to fall"(!) - similarly pretentious dialogue suggests that the film would have been better dubbed into French and given English subtitles.

After a sleep rough in the park, Claire has another encounter with the corpulent cabby, who lasciviously suggests that there is more than one way to pay for a lift (a ride for a ride sort of thing) but, like any right-thinking unsexual blonde in a red dress who used to be a trapeze artist but is now a skydiver who's lost in Spain with no money and no knickers, she kicks him in the groin and runs away; only to meet up with artist Julian Sands (you can tell he's an artist because he's temperamental and likes swishing things - he also has a large artistic repertoire of dirty linericks) and his sister, Jodie Foster complete with (admittedly rather Repetitive) English accent, and the trio team up to try and solve the mystery of Claire's missing underwear - along the way, Claire performs an impromptu high-wire act, as well as cutting herself badly on some glass, but not only doesn't she bleed but the wound soon heals.

Not a moment too soon, they arrive at the residence Jones (didn't I tell you she was in it?) and while Claire looks around the house, the others sit around discussing her mental state. The discussion soon becomes redundant, however, as Claire throws herself out of a second story window onto a passing bus (personally, I'm rather fond of *Grace Jones'* music, but such to their own). She lies motionless on the bus as it drives off.

We pick her up again a short time later, seemingly none the wiser for her attempts to ride on the top deck of a single-decker bus.

At last she arrives at the home of her ex-lover and his wife (Isabella Rossellini) and we learn from yet another flashback that while the wife is away, the ex-lovers have decided to 'kiss-kiss' their passion one last time, before Claire returns to complete her leap into the volcano (a last jump before the big jump as it were). And, so it's time for the final flashback (just as I was losing patience!) Mr. Byrne

loses his trousers; his wife, returning unexpectedly, loses her temper; and Claire loses a lot of blood (probably due to the knife that the aggrieved wife keeps plunging into her - funny, you'd think she'd have remembered a thing like that).

Moving outside again and back to real time, Claire watches as the wife with the knife is lead away by the police amid talk of "she dumped the body at the airport". That's right, Claire wasn't just injured, she was, in fact, killed! Yep, she's been dead all the time (see, told you it was fantasy). The mystery solved, Claire disappears up her own astral plane and the credits roll - so, don't look upon this as me giving away the ending but rather saving you the rental fee.

Ellen Barkin is far too good an actress to let this miscalculation adversely affect her rise to megastardom (even here her performance is far above what the material deserves) but she should seriously consider curtailing her association with the person who got her involved with this turkey (while the rest of the cast can console themselves with the knowledge that minor roles in a film are forgettable as this, are indeed, soon forgotten).

Surprisingly, being responsible for this film doesn't seem to have affected the career of director Mary Lambert, as she was recently at the helm of Stephen King's *FET SKINHEAD*, a USA box office No.1. Whether it justified this position is something we in Britain will have to wait and see, but if she shows half the feel for horror as fellow female director Kathryn (REAR WINDOW) Bigelow she might just be forgiven for this transgression.

Yawn. Still, I should have been warned as my dictionary defines "sleets" as "a fine set aside for a sleep or a nap..."
MARK MUIROR.

THE TERMINATOR (1984)

ORION PICTURES.

Directed by James Cameron.

In the year of darkness, 2029, the rulers of this planet devised the ultimate plan. They would reshape the future by changing the past. The plan required something that felt so paly, so pain and so fear. Something unstoppable.....They created THE TERMINATOR.

Big Arnie Schwarzenegger plays a dangerous, psychotic cyborg who has been sent through time to do some terminating. This film marked the breakthrough in the career of Arnold in the film "bit" after the partially successful *CONAN* film and other movies such as *PUMPING IRON* and *STAY HUNGRY*. This film also marked the coming together of three of the stars in *ALIENS* (Michael Biehn, Lance Henriksen and Bill Paxton, who all die at the hands of The Terminator) as well as James Cameron who directed and co-scripted it with producer Gale Anne Hurd.

The Terminator is sent back in time to 1984 by the future government (a defense computer) to kill Sarah Connor (Linda Hamilton) because her future son will mobilize guerrilla forces against the computer which is set on a course of destruction of the human race.



Unfortunately for The Terminator, two things happen to make his/it's job a little harder; firstly there are three Sarah Connors to choose from in L.A., and secondly Kyle Reese (Michael Biehn) appears.

Kyle Reese is the only one who can stand between Sarah Connor and The Terminator and, surprise surprise, he's also from the future. Here Biehn has a chance to show a bit more character than he is allowed to in *ALIENS* as he tries to save Hamilton, as well as providing a love aspect that was only hinted at in *ALIENS*. Biehn has stated that in any further films he would like to play the part of a bad guy (even though the next *ALIEN(s)* film will revolve around him and not Sigourney Weaver!), as he saw Reese as "a grungy guy from the future".

He eventually convinces Sarah of her situation as The Terminator proves literally unstoppable, when half-way through, Reese blasts away at it with a shotgun and it gets up and pursues them. Reese gets arrested and is questioned by Lance Henriksen (as a police lieutenant), who was originally offered the role of The Terminator until Cameron felt it ought to go to "a name". Schwarzenegger liked the script as soon as he saw it and contacted Cameron/Hurd immediately. Arnie was originally offered the role of the hero but saw the part of The Terminator as a greater acting challenge (even though he uttered less than twenty words of dialogue!). "I loved the part of The Terminator right from the start" he told the Los Angeles Times, "I could

somehow visualize the character, and started giving the director advice on how such actor should train for their parts and how they should handle weapons.....it was a really fascinating experience. I had to change expressions without changing emotions. Since I wasn't human I could never blink in front of the camera and I had to learn to load and fire my weapons without ever looking. The night we used the Uzi, we were in one of the scariest places I have ever seen. At one point I went outside into an alley to practice, as I started firing (the gun was filled with blanks) the garbage cans started moving and I heard this guy yell "Hey man, I have no money!"

Cameron wanted to establish The Terminator as a cold-hearted, murdering villain from the outset of the film, in scenes like the car crushing the child's toy truck and then brutally shooting a housewife, only metres from where her children are playing, but Cameron still found audience members shouting "All-right Arnie, give 'em hell!" and other encouragements at the end of the film!

Orion Pictures released THE TERMINATOR into an Autumn market when there was hardly any competition from other companies tapping into the action/adventure audiences, propelling Schwarzenegger into major stardom and the film into many critic's top ten lists and at worst, compared to an enjoyable B-movie action film.

Overall, it is an excellent film which incorporates various genres -

science-fiction/entertainment/adventure and horror (effects by Stan ALIEM, THE THING) Wistons, making it one of the best films you could see.
Currently available on Virgin sail-through.
DANIEL LAYDEN.

THE TEARS FROM WITHIN (1984)

After nearly all of mankind has been wiped out by a nuclear war, but an accident involving a bacterial germ testing lab, the Earth is left with a few groups of survivors across the planet.

This Roger Corman produced movie concentrates on one group of survivors, led by George Kennedy and Andrew Stevens (who can both be currently seen in that TV horror show, 'Bullseye'), who live in a small underground shelter. They're trying to rebuild what's left of humanity, but are not helped by continual attack from a group of lizard type monsters, who like killing men and raping women!

This leads to a character scene, a chase around the complex for the alien glove-puppet, which, guess what, has got larger overnight. The crew are knocked off one-by-one, there's a scene in a ventilation duct with a flame-thrower, and would you believe it, there's the beast's pet dog who gets in the way when possible.

Sounds familiar? The film is so close to ALIEN it's unbelievable. The acting is sorta meh, the monster suits look like two-piece rubber kits and sound like it too, especially in one scene when Mr Stevens attacks one with a baseball bat!

Did I enjoy it? Well, yes! The film has no pretensions to be anything else than a low-budget flick, and for that I admire it a heck and a half.

No chance of a theatrical release here, but catch it on video when it arrives. It's an ideal midnight movie!
SIMON NEADE.

THEY LIVE (1984)

Guido.
Directed by John Carpenter.
90 mins.

A drifting labourer, John Nada (Keddy Piper), wanders into a town looking for work - he finds it on a local building site and is befriended by Frank (Keith David). Frank offers him food and shelter at the commune where he lives.

At night they watch TV and the broadcast is interrupted by a pirate station, giving warnings about society and those who control it.

Nada notices some strange events at the local church and when investigating he discovers the whereabouts of an underground group and the source of the pirate transmission.

The police also discover it and with the help of bull-dozers and fuel riot gear they completely demolish the commune and severely beat the occupants - "Somebody start World War III!" says a hiding citizen.

Nada flees and returns the next morning to snoop around the church. He finds a box containing loads of sunglasses.....he puts a pair on and

cannot believe his eyes.....he sees the world as it really is.....books, newspapers, billboards all have subversive words etched across them.....some people have hideous skeletal faces.....who are they and what do they want.....

"They" are an alien race that have been here for a long time, distorting the minds and ways of the human race to their own needs and raping the Earth of all it's natural resources.

After a ridiculously long fist fight (obviously it was just Piper's deal that he could get to show off some of his wrestling skills), Nada manages to convince Frank of his startling discovery and together they set about correcting the problem.....



PJ BROWN
1989

THEY LIVE is a first rate thriller which also makes a political statement; the underlying message is very near to the truth in some parts of the world, which makes it all the more nasty and sinister - the shots of the police marching through the crowds, physically abusing them and wrecking their homes, strikes a sickening blow in the back of the mind - remember the recent events in China?

As well as directing, John Carpenter has (as usual) come up with yet another great score (along with Alan Howarth) that is worth adding to your soundtrack collection.

"Kewdy" Keddy Piper is fairly good and proves to be quite witty when delivering some of his lines - "I came here to chew bubblegum and kick ass.....and I'm plain out of bubblegum!" and "Life's a bitch.....and she's back on heat!"

Some of you may have been put off by the photo's that have appeared in various magazines featuring the alien make-up, don't be, the make-up is mostly seen in black and white (through the special sunglasses) which helps to give it credibility.

A thoroughly entertaining film that works on several levels - see it and OBEY!!

PAUL J. BROWN.

TOXIC AVENGER II (1989)

A THOMA TEAM release.
Directed by M. Hare and L. Kaufman.

I wish I could say that I really enjoyed this film, but frankly, for a couple of good years and some passable and quite graphic gore effects, TOXIC AVENGER 2 falls in all respects beside it's gutsy predecessor; even the Avenger's make-up is inferior to the first film, looking cheap and rubbish. Also, the fact that a lot of Japanese cash was poured into the production of this film, following the massive success of it's illustrious predecessor in the land of the rising sun, leads to a boring bargain bucket travelogue style mid-section of the film, where the passing drags as the Japanese people are praised to the heavens and beyond, whilst simultaneously being insulting portrayed by the film-makers; the dubbing is especially offensive, and the film jokes rapidly cut-when their welcome. Even some enjoyably violent martial-arts sequences fail to disguise the crassness of the Tokyo shot material. The Tennessee sections are more enjoyable, but after the non-stop ultra-violent slapstick of the first TOXIC AVENGER, this cheap looking sequel is too erratic by far and too long by half.....expect the S.S.F.C. to remove all the bits that nearly redeem this sorry effort. Sagrattably, I must advise the reader to approach this dog with caution, or better still, not at all; a wasted opportunity.....Shame on you Trom! NIGEL BURRELL.

THE UNHOLY (1987)

Fasten.
Directed by Camilo Mile.
94 mins.

A church has been witness to the unsolved murders of two priests and is shut down. Three years later Father Michael is miraculously "spared" when he falls from a seventeeth storey building and is "chosen" to re-open the church.

The scene is then set for a good old fashioned good vs. evil tale.... The advertising blurb states that it's more controversial than THE EXORCIST and more terrifying than THE OMEN, believe me, these statements are not true! The splattering of gore and the odd special effect do not make a classic film, they seem to be tied into a decent plot, which unfortunately this doesn't have.

I did enjoy some of the acting; Ned Beatty as the cop on the case and the late Trevor Howard as the wise and wacky psychiatrist.

The lead role is taken by Ben Cross, who is so boring, I can only assume that he's still kneecored after all that running in CHALKIES OF FIRE, a very sleep inducing performance.

Some of the bizarre imagery is suitably stunning and wouldn't look out of place in a Kam Burial picture and there is plenty of blood on show for the average gorehound to lap up.

Average is the key word for this film. Hire it if you want, but keep

a couple of matchsticks handy for your tired eyes!
PAUL J. BROWN.

WARLOCK (1988)

MEMOSA,
Directed by Steve Miner.

Takes an old fashioned tale of black magic and sorcery and transfers it to a modern day setting and you have the basic outline for **WARLOCK** - a fantasy adventure with time-travel elements.

In the late 17th century an imprisoned Warlock (Julian Sands) awaits his execution, but is mysteriously 'saved' and whisked away by the Devil and sent forward in time to retrieve the 'Grand Grimoire' - the Devil's bible, that has the power to cause the 'un-creation' of the universe.

But, the Warlock isn't the only person to travel through time.... a witch-finder by the name of Redferne (Richard E. Grant) follows hot on his trail.

Redferne is ably assisted in his daunting task by Samantha (Lori Singer), a young girl who gets cursed by the Warlock late against twenty years every day, a real bad case of wrong place, wrong time! Julian Sands is well suited to the title role, he's very cool, very mean and very evil (having said that, an '18' warlock could have exploited his evil even more!). Richard E. Grant as the Warlock's nemesis is very effective, but he reminded me of Christopher Lambert's HIGHLANDER, different accent though. The odd looking Mary McCormack has a small part, but it's very difficult to spot when she's wearing make-up and when she's not!

The only bad point I can find is that both characters seemed to adapt to the 20th century with relative ease and nobody queried Redferne's attire!

The film is directed with some conviction by Steve Miner and it's head and shoulders above his abysmal rubberised **HOUSE!**

If you have just over 14 hours to spare, then I suggest that you give **WARLOCK** a try.....and you thought **SUPERMAN** could fly!!
PAUL J. BROWN.

WATCHERS (1988)

Guido Home Video
Directed by Jon Nease.
Based on the novel by Dean E. Keston.
87 mins.

A research laboratory explodes and two experimental animals escape; GED (a dog) and OXCOM ? (a man-made beast). They are linked telepathically and have been bred as the 'ultimate predator' - the dog first makes contact with a human when the OXCOM moves in for the kill!

The government calls in a special agent to track down the escapees before any harm is done. Meanwhile the incredibly intelligent dog has struck up a friendship with young Travis (Corey Hala).

The OXCOM follows the trail of the dog (and Travis) and kills whoever has been in contact with it. They are all hotly pursued by the

menacing government agent (Michael Ironside).

The director moves **WATCHERS** along at a fairly exciting pace and he (very wisely) has chosen to limit the glimpses of the creature to the bare minimum (what it is seen it looks like a cross between 'Elp Foot' and 'Fluffy' from 'The Crazies' apologetically).

The gore is there but you have to wait a while before it starts to flow.

Best performances are from the dog, who out-acts some of the small-part players (most notably the jerk with the Dick Van Dyke sechny accent!), and Michael Ironside, who is chilling enough to put the fear of God into most people.

I was very surprised by this modest little film and you could do much worse than to rent this from your local store.
PAUL J. BROWN.

WARLOCK (1988)

WESTON PICTURES
WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY ANTHONY MICHAE

After a hectic, confusing start, when some poor chap gets his head stubbed out in a fireplace, this film settles down to give the impression of it being yet another teen-imperil saga. The plot then takes an intriguing turn for the better (even though it is a bit silly!), with the appearance of an old gothic warworks ship-borg in the middle of suburban USA - "Never seen that before!" states one of the six kids involved.

The warlock is played by the sinister 'Warlock Man' and his two groovy sidekicks; a dwarf who flits around like a daunted Harvey Villachia and a gangly giant who looks like he's walked straight off 'THE ADDAMS FAMILY' set. People start disappearing as they 'step' into the exhibits and reappear in the world that was depicted.

The stories that we're shown involve; a werewolf; Count Dracula; The Mummy; The Mephisto Da Sade and some good ol' zombies!

The reason for all this mayhem is that 'The Warlock Man' made a pact with the devil and sold his soul and he's now planning to unleash all of

the worlds evil and grotesque characters from history (all of whom feature in the exhibits) back into the world to destroy it. "Why do you want to destroy the world?" enquires a would be victim. "Well someone has to!" says 'The Warlock Man'!!! In order for all this to take place 'The Warlock Man' has to provide each exhibit with a victim. I told you it was silly!

Some of the sets are marvellously constructed, especially the one featuring Oracles, played very convincingly by Miles O'Keefe. In fact I'll go so far as saying that he plays one of the best vampires that I've seen for a long time!

The gore is laid on thick and fast, but is shown in a lighter 'vein' - which is why a lot of the heavier gore has been left by the censor.

The exhibits are always shown as real people and tend to be a little around - perhaps real dummies would have blown the budget or was it a plot ploy to make the victims seem less 'real'!

The effects, carried out by Bob (WELLRAISE) Keen are about 70% effective on screen. The 'fat' werewolf with his wiggly ears was a bit of a let down, I couldn't take him seriously at all! The 'Lag Uch' scene soon makes up for it though - gory but very funny!!

The cast is fairly strong with quite a few genre veterans taking their place amongst relative newcomers; Zach (GERMANS) Colligan, Deborah (APRIL FOOL'S DAY) Foreman, Dave (SEVEN OF THE LIVING DEAD II) Ashbrook, Michelle (GLAME IT ON KID) Johnson and the following in supporting roles: John (RAIDERS OF THE LOST AR) Shys Davies, Miles (TAZAR THE APEDMAN) O'Keefe, Patrick (THE AVERAGES) Keston and horror stalwart David (TIME AFTER TIME) Warner as 'The Warlock Man'.

All in all, this film is quite enjoyable and I would put it on par with the sort of film Hammer and Amicus used to make years ago, it's a modern anthology film - and just to reinforce my statement, the credits dedicate the film to various horror names and companies!

"Why not have a closer look!"

PAUL J. BROWN.

WILLOW (1986)

RCA/COLUMBIA.
Directed by Ron Howard.
121 mins.

"Willow" is the name of a would-be sorcerer who belongs to a race of "little" people known as the Wewlyn. While out playing, his two children find a baby that belongs to the "big" people known as the Dalkins'. The Wewlyn villagers decide that Willow should carry out the task of returning the baby to the Dalkins' race - which sounds relatively simple but for the fact that an evil Queen known as Bavmorda wants the baby dead because it is foretold that the baby will bring about her downfall.

So, the adventure begins and along the way Willow picks up some helpful companions: Madmartigan, a renegade Dalkin warrior; a couple of mischievous Brownies; and a helpful sorceress called Fin Raziel.

Bavmorda sends out her toughest armies to retrieve the child headed by General Kael and Princess Sorsha, her daughter.

Although it says that Ron Howard directed it, I feel sure that George Lucas took the chair on more than one occasion (researcher POLTERGEIST with Hooper and Spielberg?), as some of the set pieces are typical Lucas film-making (e.g., he did write the story!) - check out that ride on the back of a shield!

Full marks for the casting people: Warwick (RETURN OF THE JEDI) Davis injects every emotion into the title part and gives a very proud performance - he must be an inspiration for all the "little" actors out there!; Val (TOP GUN) Kilmer plays the likable rogue Madmartigan and is suitably athletic; Joanne (SCANDAL) Whalley as Fingertee Sorsha looks good but doesn't really get a chance to show off her acting talents! The evil Queen is played by Jean (UPSTAIRS

DOWNSTAIRS) Marsh, who must be getting fed up with this kind of role (check out RETURN TO OE and the latest 06 WHO stories!); It's also nice to see big Pat 'Smober' Roach in a slightly lengthier role, he looks every inch the part of General Kael; But without a doubt the most enchanting performance(s) belongs to the two babies that portrayed the little Princess Elora Danar (Aub and Kate Greenfield) - it must have taken ages to film all those avuncular expressions!

The visual effects are well up to the usual 'Industrial Light & Magic' high standard - some of the stop-motion stuff is breathtaking (only fault I found was with a couple of matte shots involving the Brownies). There are also some superb transformation scenes with soldiers turning into pigs!

WILLOW is a wonderfully extravagant tale that will enthral both young and old.

PAUL J. BROWN.

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